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"THE VALLEY OF DEMOCRACY"

IV—THE FARMER OF THE MIDDLE WEST

BY MEREDITH NICHOLSON

ILLUSTRATIONS BY WALTER TITTLE

That it may please Thee to give and preserve to our use the kindly fruits of the earth, so that in due time we may enjoy them.—*The Litany.*

WHEN spring marches up the Mississippi valley and the snows of the broad plains find companionship with the snows of yesteryear, the traveller, journeying east or west, is aware that life has awakened in the fields. The winter wheat lies green upon countless acres; thousands of ploughshares turn the fertile earth; the farmer, after the enforced idleness of winter, is again a man of action. As these words are read the figures of last year's crops are tabulated in all the chancelleries of the world for ready comparison with the yield of this year—a momentous one we know it will be in the history of nations. Last year, that witnessed our entrance into the greatest of wars, the American farmer produced 3,159,000,000 bushels of corn, 660,000,000 bushels of wheat, 1,587,000,000 bushels of oats, 60,000,000 bushels of rye. It is not the purpose of this article to speculate as to the prospects for the current year, for which the United States Government has asked greatly increased yields, but to discuss the farmer of "The Valley of Democracy," whose intelligence and industry have become so potent an influence in human destiny.

I

"BETTER be a farmer, son; the corn grows while you sleep!"

This remark, addressed to me in about my sixth year by my great-uncle, a farmer in central Indiana, lingered long in my memory. There was no disputing his philosophy; corn, intelligently planted and tended, undoubtedly grows at night as well as by day. But the choice of seed demands judgment, and the preparation of the soil and the subsequent care of the growing corn exact hard labor. My earliest impressions of farm life cannot be dissociated from the long, laborious days, the monotonous plodding behind the plough, the incidental "chores," the constant apprehensions as to drought or flood. The country cousins I visited in Indiana and Illinois were all too busy to have much time for play. I used to sit on the fence or tramp beside the boys as they drove the plough, or watch the girls milk the cows or ply the churn, oppressed by an overmastering homesickness. And when the night shut down and the insect chorus floated into the quiet house the isolation was intensified.

My father and his forebears were born and bred to the soil; they scratched the earth all the way from North Carolina into Kentucky and on into Indiana and Illinois. I had just returned, last fall, from a visit to the grave of my grandfather in a country churchyard in central Illinois, round which the corn stood in solemn phalanx, when I received a note from my fifteen-year-old boy, in whom I

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had hopefully looked for atavistic tendencies. From his school in Connecticut he penned these depressing tidings:

"I have decided never to be a farmer. Yesterday the school was marched three miles to a farm where the boys picked beans all afternoon and then walked back. Much as I like beans and want to help Mr. Hoover conserve our resources, this was rubbing it in. I never want to see a bean again."

I have heard a score of successful business and professional men say that they intended to "make farmers" of their boys, and a number of these acquaintances have succeeded in sending their sons through agricultural schools, but the great-grandchildren of the Middle Western pioneers are not easily persuaded that farming is an honorable calling.

It isn't necessary for gentlemen who watch the tape for crop forecasts to be able to differentiate wheat from oats to appreciate the importance to the prosperous course of general business of a big yield in the grain-fields; but to the average urban citizen farming is something remote and uninteresting, carried on by men he never meets in regions that he only observes hastily from a speeding automobile or the window of a limited train. Great numbers of Middle Western city men indulge in farming as a pastime—and in a majority of cases it is, from the testimony of these absentee proprietors, a pleasant recreation but an expensive one. However, all city men who gratify a weakness for farming are not faddists; many such landowners manage their plantations with intelligence and make them earn dividends. Mr. George Ade's Indiana farm, Hazelden, is one of the State's showplaces. The playwright and humorist says that its best feature is a good nine-hole golf-course and a swimming-pool, but from his "home plant" of 400 acres he cultivates 2,000 acres of fertile Hoosier soil.

A few years ago a manufacturer of my acquaintance, whose family presents a clear urban line for a hundred years, purchased a farm on the edge of a river—more, I imagine, for the view it afforded of a pleasant valley than because of its fertility. An architect entered sympathetically into the business of making habitable a century-old log house, a transition effected without disturbing any of the timbers or the irregular lines of floors and ceilings. So much time was spent in these restorations and readjustments that the busy owner in despair fell upon a mail-order catalogue to complete his preparations for occupancy. A barn, tenant's house, poultry-house, pump and windmill, fencing, and every vehicle and tool needed on the place, including a barometer and wind-gage, he ordered by post. His joy in his acres was second only to his satisfaction in the ease with which he invoked all the apparatus necessary to his comfort. Every item arrived exactly as the catalogue promised; with the hired man's assistance he fitted the houses together and built a tower for the windmill out of concrete made in a machine provided by the same establishment. His only complaint was that the catalogue didn't offer memorial tablets, as he thought it incumbent upon him to publish in brass the merits of the obscure pioneer who had laboriously fashioned his cabin before the convenient method of post-card ordering had been discovered.

II

IMAGINATIVE literature has done little to invest the farm with glamour. The sailor and the warrior, the fisherman and the hunter are celebrated in song and story, but the farmer has inspired no ringing saga or iliad, and the lyric muse has only added to the general joyless impression of the husbandman's life. Hesiod and Virgil wrote with knowledge of farming; Virgil's instructions to the ploughman only need to be hitched to a tractor to bring them up to date, and he was an authority on weather signs. But Horace was no farmer; the Sabine farm is a joke. The best Gray could do for the farmer was to send him homeward plodding his weary way. Burns, at the plough, apostrophized the daisy, but only by indirection did he celebrate the joys of farm life. Wordsworth's "Solitary Reaper" sang a melancholy strain; "Snow Bound" offers a genial picture, but it is of winter-clad fields. Carleton's "Farm Ballads" sing of poverty and domestic infelicity. Riley made a philosopher and optimist of his

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Indiana farmer, but his characters are to be taken as individuals rather than as types. There is, I suppose, in every Middle Western county a quizzical, quaint countryman whose sayings are quoted among his neighbors, but the man with a hundred acres of land to till, wood to cut, and stock to feed is not greatly given to humor.

English novels of rural life are numerous but they are usually in a low key. I have a lingering memory of Hardy's "Woodlanders" as a book of charm, and his tragic "Tess" is probably fiction's highest venture in this field. "Lorna Doone" I remember chiefly because it established in me a distaste for mutton. George Eliot and George Meredith are other English novelists who have written of farm life, nor may I forget Mr. Eden Phillpotts. French fiction, of course, offers brilliant exceptions to the generalization that literature has neglected the farmer; but, in spite of the vast importance of the farm in American life, our fiction offers no farm novel of distinction. Mr. Hamlin Garland, in "Main Traveled Roads" and in his autobiographical chronicle "A Son of the Middle Border," has thrust his plough deep; but the truth as we know it to be disclosed in these instances is not heartening. The cowboy is the jolliest figure in our fiction, the farmer the dreariest. The shepherd and the herdsman have fared better in all literatures than the farmer, perhaps because their vocations are more leisurely and offer opportunities for contemplation denied the tiller of the soil. The Hebrew prophets and poets were mindful of the pictorial and illustrative values of herd and flock. It is written, "Our cattle also shall go with us," and, journeying across the mountain States, where there is always a herd blurring the range, one thinks inevitably of man's long migration in quest of the Promised Land.

The French peasant has his place in art, but here again we are confronted by joylessness, though I confess that I am resting my case chiefly upon Millet. What Remington did for the American cattle-range no one has done for the farm. Fields of corn and wheat are painted truthfully and effectively, but the critics have withheld their highest praise from these performances. Perhaps a corn-field is not a proper subject for the painter; or it may be that the Maine rocks or a group of birches against a Vermont hillside "compose" better or are supported by a nobler tradition. The most alluring pictures I recall of farm life have been advertisements depicting vast fields of wheat through which the delighted husbandman drives a reaper with all the jauntiness of a king practising for a chariot-race.

I have thus run skippingly through the catalogues of bucolic literature and art to confirm my impression as a layman that farming is not an affair of romance, poetry, or pictures, but a business, exacting and difficult, that may be followed with success only by industrious and enlightened practitioners. The first settlers of the Mississippi valley stand out rather more attractively than their successors of what I shall call the intermediate period. There was no turning back for the pioneers who struck boldly into the unknown, knowing that if they failed to establish themselves and solve the problem of subsisting from the virgin earth they would perish. The battle was to the strong, the intelligent, the resourceful. The first years on a new farm in wilderness or prairie were a prolonged contest between man and nature, nature being as much a foe as an ally. That the social spark survived amid arduous labor and daily self-sacrifice is remarkable; that the earth was subdued to man's will and made to yield him its kindly fruits is a tribute to the splendid courage and indomitable faith of the settlers.

These Middle Western pioneers were in the fullest sense the sons of democracy. The Southern planter with the traditions of the English country gentleman behind him and, in slavery time, representing a survival of the feudal order, had no counterpart in the West, where the settler was limited in his holdings to the number of acres that he and his sons could cultivate by their own labor. I explored, last year, much of that Valley of Democracy, both in seed-time and in harvest. We had been drawn at last into the world war, and its demands and conjectures as to its outcome were upon the lips of men everywhere. It was impossible to avoid re-

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flecting upon the part these plains have played in the history of America and the increasing part they are destined to play in the world history of the future. Every wheat shoot, every stalk of corn was a new testimony to the glory of America. Not an acre of land but had been won by intrepid pioneers who severed all ties but those that bound them to an ideal, whose only tangible expression was the log court-house where they recorded the deeds for their land or the military post that afforded them protection. At Decatur, Illinois, one of these first court-houses still stands, and we are told that within its walls Lincoln often pleaded cases. American democracy could have no finer monument than this; the imagination quickens at the thought of similar huts reared by the axes of the pioneers to establish safeguards of law and order on new soil almost before they had fashioned their own homes. It seemed to me that if the Kaiser had known the spirit in which these august fields were tamed and peopled, or the aspirations, the aims and hopes, that are represented in every farm-house and ranch-house between the Alleghanies and the Rockies, he would not so contemptuously have courted our participation against him in his war for world-domination.

What I am calling, for convenience, the intermediate period in the history of the Mississippi valley, began when the rough pioneering was over, and the sons of the first settlers came into an inheritance of cleared land. In the Ohio valley the Civil War found the farmer at ease; to the west and northwest we must set the date farther along. The conditions of this intermediate period may not be overlooked in any scrutiny of the farmer of these changed and changing times. When the cloud of the Civil War lifted and the West began asserting itself in the industrial world, the farmer, viewing the smoke-stacks that advertised the entrance of the nearest towns and cities into manufacturing, became a man with a grievance, who bitterly reflected that when rumors of "good times" reached him he saw no perceptible change in his own fortunes or prospects, and in "bad times" he felt himself the victim of hardship and injustice. The glory of pioneering had passed with his father and grandfather; they had departed, leaving him without their incentive of urgent necessity or the exultance of conquest. There may have been some weakening of the fibre, or perhaps it was only a lessening of the tension now that the Indians had been dispersed and the fear of wild beasts lifted from his household.

There were always, of course, men who were pointed to as prosperous, who for one reason or another "got ahead" when others fell behind. They not only held their acres free of mortgage but added to their holdings. These men were very often spoken of as "close," or tight-fisted; in Mr. Brand Whitlock's phrase they were "not rich, but they had money." And, having money and credit, they were sharply differentiated from their neighbors who were forever borrowing to cover a shortage. These men loomed prominently in their counties; they took pride in augmenting the farms inherited from pioneer fathers; they might sit in the State legislature or even in the national Congress. But for many years the farmer was firmly established in the mind of the rest of the world as an object of commiseration. He occupied an anomalous position in the industrial economy. He was a landowner without enjoying the dignity of a capitalist; he performed the most arduous tasks without recognition by organized labor. He was shabby, dull, and uninteresting. He drove to town over a bad road with a load of corn, and, after selling or bartering it, negotiated for the renewal of his mortgage and stood on the street corner, an unheroic figure, until it was time to drive home. He symbolized hard work, hard luck, and discouragement. The saloon, the livery-stable, and the grocery where he did his trading were his only loafing-places. The hotel was inhospitable; he spent no money there and the proprietor didn't want "rubes" or "jays" hanging about. The farmer and his wife ate their midday meal in the farm-wagon or at a restaurant on the "square" where the frugal patronage of farm folk was not despised.

The type I am describing was often wasteful and improvident. The fact that a degree of mechanical skill was required for the care of farm-machinery added to

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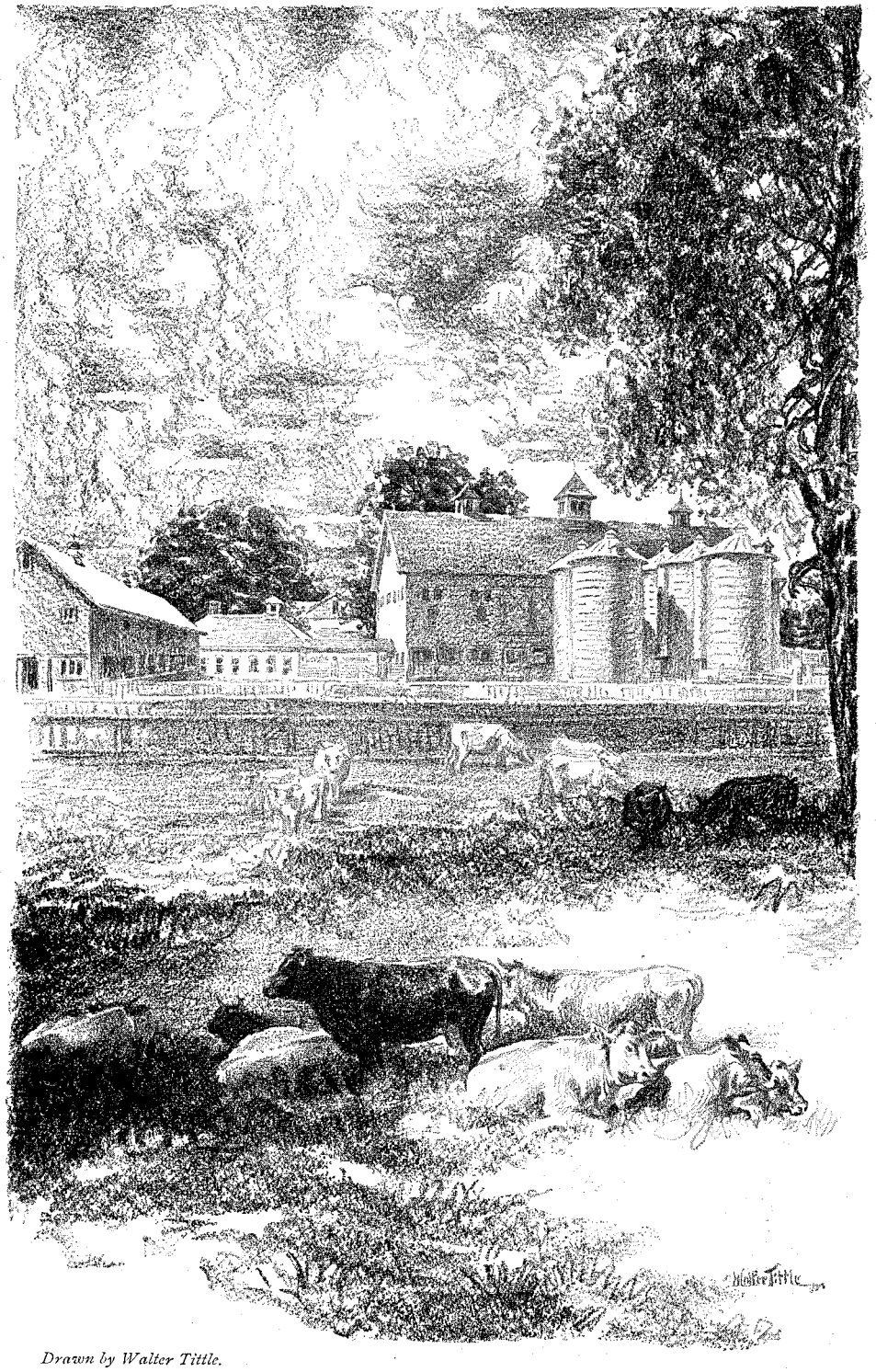

Drawn by Walter Tittle.

A feeding-plant at "Whitehall," the farm of Edwin S. Kelly, near Springfield, Ohio.

The cattle, most of them registered Jersey stock, are housed in the lower floor of the big barn. To the left is the maternity barn. This is one of the finest dairies in the Middle West.

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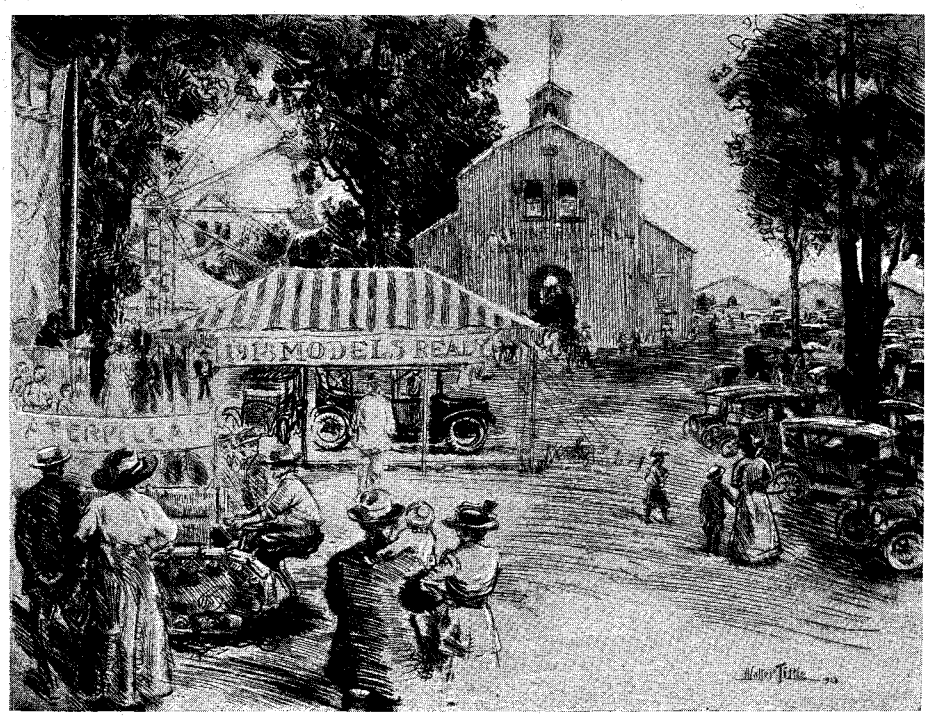
his perplexities; and this apparatus he very likely left out of doors all winter for lack of initiative to build a shed to house it. I used to pass frequently a farm where a series of reapers in various stages of decrepitude decorated the barn-lot, with always a new one to heighten the contrast.

The social life of the farmer centred chiefly in the church, where on the Sabbath day he met his neighbors and compared notes with them on the state of the crops. Sundays on the farm I recall as days of gloom that brought an intensification of week-day homesickness. The road was dusty; the church was hot; the hymns were dolorously sung to the accompaniment of a wheezy organ; the sermon was long, strongly flavored with brimstone, and did nothing to lighten

> "the heavy and the weary weight
> Of all this unintelligible world."

The horses outside stamped noisily in their efforts to shake off the flies. A venturous bee might invade the sanctuary and arouse hope in impious youngsters of an attack upon the parson—a hope never realized! The preacher's appetite alone was a matter for humor; I once reported a Methodist conference at which the succulence of the yellow-legged chickens in a number of communities that contended for the next convocation was debated for an hour. The height of the country boy's ambition was to break a colt and own a side-bar buggy in which to take a neighbor's daughter for a drive on Sunday afternoon.

Community gatherings were rare; men lived and died in the counties where they were born, "having seen nothing, still unblest." County and State fairs offered annual diversion, and the more ambitious farmers displayed their hogs and cattle, or mammoth ears of corn, and reverently placed their prize ribbons in the family Bibles on the centre-tables of their sombre parlors. Cheap side-shows and monstrosities, horse-races and balloon ascensions were provided for their delectation, as marking the ultimate height of their



The evo'ution of the old-fashioned county fair.

Buggies are fast being replaced by the automobile. Improved modern machinery of many kinds, making for the motorization of the farm, is also much in evidence.

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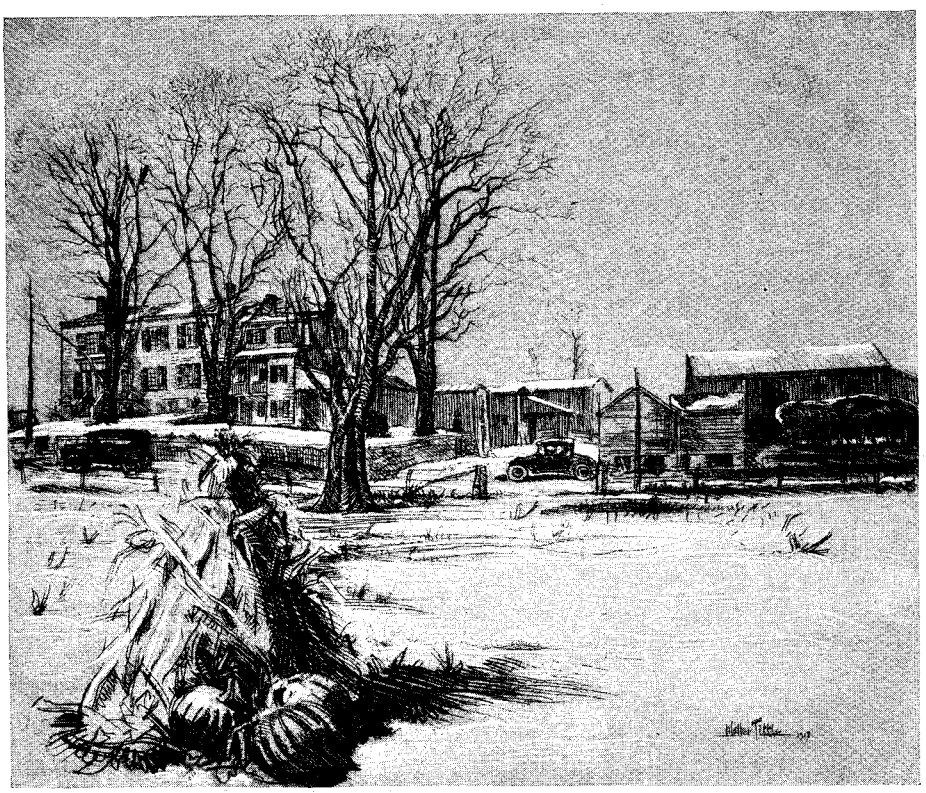

A typical old homestead of the Middle West.
The farm on which Tecumseh was born.

intellectual interests. A characteristic "Riley story" was of a farmer with a boil on the back of his neck, who spent a day at the State fair waiting for the balloon ascension. He inquired repeatedly: "Has the balloon gone up yit?" Of course when the ascension took place he couldn't lift his head to see the balloon, but, satisfied that it really had "gone up," he contentedly left for home. (It may be noted here that the new status of the farmer is marked by an improvement in the character of amusements offered by State-fair managers. Most of the Western States have added creditable exhibitions of paintings to their attractions, and in Minnesota these were last year the subject of lectures that proved to be very popular.)

The farmer, in the years before he found that he must become a scientist and a business man to achieve success, was the prey of a great variety of sharpers. Tumble-down barns bristled with lightning-rods that cost more than the structures were worth. A man who had sold cooking-ranges to farmers once told me of the delights of that occupation. A carload of ranges would be shipped to a county-seat and transferred to wagons. It was the agent's game to arrive at the home of a good "prospect" shortly before noon, take down the old, ramshackle cook-stove, set up the new and glittering range, and assist the women-folk to prepare a meal. The farmer, coming in from the fields, would find his wife enchanted and would sign notes for payment. These obligations, after the county had been thoroughly exploited, would be discounted at the local bank. In this way the farmer's wife got a convenient range she would never have thought of buying in town, and her husband paid an exorbitant price for it.

The farmer's wife was, in this period to which I am referring, a poor drudge who appeared at the back door of her town

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customers on Saturday mornings with eggs and butter. She was copartner with her husband, but, even though she might have "brought" him additional acres at marriage, her spending money was limited to the income from butter, eggs, and poultry, and even this was dependent upon the generosity of the head of the house. Her kitchen was furnished with only the crudest housewifery apparatus; labor-saving devices reached her slowly. In busy seasons, when there were farm-hands to cook for, she might borrow a neighbor's daughter to help her. Her only relief came when her own daughters grew old enough to assist in her labors. She was often broken down, a prey to disease, before she reached middle life. Her loneliness, the dreary monotony of her existence, the prevailing hopelessness of never "catching up" with her sewing and mending, often drove her insane. The farm-house itself was a desolate place. There is a mustiness I associate with farm-houses—the damp stuffiness of places never reached by the sun. With all the fresh air in the world to draw from, thousands of farm-houses were ill-lighted and ill-ventilated, and farm sanitation was of the most primitive order.

I have dwelt upon the intermediate period merely to heighten the contrast with the new era—an era that finds the problem of farm regeneration put squarely up to the farmer. It may be said with certainty that on the day the Kaiser began his march upon Paris more eyes were turned upon the American farmer than had ever before taken note of him. The farmer himself was roused to a new consciousness of his importance; he was aware that thousands of hands were thrust toward him from over the sea, that every acre of his soil and every ear of corn and bushel of wheat in his bins or in process of cultivation had become a factor in a world-upheaval. But let us go back a little.

III

THE new era really began with the passage of the Morrill Act, approved July 2, 1862, though it is only within a decade that the effects of this law upon the efficiency and the character of the farmer have been markedly evident. The Morrill Act not only made the first provision for a wide-spread education in agriculture but lighted the way for subsequent legislation that resulted in the elevation of the Department of Agriculture to a cabinet bureau, the system of agriculture-experiment stations, the cooperation of federal and State bureaus for the diffusion of scientific knowledge pertaining to farming and the breeding and care of cattle, and latterly provided for an intelligent and sympathetic effort to brighten the farm-home and lift the burdens of farm women.

It was fitting that Abraham Lincoln, who had known the hardest farm labor, should have signed a measure of so great importance, that opened new possibilities to the American farmer. The agricultural colleges established under his Act are impressive monuments to Senator Morrill's far-sightedness. When the first land-grant colleges were opened there was little upon which to build courses of instruction. Farming was not recognized as a science but a form of hard labor based on tradition and varied only by reckless experiments that usually resulted in failure. The first students of the agricultural schools, drawn largely from the farm, were discouraged by the elementary character of the courses. Instruction in ploughing, to young men who had learned to turn a straight furrow as soon as they could reach the plough-handles, was not calculated to inspire respect for "school farming" either in students or their doubting parents.

The farmer and his household have found themselves in recent years the object of embarrassing attentions not only from Washington, the land-grant colleges, and the experiment-stations, but countless private agencies have "discovered" the farmer and addressed themselves determinedly to the amelioration of his hardships. The social surveyor, having analyzed the city slum to his satisfaction, springs from his automobile at the farm-house door and asks questions of the bewildered occupants that rouse the direst apprehensions. Sanitarians invade the premises and recommend the most startling changes and improvements. Once it was possible for typhoid or diphtheria to ravage a household without any interfer-

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Drawn by Walter Tittle.

Students of agriculture in the pageant that celebrated the fortieth anniversary of the founding of Ohio State University, passing a group of the buildings devoted to agriculture.

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ence from the outside world; now a health officer is speedily on the premises to investigate the old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket, that hangs in the well, and he very likely ties and seals the well-sweep and bids the farmer bore a new well, in a spot kindly chosen for him, where the barn-lot will not pollute his drinking-water. The questionnaire, dear to the academic investigator, is constantly in motion. Women's clubs and federations thereof ponder the plight of farm women and are eager to hitch her wagon to a star. Home-mission societies, alarmed by reports of the decay of the country church, have instituted surveys to determine the truth of this matter. The consolidation of schools, the introduction of comfortable omnibuses to carry children to and from home, the multiplication of country high schools, with a radical revision of the curriculum, the building of two-story schoolhouses in place of the old one-room affair in which all branches were taught at once, and the use of the schoolhouse as a community centre —these changes have dealt a blow to the long-established ideal of the red-mittened country child, wading breast-high through snow to acquaint himself with the three R's and, thus fortified, enter into the full enjoyment of American democracy. Just how Jefferson would look upon these changes and this benignant paternalism I do not know, nor does it matter now that American farm products are reckoned in billions and we are told that the amount must be increased or the world will starve.

The farmer's mail, once restricted to an occasional letter, began to be augmented by other remembrances from Washington than the hollyhock-seed his congressman occasionally conferred upon the farmer's wife. Pamphlets in great numbers poured in upon him, filled with warnings and friendly counsel. The soil he had sown and reaped for years, in the full confidence that he knew all its weaknesses and possibilities, he found to be something very different and called by strange names. His lifelong submission to destructive worms and hoppers was, he learned, unnecessary if not criminal; there were ways of eliminating these enemies, and he shyly discussed the subject with his neighbors.

In speaking of the farmer's shyness I have stumbled into the field of psychology, whose pitfalls are many. The psychologists have as yet played their searchlight upon the farm guardedly or from the sociologist's camp. I here condense a few impressions merely that the trained specialist may hasten to convict me of error. The farmer of the Middle West—the typical farmer with approximately a quarter-section of land—is notably sensitive, timid, only mildly curious, cautious, and enormously suspicious. ("The farmer," a Kansas friend whispers, "doesn't vote his opinions; he votes his suspicions!") In spite of the stuffing of his rural-route box with instructive literature designed to increase the productiveness of his acres and lighten his own toil, he met the first overtures of the "book-l'arnin'" specialist warily, and often with open hostility. The reluctant earth has communicated to the farmer, perhaps in all times and in all lands, something of its own stubbornness. He does not like to be driven; he is restive under criticism. The county agent of the extension bureau who seeks him out with the best intentions in the world, to counsel him in his perplexities, must approach him diplomatically. I find in the report of a State director of agricultural extension a discreet statement that "the forces of this department are organized, not for purposes of dictation in agricultural matters but for service and assistance in working out problems pertaining to the farm and community." The farmer, unaffected as he is by "crowd psychology," is not easily disturbed by the great movements and tremendous crises that rouse the urban citizen. He reads his newspaper perhaps more thoroughly than the city man, at least in the winter season when the distractions of the city are greatest and farm duties are the least exacting. Surrounded by the peace of the fields, he is not swayed by mighty events, as men are who scan the day's news on trains and trolleys and catch the hurried comments of their fellow citizens as they plunge through jostling throngs. Professor C. J. Galpin, of Wisconsin University, aptly observes that, while the farmer trades in a village, he shares the invisible government of a township, which "scatters and mystifies" his community sense.

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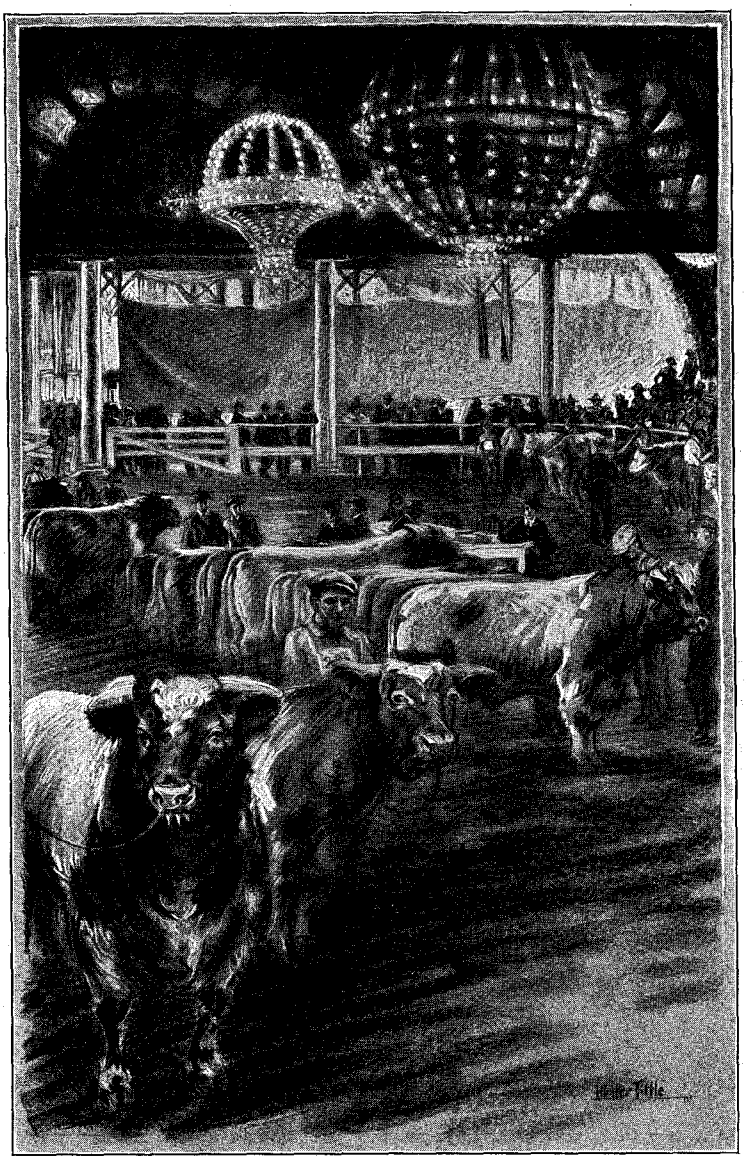
It was a matter of serious complaint that farmers were indifferent to the Liberty Loans offered last year. At the second call vigorous attempts were made subscribe. The farmer is unused to the methods by which money-raising "drives" are made and he resents being told that he must do this, that, or the other thing.



Judging graded shorthorn herds at the American Royal Live Stock Show in Kansas City.

through the corn belt to rouse the farmer, who had profited so enormously by the war's augmentation of prices. In many cases country banks subscribed the minimum allotment of their communities and then sent for the farmers to come in and Town folk are beset constantly by demands for money for innumerable causes; there is always a church, a hospital, a social-service house, a Y. M. C. A. building, or some home or refuge for which a special appeal is being made. There is a

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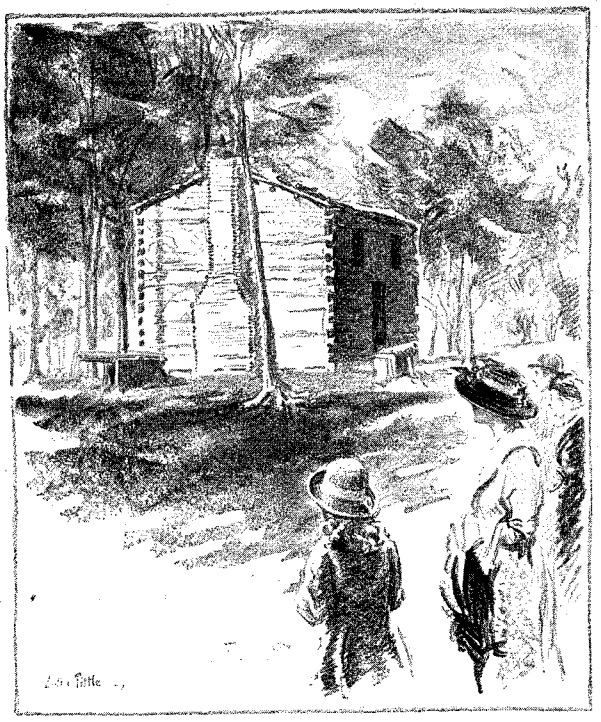
distinct psychology of generosity based largely on the inspiration of thoroughly organized effort, where teams set forth with a definite quota to "raise" before a fixed hour, but the farmer is immune from these influences.

In marked contrast to the small farmer, who wrests a scant livelihood from the soil, is his neighbor who boasts a section or a thousand acres, who is able to utilize the newest machinery and to avail himself of the latest disclosures of the laboratories, to increase his profits. One visits these large farms with admiration for the fruitful land, the perfect equipment, the efficient method, and the alert, wide-awake owner. He lives in a comfortable house, often electric-lighted and "plumbed," visits the cities, attends farm conferences, and is keenly alive to the trend of public affairs. If the frost nips his corn he is aware of every means by which "soft" corn may be handled to the best advantage. He knows how many cattle and hogs his own acres will feed, and is ready with cash to buy his neighbors' corn and feed it to stock he buys at just the right turn of the market. It is possible for a man to support himself and a family on eighty acres; I have talked with men who have done this; but they "just about get by." The owner of a big farm, whose modern house and rich demesne are admired by the traveller, is a valued customer of a town or city banker; the important men of his State cultivate his acquaintance, with resulting benefits in a broader outlook than his less-favored neighbors enjoy. Farmers of this class are themselves usually money-lenders or shareholders in country banks, and they watch the trend of affairs from the viewpoint of the urban business man. They live closer to the world's currents and are more accessible and responsive to appeals of every sort than their less-favored brethren.

But it is the small farmer, the man with the quarter-section or less, who is the special focus of the search-light of educator, scientist, and sociologist. During what I have called the intermediate period—the winter of the farmer's discontent—the politicians did not wholly ignore him. The demagogue went forth in every campaign with special appeals to the "honest husbandman," with the unhappy effect of driving the farmer more closely into himself and strengthening his class sense. For the reason that the security of a democracy rests upon the effacement to the vanishing-point of class feeling, and the establishment of a solidarity of interests based upon a common aim and aspiration, the effort making to dignify farming as a calling and quicken the social instincts of the farmer's household are matters of national importance.



The old log court-house at Decatur, Ill., where we are told Lincoln often pleaded cases.

It may be said that in no other business is there a mechanism so thoroughly organized for guarding the laborer from errors of omis-

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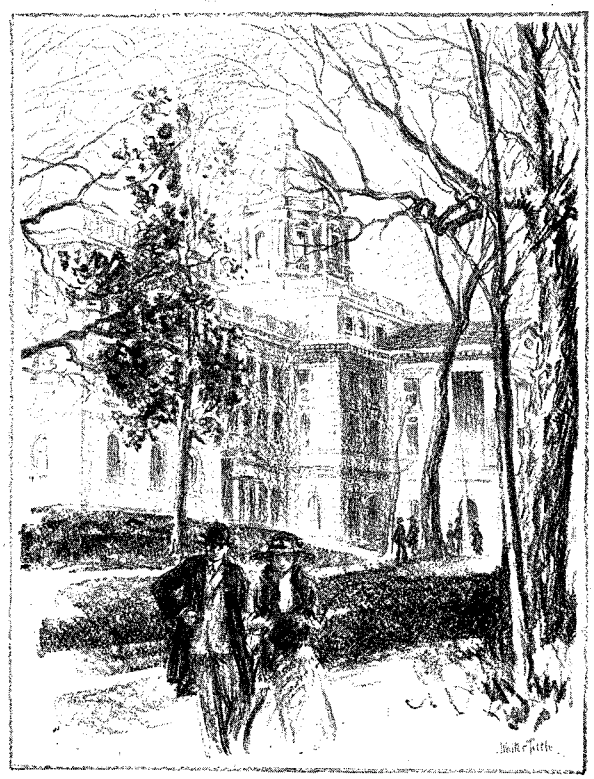
sion or commission. I am aware of no "service" in any other field of endeavor so excellent as that of the agricultural colleges and their auxiliary experiment and extension branches, and it is a pleasure to testify to the ease with which information touching the farm in all its departments may be collected. Only the obtuse may fail these days to profit by the newest ideas in soil-conservation, plant-nutrition, animal-husbandry, and a thousand other subjects of vital importance to the farmer. To test the "service" I wrote to the Department of Agriculture for information touching a number of subjects in which my ignorance was profound. The return mail brought an astonishing array of documents covering all my inquiries and other literature which my naïve questions had suggested to the Department as likely to prove illuminative. As the extent of the government's aid to the farmer and stockman is known only vaguely to most laymen, I shall set down the titles of some of these publications:

"Management of Sandy Land Farms in Northern Indiana and Southern Michigan."
"The Feeding of Grain Sorghums to Live Stock."
"Prevention of Losses of Live Stock from Plant Poisoning."
"The Feeding of Dairy Cows."
"An Economic Study of the Farm Tractor in the Corn Belt."
"Waste Land and Wasted Land on Farms."
"How to Grow an Acre of Corn."
"How to Select a Sound Horse."
"The Chalcis Fly in Alfalfa Seed"
"Homemade Fireless Cookers and Their Use."
"A Method of Analyzing the Farm Business."

As most of these bulletins may be had free and for others only a nominal price of five or ten cents is charged, it is possible to accumulate an extensive library with a very small expenditure. Soil-fertilization alone is the subject of an enormous literature; the field investigator and the laboratory expert have subjected the earth in every part of America to intensive study and their reports are represented clearly and with a minimum use of technical terms. Many manufacturers of implements or materials used on farms publish and distribute books of real dignity in the advertisement of their wares. I have before me a handsome volume, elaborately illustrated, put forth by a Wisconsin concern, describing the proper method of constructing and equipping a dairy-barn. To peruse this work is to be convinced that the manger so alluringly offered really assures the greatest economy of feeding, and the kine are so effectively photographed, so clean, and so contented that one is impelled to an immediate investment in a herd merely for the joy of housing it in the attractive manner recommended by the sagacious advertiser.

Agricultural schools and State extension bureaus manifest the greatest eager-



Main building, Wisconsin University.

It is significant of the new movement in farming that at the University of Wisconsin . . . there is a course in agricultural journalism.—Page 400.

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ness to serve the earnest seeker for enlightenment. "The Service of YOUR College Brought as Near as Your Mail-Box," is the slogan of the Kansas State Agricultural College. Once upon a time I sought the answer to a problem in Egyptian hieroglyphics and learned that the only American who could speak authoritatively on that particular point was somewhere on the Nile with an exploration party. In the field of agriculture there is no such paucity of scholarship. The very stupidity of a question seems to awaken pity in the intelligent, accommodating persons who are laboring in the farmer's behalf. Augustine Birrell remarked that in the days of the tractarian movement pamphlets were served upon the innocent bystander like sheriffs' processes. In like manner one who manifests only the tamest curiosity touching agriculture in any of its phases will find literature pouring in upon him; and he is distressed to find that it is all so charmingly presented that he is beguiled into reading it!

The charge that the agricultural school is educating students away from the farm is not substantiated by reports from representative institutions of this character. The dean of the College of Agriculture of the University of Illinois, Dr. Eugene Davenport, has prepared a statement illustrative of the sources from which the students of that institution are derived. Every county except two is represented in the agricultural department in a registration of 1,200 students, and, of 710 questioned, 242 are from farms; 40 from towns under 1,000; 87 from towns of 1,000 to 1,500; 262 from towns of 5,000 and up; and 79 from Chicago. Since 1900 nearly 1,000 students have completed the agricultural course in this institution, and of this number 69 per cent are actually living on farms and engaged in farming; 17 per cent are teaching agriculture, or are engaged in extension work; 10 per cent entered callings allied to farming, such as veterinary surgery, landscape-gardening, creamery-management, etc.; less than 4 per cent are in occupations not allied with agriculture. At the Ohio College of Agriculture half the freshman class of the last three years came from the cities, though this figure includes students in landscape architecture and horticulture.

The opportunities open to the graduates of these colleges have been greatly multiplied by the demand for teachers in vocational schools, and the employment of county agents who must be graduates of a school of agriculture or have had the equivalent in practical farm experience. The influence of the educated farmer upon his neighbors is very marked. They may view his methods with distrust, but when he rolls up a yield of corn that sets a new record for fields with which they are familiar they cannot ignore the fact that, after all, there may be something in the idea of school-taught farming. By the time a farm boy enters college he is sufficiently schooled in his father's methods, and well enough acquainted with the home acres, to appreciate fully the value of the instruction the college offers him.

The only difference between agricultural colleges and other technical schools is that to an unscientific observer the courses in agronomy and its co-ordinate branches deal with vital matters that are more interesting and appealing than those in, let us say, mechanical engineering. If there is something that stirs the imagination in the thought that two blades of grass may be made to grow where only one had grown before, how much more satisfying is the assurance that an acre of soil, properly fertilized and thoroughly tended, may double its yield of corn; that there is a choice well worth the knowing between breeds of beef or dairy cattle, and that there is a demonstrable difference in the energy of foods that may be converted into pork, particularly when there is a shortage and the Government, to stimulate production, fixes a minimum price (November, 1917) of $15.50 per hundredweight in the Chicago market.

The equipment of these institutions includes, with the essential laboratories, farms in actual process of tilling, horses, cattle, sheep, and swine of all the representative breeds. Last fall I spent two days in the agricultural school of a typical land-grant college of the corn belt, and found the experience wholly edifying. The students struck me as more attentive and alert than those I have observed from

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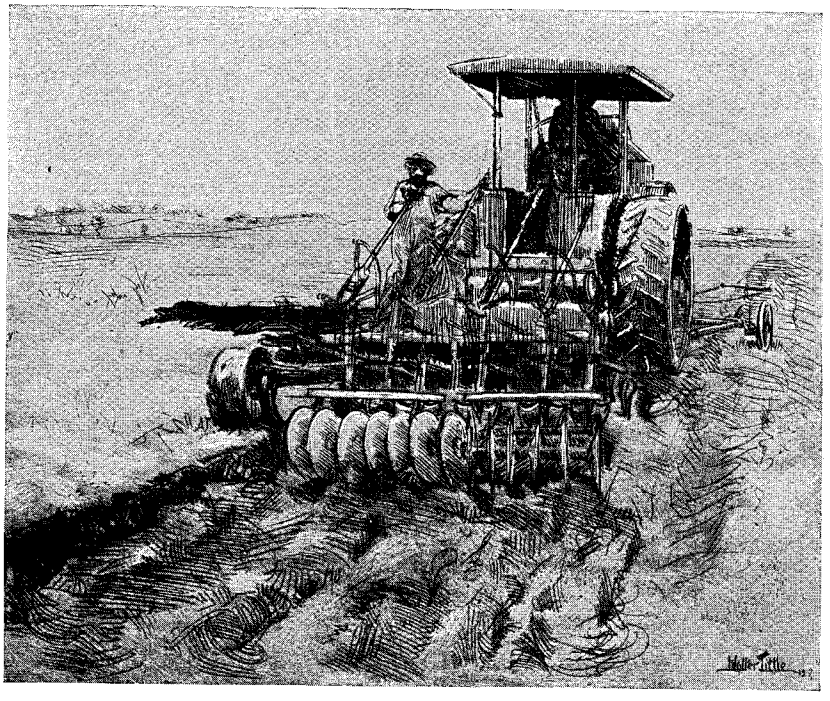
time to time in literature classes of schools that stick to the humanities. In an entomology class, where I noted the presence of one young woman, attention was riveted upon a certain malevolent grasshopper, the foe of vegetation and in these years of anxious conservation an enemy of civilization. That a young woman should elect a full course in agronomy and allied branches seemed to me highly interesting, and, to learn her habitat in the most delicate manner possible, I asked for a census of the class, to determine how many students were of farm origin. The young lady so deeply absorbed in the grasshopper was, I found, a city girl. Women, it should be noted, are often very successful farmers and stock-breeders. They may be seen at all representative cattle-shows inspecting the exhibits with sophistication and pencilling notes in the catalogues.

To sit in the pavilion of one of these colleges and hear a lecture on the judging of cattle is to be persuaded that much philosophy goes into the production of a tender, juicy beefsteak or a sound, productive milch cow. In a class that I visited a Polled Angus steer and a shorthorn were on exhibition; the instructor might have been a sculptor, conducting a class in modelling, from the nice points of "line," the distribution of muscle and fat, that he dilated upon. He invited questions, which led to a discussion in which the whole class participated. At the conclusion of this lecture a drove of swine was driven in that a number of young gentlemen might practise the fine art of "judging" this species against an approaching competitive meeting with a class from another school. In these days of multiplying farm-implements and tractors, the farmer is driven perforce to know something of mechanics. Time is precious and the breaking down of a harvester may be calamitous if the owner must send to town for some one to repair it. These matters are cared for in the farm-mechanics laboratories where instruction is offered in the care, adjustment, and repair of all kinds of farm-machinery.



Tractor pulling a gang of ploughs.

The anxiety to serve, to accommodate

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the instruction to special needs, is illustrated in the length of courses offered, which include a week's intensive course in midwinter designed for farmers, two-year and four-year courses, and postgraduate work. Men well advanced in years attend the mid-winter sessions, eager to improve their methods in a business they have followed all their lives. They often bring their wives with them, to attend classes in dairying, poultry-raising, or home economics. It is significant of the new movement in farming that at the University of Wisconsin, an institution whose services to American agriculture are inestimable, there is a course in agricultural journalism, "intended," the catalogue recites, "to be of special service to students who will engage in farming or who expect to be employed in station work or in some form of demonstration or extension service and who therefore may have occasion to write for publication and certainly will have farm produce and products to sell. To these ends the work is very largely confined to studies in agricultural writing."

IV

THE easing of the farmer's burdens through the development of labor-saving machinery, and the convenience of telephones, trolley lines, and the cheap automobile that have vastly improved his social prospects, have not overcome a growing prejudice against close kinship with the soil. We have still to deal with the loneliness and the social barrenness that have driven thousands of the children of farms to the cities. The son of a small farmer may make a brilliant record in an agricultural college, achieve the distinction of admission to the national honorary agricultural fraternity (the Alpha Zeta, the little brother of the Phi Beta Kappa), and still find the old home crippling and stifling to his awakened social sense.

There is general agreement among the authorities that one of the chief difficulties in the way of improvement is the lack of leadership in farm communities. The farmer is not easily aroused, and he is disposed to resent as an unwarranted infringement upon his constitutional rights the attempts of outsiders to meddle with his domestic affairs. He has found that it is profitable to attend institutes, consult county agents, and peruse the literature distributed from extension centres, but the invasion of his house is a very different matter. Is he not the lord of his acres, an independent, self-respecting citizen, asking no favors of society? Does he not ponder well his civic duty and plot the destruction of the accursed middleman, his arch-enemy? The benevolently inclined who seek him out to persuade him of the error of his ways in any particular are often received with scant courtesy. He must be "shown," not merely "told." The agencies now so diligently at work to improve the farmer's social status understand this and the methods employed are wisely tempered in the light of abundant knowledge of just how much crowding the farmer will stand.

Nothing is so essential to his success as the health of his household; yet inquiries, more particularly in the older States of the Mississippi valley, lead to the conclusion that there is a dismaying amount of chronic invalidism on farms. A physician who is very familiar with farm life declares that "all farmers have stomach trouble," and this obvious exaggeration is rather supported by Dr. John N. Hurty, secretary of the Indiana State Board of Health, who says that he finds in his visits to farmhouses that the cupboards are filled with nostrums warranted to relieve the agonies of poor digestion. Dr. Hurty, who has probably saved more lives and caused more indignation in his twenty years of public service than may be credited to any other Hoosier, has made a sanitary survey of four widely separated Indiana counties. In Blackford County, where 1,374 properties were inspected, only 15 per cent of the farmhouses were found to be sanitary. Site, ventilation, water supply, the condition of the house, and the health of its inmates entered into the scoring. In Ohio County, where 441 homes were visited, 86 per cent were found to be insanitary. The tuberculosis rate for this county was found to be 25 per cent higher than that of the State. In Scott County 97.6 per cent of the farms were pronounced insanitary, and here the tuberculosis rate is 48.3 per cent higher

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than that of the State. In Union County, where only 2.3 per cent of the farms were found to be sanitary, the average score did not rise above 45 per cent on site, ventilation, and health. Here the tuberculosis death-rate was 176.3 in 100,000, against the State rate of 157. In all these counties the school population showed a decrease.

It should be said that in the communities mentioned, old ones as history runs in this region, many homes stand practically unaltered after fifty or seventy-five years of continuous occupancy. Thousands of farmers who would think it a shameless extravagance to install a bath-tub boast an automobile. A survey by Professor George H. von Tungeln, of Iowa College, of 227 farms in two townships of northern Iowa, disclosed 62 bath-tubs, 98 pianos, and 124 automobiles. The number of bath-tubs reported by the farmers of Ohio is so small that I shrink from stating it.

Here, again, we may be sure that the farmer is not allowed to dwell in slothful indifference to the perils of uncleanliness. On the heels of the sanitarian and the sociologist come the field agents of the home-economics departments of the meddlesome land-grant colleges, bent upon showing him a better way of life. I was pondering the plight of the bathless farmhouse when a document reached me showing how a farmhouse may enjoy running water, bathroom, gas, furnace, and two fireplaces for an expenditure of $723.97. One concrete story is better than many treatises, and I cheerfully cite, as my authority, "Modernizing an Old Farm House," by Mrs. F. F. Showers, included among the publications of the Wisconsin College of Agriculture. The home-economics departments do not wait for the daughters of the farm to come to them, but seek them out with the glad tidings that greater ease and comfort are within their reach if only their fathers can be made to see the light. In many States the extension agents organize companies of country women and carry them junketing to modern farmhouses.

Turning to Nebraska, whose rolling corn-fields are among the noblest to be encountered anywhere, home demonstration agents range the commonwealth organizing clubs, which are federated where possible to widen social contacts, better-babies conferences, and child-welfare exhibits. The Community Welfare Assembly, as conducted in Kansas, has the merit of offering a varied programme—lectures on agriculture and home economics, civics, health, and rural education by specialists, moving pictures, community music, and folk games and stories for the children. In Wisconsin the rural-club movement reaches every part of the State, and a State law grants the use of schoolhouses for community gatherings. Seymour, Indiana, boasts a Farmer's Club, the gift of a citizen, with a comfortably appointed house, where farmers and their families may take their ease when in town.

The organization of boys' and girls' clubs among farm youth is a feature of the vocational-training service offered under the Smith-Lever Act of 1914, and already the reports of its progress are highly interesting. These organizations make possible the immediate application of the instruction in agriculture and home economics received in the schools. In Indiana more than 25,000 boys and girls were enlisted last year in such club projects as the cultivation of corn, potatoes, and garden vegetables, canning, sewing, and home-craft, and the net profit from these sources was $105,100. In my prowlings nothing has delighted me more than the discovery of the Pig Club. This is one of Uncle Sam's many schemes for developing the initiative and stimulating the ambition of the farm boy.

It might occur to the city boy, whose acquaintance with pork is limited to his breakfast bacon, that the feeding of a pig is not a matter worthy of the consideration of youth of intelligence and aspiration. Uncle Sam, however, holds the contrary opinion. From a desk in the Department of Agriculture he has thrown a rosy glamour about the lowly pig. Country bankers, properly approached and satisfied of the good character and honorable intentions of boy applicants, will advance money to farm boys to launch them upon the business of pig-feeding. My heart warms to Douglas Byrne, of Harrison County, Indiana, who, under the guidance of a club supervisor, fed 17 hogs with a profit of $99.30. An-

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other young Hoosier, Elmer Pearce, of Vanderburgh County, fed 2 pigs that made a daily gain of 1.38 pounds for four months, and sold them at a profit of $12.36. We learn from the official report that this young man's father warned him that the hogs he exercised his talents upon would make no such gains as were achieved. Instead of spanking the lad for his temerariousness, as would have been the case in the olden golden days, this father made him the ruler over 30 swine. There are calf and pig clubs for girls, and a record has been set for Indiana by twelve-year-old Pauline Hadley, of Mooresville, who cared for a Poland China hog for 110 days, increasing its weight from 65 to 256 pounds, and sold it at a profit of $20.08.

The farmer of yesterday blundered through a year and at the end had a very imperfect idea of his profits and losses. He kept no accounts; if he paid his taxes and the interest on the omnipresent mortgage, and established credit for the winter with his grocer, he was satisfied. Uncle Sam, thoroughly aroused to the importance of increasing the farmer's efficiency, now shows him how to keep simple accounts and then returns at the end of the season to analyze the results. (Farm-management is the subject of many beguiling pamphlets; it seems incredible that any farmer should blindly go on wasting time and money when his every weakness is anticipated and prescribed for by the Department of Agriculture and its great army of investigators and counsellors!)

If there is little cheerful fiction dealing with farm life, its absence is compensated for by the abundance of "true stories" of the most stimulating character, to be found in the publications of the State agricultural extension bureaus. Professor G. I. Christie's report of the Indiana Extension Service for last year recites the result of three years' observation of a southern Indiana farm of 213 acres. In 1914 the owner cleared $427 above interest on his capital, in addition to his living. This, however, was better than the average for the community, which was a cash return of $153. This man had nearly twice as much land as his neighbors, carried more live stock, and his crop yields were twice as great as the community average. His attention was called to the fact that he was investing $100 worth of feed and getting back only $82 in his live-stock account. He was expending 780 days in the care of his farm and stock, which the average corn-belt farmer could have managed with 605 days of labor. Acting on the advice of the Extension Department, he added to his live stock, built a silo, changed his feeding ration, and increased his live-stock receipts to $154 per $100 of feed. The care of the additional live stock through the winter resulted in a better reward for his labor and the amount accredited to labor income for the year was $1,505. The third year he increased his live stock and poultry, further improved the feeding ration, and received $205 per $100 of feed. By adding to the conveniences of his barn, he was able to cut down his expenditure for hired labor; or, to give the exact figures, he reduced the amount expended in this way from $515 to $175. His labor income for the third year was $3,451. "Labor income," as the phrase is employed in farm bookkeeping, is the net sum remaining after the farm-owner has paid all business expenses of the farm and deducted a fair interest on the amount invested in his plant.

I have mentioned the 80-acre farm as affording a living for a family; but there is no ignoring the testimony of farm-management surveys, covering a wide area, that this unit is too small for the owner to obtain the best results from his labor. In a Nebraska survey it is demonstrated that farms of from 200 to 250 acres show better average returns than those of larger or smaller groups, but rainfall, soil conditions, and the farmer's personal qualifications are factors in all such studies that make generalizations difficult. A diversified farm of 160 acres requires approximately 3,000 hours' labor a year. Forty-five acres of corn, shocked and husked, consume 270 days of labor; like acreages of oats and clover, 90 days and 45 respectively; care of live stock and poultry 195 days. In summer a farmer often works twelve or fourteen hours a day, while in winter, with only his stock to look after, his labor is reduced to three or four hours.

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The Smith-Hughes Act (approved February, 1917) appropriates annually sums which will attain, in 1926, a maximum of $3,000,000 "for cooperation with the States in the promotion of education in agriculture and the trades and industries, and in the preparation of teachers of vocational subjects, the sums to be allotted to the States in the proportion which their rural population bears to the total rural population of the United States." Washington is only the dynamic centre of inspiration and energy in the application of the laws that make so generous provision for the farmer's welfare. The States must enter into a contract to defray their share of the expense and put the processes into operation.

There was something of prophecy in the message of President Roosevelt (February 9, 1909) transmitting to Congress the report of his Country Life Commission. He said: "Upon the development of country life rests ultimately our ability, by methods of farming requiring the highest intelligence, to continue to feed and clothe the hungry nations; to supply the city with fresh blood, clean bodies, and clear brains that can endure the terrific strain of modern life; we need the development of men in the open country, who will be in the future, as in the past, the stay and strength of the nation in time of war, and its guiding and controlling spirit in time of peace." The far-reaching effect of the report, a remarkably thorough and searching study of farm conditions, is perceptible in agencies and movements that were either suggested by it or that were strengthened by its authoritative utterances.

V

Much has been written of the decline of religion in rural communities, and melancholy statistics have been adduced as to the abandonment of churches. But here, as in the matter of farm efficiency and kindred rural problems, vigorous attempts are making to improve conditions. "The great spiritual needs of the country community just at present are higher personal and community ideals," the Country Life Commission reported. "Rural people have need to have an aspiration for the highest possible development of the community. There must be an ambition on the part of the people themselves constantly to progress in all those things that make the community life wholesome, satisfying, educative, and complete. There must be a desire to develop a permanent environment for the country boy and girl, of which they will become passionately fond. As a pure matter of education, the country man must learn to love the country and to have an intellectual appreciation of it." In this connection I wish that every farm boy and girl in America might read "The Holy Earth," by L. H. Bailey (a member of the commission), a book informed with a singular sweetness and nobility, and fit to be established as an auxiliary reading-book in every agricultural college in America.

There is abundant evidence that the religious bodies are not asleep to the importance of vitalizing the country church, and here the general socializing movement is acting as a stimulus. Not only have the churches, in federal and State conferences, set themselves determinedly to improve the rural parish, but the matter has been the subject of much discussion by educational and sociological societies with encouraging gains. The wide-spread movement for the consolidation of country schools suggests inevitably the combination of country parishes, assuring greater stability and making possible the employment of permanent ministers of a higher intellectual type, capable of exercising that leadership which all commentators on the future of the farm agree is essential to progress.

By whatever avenue the rural problem is approached it is apparent that it is not sufficient to persuade American youth of the economic advantages of farming over urban employments, but that the new generation must be convinced in very concrete ways that country life affords generous opportunities for comfort and happiness, and that there are compensations for all it lacks. The farmer of yesterday, strongly individualistic and feeling that the world's rough hand was lifted against him, has no longer an excuse for holding aloof from the countless forces that are attempting to aid him and give his chil-

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dren a better chance in life. No other figure in the American social picture is receiving so much attention as the farmer. A great treasure of money is expended annually by State and federal governments to increase his income, lessen his labor, educate his children, and bring health and comfort to his home. If he fails to take advantage of the vast machinery that is at work in his behalf, it is his own fault; if his children do not profit by the labors of the State to educate them, the sin is at his own door. In his business perplexities he has but to telephone to a county agent or to the extension headquarters of his State to receive the friendly counsel of an expert. If his children are dissatisfied and long for a greater variety in their lives, it is because he has concealed from them the means by which their lives may be quickened and brightened.

With the greatest self-denial I refrain from concluding this article with a ringing peroration in glorification of farm life. From a desk on the fifteenth floor of an office-building, with an outlook across a smoky, clanging industrial city, I could do this with an easy conscience. But the scientist has stolen farming away from the sentimentalist and the theorist. Farming, I may repeat, is a business, the oldest and the newest in the world. No year passes in which its methods and processes are not carried nearer to perfection. City boys now about to choose a vocation will do well to visit an agricultural college and extension plant, or, better still, a representative corn-belt farm, before making the momentous decision. No one can foretell the vast changes that will be precipitated when the mighty war is ended; but one point is undebatable: the world, no matter how low its fortunes may sink, must have bread and meat. Tremendous changes and readjustments are already foreshadowed; but in all speculations as to the future the productiveness of the American farm will continue to be a factor of enormous importance.

The wide-spread absorption of land by large investors, the increase of tenantry, and the passing of the farm family are possibilities of the future not to be overlooked by those who have at heart the fullest and soundest development of American democracy. For every 100 acres of American land now under cultivation there are about 375 acres untilled but susceptible of cultivation. Here is a chance for American boys of the best fibre to elect a calling that more and more demands trained intelligence. All things considered, the rewards of farming average higher than those in any other business, and the ambitious youth, touched with the new American passion for service, for a more perfect realization of the promise of democracy, will find in rural communities a fallow field ready to his hand.

[Mr. Nicholson's fifth article, "The Middle West in Politics," will appear in the May number.]

A SONG FOR THE SEASONS

By Margaret Cooper McGiffert

BLUE skies and green fields
And birds on the nest;
Whatever time of year it is,
That time of year is best.

Gray skies and brown fields
And birds on the wing;
Whatever time of year it is,
That time of year I sing.

White skies and white fields
And birds far away;
But, though they hide, their melody
Is in my heart to-day.

Blue skies and bare fields
And birds back with Spring,
And all the promise of the year
Is in the song they sing.

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THE DITCH

BY MARY RAYMOND SHIPMAN ANDREWS

DECORATIONS BY FREDERIC DORR STEELE

Persons

THE BOY.....*an American soldier.*
THE BOY'S DREAM OF HIS MOTHER.
ANGÉLIQUE..... } *French children.*
JEAN-BAPTISTE..... }
THE TEACHER.
THE ONE SCHOOLGIRL WITH IMAGINATION.
THE THREE SCHOOLGIRLS WITHOUT IMAGINATION.
HE.
SHE.
THE AMERICAN GENERAL.
THE ENGLISH STATESMAN.

The Time.—A summer day in 1918 and a summer day in 2018.

FIRST ACT

The time is a summer day in 1918. *The scene is the first-line trench of the Germans—held lately by the Prussian Imperial Guard—half an hour after it has been taken by a charge of men from the Blank*th *Regiment, United States Army. There has been a mistake and the charge was not preceded by artillery preparation as usual. However, the Americans have taken the trench by the unexpectedness of their attack, and the Prussian Guard has been routed in confusion. But the German artillery has at once opened fire on the Americans, and also a German machine gun has enfiladed the trench. Ninety-nine of the Americans have been killed in the trench. One is alive, but dying. He speaks, being part of the time delirious.*

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The Boy. Why can't I stand? What—is it? I'm wounded. The sand-bags roll when I try—to hold to them. I'm—badly wounded. (*Sinks down. Silence.*) How still it is! Where are the others? We—we took the trench. Glory be! We took it—we took it! (*Shouts weakly as he lies in the trench.*) And—it's still. (*Sits up and stares, shading his eyes.*) It's horrid still. Why—they're here! Jack—you! What makes you—lie there? You beggar—oh, my God! They're dead. Jack Arnold, and Martin and—Cram and Bennett and Emmet and—Dragamore— Oh—God, God! All the boys! Good American boys. The whole blamed bunch—dead in a ditch. And me—I'm alive. Only me. Dying, in a ditch filled with dead men. My friends—Americans! What's the sense? (*Silence.*) This damned silly war. This devilish—killing. When we ought to be home, doing man's work—and play. Happy and—and busy. Getting some tennis, maybe, this hot afternoon; coming in sweaty and dirty—and happy—to a tub—and dinner—with mother. (*Groans.*) It begins to hurt—oh, it hurts confoundedly. (*Becomes delirious.*) Canoeing on the river. With little Jim. See that trout jump, Jimmie? Cast now, as I told you. Under the log at the edge of the trees. That's it! Good—oh! (*Groans.*) It hurts—badly. Why, I can't stand this. How can I stand it? How can anybody? I'm badly wounded. Jimmie—tell mother. Oh—good boy—you've hooked him. Now play him; lead him away from the lily-pads. (*Groans.*) Oh, mother! Don't you know? Won't you come? I'm wounded. I think—I'm dying. You never failed me before. I need you—if I die. You went away down—to the gate of life, to bring me inside. Now—it's the gate of death—you won't fail? You'll bring me through to that other life? You and I, mother—and I won't be scared. You're the first—and the last. (*Puts out his arm searching and finds a hand, still warm, of a dead soldier.*) Ah—mother, my dear. I knew—you'd come. Your hand is warm—comforting. You always—are there when I need you. All my life. Things are getting—hazy. (*He laughs.*) When I was a kid and came down in an elevator—I was all right, I didn't mind the drop if I might hang on to your hand. Remember? (*Pats dead soldier's hand, then clutches it again tightly.*) You come with me when I go across and let me—hang on—to your hand. And I won't be scared. (*Silence.*) This damned—damned—silly war! All the good American boys. We charged the Fritzes. How they ran! But—there was a mistake. No artillery preparation. There ought to be crosses and medals going for that charge, for the boys— (*Laughs.*) Why, they're all dead. And me—I'm dying, in a ditch. Twenty years old. Done out of sixty years by—by the silly war. What's it for? Mother, what's it about? I'm ill a bit, with the hole in me. I can't think what good it is. Slaughtering boys—all the nations' boys—honest, hard-working boys mostly. American flesh and blood lying about! Junk. Fine chaps an hour ago. What's the good? I'm dying—for the flag. But—what's the good? It'll go on—wars. Again. Peace sometimes, but nothing gained. And all of us—dead. Cheated out of our lives. Wouldn't the world have done as well if this long ditch of good fellows had been let live? Mother?

The Boy's Dream of His Mother. (*Seems to speak.*) My very dearest—no. It takes this great burnt-offering to free the world. The world will be free. No more wars, ever. This is the crisis of humanity; you are bending the lever that lifts the race. Be glad, dearest life of the world, to be part of that glory. Think back to your school-days, to a sentence you learned. Lincoln spoke it. "These dead shall not have died in vain, and government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth."

The Boy. (*Whispers.*) Yes. I remember. It's good. "Shall not have died in vain"—"The people—shall not perish"—where's your hand, mother? It's taps for me. The lights are going out. Come with me—mother. (*Dies.*)

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SECOND ACT

The scene is the same trench one hundred years later, in the year 2018. *It is ten o'clock of a summer morning. Two French children have come to the trench to pick flowers. The little girl of seven is gentle and soft-hearted; her older brother is a man of nearly ten years, and feels his patriotism and his responsibilities.*

Angélique. (*The little French girl.*) Here's where they grow, Jean-B'tiste.

Jean-Baptiste. (*The little French boy.*) Yes, I know. They bloom bigger blooms in the American ditch.

Angélique. (*Climbs into the ditch and picks flowers busily.*) Why do people call it the 'Merican ditch, Jean-B'tiste? What's 'Merican?

Jean-Baptiste. (*Ripples laughter.*) One's little sister doesn't know much! Never mind. One is so young—three years younger than I am. I'm ten, you know.

Angélique. Tiens, Jean-B'tiste. Not ten till next month.

Jean-Baptiste. Oh, but—but next month!

Angélique. What's 'Merican?

Jean-Baptiste. Droll *p'tite.* Why, everybody in all France knows that name. Of American.

Angélique. (*Unashamed.*) Do they? What is it?

Jean-Baptiste. It's the people that live in the so large country across the ocean. They came over and saved all our lives, and France.

Angélique. (*Surprised.*) Did they save my life, Jean-B'tiste?

Jean-Baptiste. Little *drôle.* You weren't born.

Angélique. Oh! Whose life did they then save? Maman's?

Jean-Baptiste. But no. She was not born either.

Angélique. Whose life, then—the grandfather's?

Jean-Baptiste. But—even he was not born. (*Disconcerted by Angélique's direct tactics.*) One sees they could not save the lives of people who were not here. But—they were brave—but yes—and friends to France. And they came across the ocean to fight for France. Big, strong young soldiers in brown uniforms—the grandfather told me about it yesterday. I know it all. His father told him, and he was here. In this field. (*Jean-Baptiste looks about the meadow, where the wind blows flowers and wheat.*) There was a large battle—a fight very immense. It was not like this then. It was digged over with ditches and the soldiers stood in the ditches and shot at the wicked Germans in the other ditches. Lots and lots of soldiers died.

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Angélique. (*Lips trembling.*) Died—in ditches?

Jean-Baptiste. (*Grimly.*) Yes, it is true.

Angélique. (*Breaks into sobs.*) I can't bear you to tell me that. I can't bear the soldiers to—die—in ditches.

Jean-Baptiste. (*Pats her shoulder.*) I'm sorry I told you if it makes you cry. You are so little. But it was one hundred years ago. They're dead now.

Angélique. (*Rubs her eyes with her dress and smiles.*) Yes, they're quite dead now. So—tell me some more.

Jean-Baptiste. But I don't want to make you cry more, *p'tite.* You're so little.

Angélique. I'm not *very* little. I'm bigger than Anne-Marie Dupont, and she's eight.

Jean-Baptiste. But no. She's not eight till next month. She told me.

Angélique. Oh, well—next month. Me, I want to hear about the brave 'Mericans. Did they make this ditch to stand in and shoot the wicked Germans?

Jean-Baptiste. They didn't make it, but they fought the wicked Germans in a brave, wonderful charge, the bravest sort, the grandfather said. And they took the ditch away from the wicked Germans, and then—maybe you'll cry.

Angélique. I won't. I promise you I won't.

Jean-Baptiste. Then, when the ditch—only they called it a trench—was well full of American soldiers, the wicked Germans got a machine gun at the end of it and fired all the way along—the grandfather called it enfiladed—and killed every American in the whole long ditch.

Angélique. (*Bursts into tears again; buries her face in her skirt.*) I—I'm sorry I cry, but the 'Mericans were so brave and fought—for France—and it was cruel of the wicked Germans to—to shoot them.

Jean-Baptiste. The wicked Germans were always cruel. But the grandfather says it's quite right now, and as it should be, for they are now a small and weak nation, and scorned and watched by other nations, so that they shall never be strong again. For the grandfather says they are not such as can be trusted—no, never, the wicked Germans. The world will not believe their word again. They speak not the truth. Once they nearly smashed the world, when they had power. So it is looked to by all nations that never again shall Germany be powerful. For they are sly, and cruel as wolves, and only intelligent to be wicked. That is what the grandfather says.

Angélique. Me, I'm sorry for the poor wicked Germans that they are so bad. It is not nice to be bad. One is punished.

Jean-Baptiste. (*Sternly.*) It is the truth. One is always punished. As long as the world lasts it will be a punishment to be a German. But as long as France lasts there will be a nation to love the name of America, one sees. For the Americans were generous and brave. They left their dear land and came and died for us, to keep us free in France from the wicked Germans.

Angélique. (*Lip trembles.*) I'm sorry—they died.

Jean-Baptiste. But, *p'tite!* That was one hundred years ago. It is necessary that they would have been dead by now in every case. It was more glorious to die fighting for freedom and France than just to die—fifty years later. Me, I'd enjoy very much to die fighting. But look! You pulled up the roots. And what is that thing hanging to the roots—not a rock?

Angélique. No, I think not a rock. (She takes the object in her hands and knocks dirt from it.) But what is it, Jean-B'tiste?

Jean-Baptiste. It's—but never mind. I can't always know everything, don't you see, Angélique? It's just something of one of the Americans who died in the ditch. One is always finding something in these old battle-fields.

Angélique. (*Rubs the object with her dress. Takes a handful of sand and rubs it on the object. Spits on it and rubs the sand.*) *V'là,* Jean-B'tiste—it shines.

Jean-Baptiste. (*Loftily.*) Yes. It is nothing, that. One finds such things.

Angélique. (*Rubbing more.*) And there are letters on it.

Jean-Baptiste. Yes. It is nothing, that. One has flowers *en masse* now, and it is time to go home. Come then, *p'tite,* drop the dirty bit of brass and pick up your pretty flowers. *Tiens!* Give me

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your hand. I'll pull you up the side of the ditch. (*Jean-Baptiste turns as they start.*) I forgot the thing which the grandfather told me I must do always. (*He stands at attention.*) *Au revoir,* brave Americans. One salutes your immortal glory. (*Exit Jean-Baptiste and Angélique.*)

THIRD ACT

The scene is the same trench in the year 2018. *It is eleven o'clock of the same summer morning. Four American schoolgirls, of from fifteen to seventeen years, have been brought to see the trench, a relic of the Great War, in charge of their teacher. The teacher, a worn and elderly person, has imagination, and is stirred, as far as her tired nerves may be, by the heroic story of the old ditch. One of the schoolgirls also has imagination and is also stirred. The other three are "young barbarians at play." Two out of five is possibly a large proportion to be blessed with imagination, but the American race has improved in a hundred years.*

Teacher. This, girls, is an important bit of our sight-seeing. It is the last of the old trenches of the Great War to remain intact in all northern France. It was left untouched out of the reverence of the people of the country for one hundred Americans of the Blank*th* Regiment, who died here—in this old ditch. The regiment had charged too soon, by a mistaken order, across what was called No-Man's Land, from their own front trench, about (*consults guide-book*)—about thirty-five yards away—that would be near where you see the red poppies so thick in the wheat. They took the trench from the Germans, and were then wiped out partly by artillery fire, partly by a German machine gun which was placed, disguised, at the end of the trench and enfiladed the entire length. Three-quarters of the regiment, over two thousand men, were killed in this battle. Since then the regiment has been known as the "Charging Blank*th.*"

First Schoolgirl. Wouldn't those poppies be lovely on a yellow hat?

Second Schoolgirl. Ssh! The Eye is on you. How awful, Miss Hadley! And were they all killed? Quite a tragedy!

Third Schoolgirl. Not a yellow hat! Stupid! A corn-colored one—just the shade of the grain with the sun on it. Wouldn't it be lovely! When we get back to Paris——

Fourth Schoolgirl (*the one with imagination*). You idiots! You poor kittens!

First Schoolgirl. If we ever do get back to Paris!

Teacher. (*Wearily.*) Please pay attention. This is one of the world's most

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sacred spots, this flower-covered old ditch in a French meadow. It is the scene of a great heroism. It is the place where many of our fellow countrymen laid down their lives for the cause of freedom. How can you stand on this solemn ground and chatter about hats?

Third Schoolgirl. Well, you see, Miss Hadley, we're fed up with the cause of freedom and solemn grounds. You can't expect us to go into raptures at this stage over an old ditch. And, to be serious, wouldn't some of those field flowers make a lovely combination for hats? With the French touch, don't you know? You'd be darling in one—so *ingênue!*

Second Schoolgirl. Ssh! She'll kill you. (*Three girls turn their backs and stifle a giggle.*)

Teacher. Girls, you may be past your youth yourselves one day.

First Schoolgirl. (*Airily.*) But we're well preserved so far, Miss Hadley.

Fourth Schoolgirl. (*Has wandered away a few yards. She bends and picks a flower from the ditch. She speaks to herself.*) The flag floated here. There were shells bursting and guns thundering and groans and blood—here. American boys were dying where I stand safe. That's what they did. They made me safe. They kept America free. They made the "world safe for freedom." (*She bends and speaks into the ditch.*) Boy, you who lay just there in suffering and gave your good life away that long-ago summer day—thank you. You died for us. America remembers. Because of you there will be no more wars, and girls such as we are may wander across battle-fields, and nations are happy and well governed, and kings and masters are gone. You did that, you boys. You lost fifty years of life, but you gained our love forever. Your deaths were not in vain. Good-by, dear, dead boys.

Teacher. (*Calls.*) Child, come! We must catch the train.

FOURTH ACT

The scene is the same trench in the year 2018. *It is three o'clock of the afternoon of the same summer day. A newly married couple have come to see the trench, a relic of the Great War. He is journeying as to a shrine; she has allowed impersonal interests, such as history, to lapse under the influence of love and a trousseau. She is, however, amenable to patriotism, and, her husband applying the match, she takes fire—she also, from the story of the trench.*

He. This must be the place.

She. It is nothing but a ditch filled with flowers.

He. The old trench. (*Takes off his hat.*)

She. Was it—it was—in the Great War?

He. My dear!

She. You're horrified. But I really—don't know.

He. Don't know? You must.

She. You've gone and married a per-

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son who hasn't a glimmer of history. What will you do about it?

He. I think I'll be brave and stick to my bargain. Do you mean that you've forgotten the charge of the Blank*th* Americans against the Prussian Guard? The charge that practically ended the war?

She. Ended the war? How could one charge end the war?

He. There was fighting after. But the last critical battle was here (*looks about*) in these meadows, and for miles along. And it was just here that the Blank*th* United States Regiment made its historic dash. In that ditch—filled with flowers—a hundred of our lads were mown down in three minutes. About two thousand more followed them to death.

She. Oh—I do know. It was *that* charge. I learned about it in school; it thrilled me always.

He. Certainly. Every American child knows the story. I memorized the list of the one hundred soldiers' names of my own free will when I was ten. I can say them now. "Arnold—Ashe—Cram—Emmet—Dragamore——"

She. Don't say the rest, Ted—tell me about it as it happened. (*She slips her hand into his.*) We two, standing here young and happy, looking forward to a lifetime together, will do honor, that way, to those soldiers who gave up their happy youth and their lives for America.

He. (*Puts his arm around her.*) We will. We'll make a little memorial service and I'll preach a sermon about how gloriously they fell and how, unknowingly, they won the war—and so much more!

She. Tell me.

He. It was a hundred years ago about now—summer. A critical battle raged along a stretch of many miles. About the centre of the line—here—the Prussian Imperial Guards, the crack soldiers of the German army, held the first trench—this ditch. American forces faced them, but in weeks of fighting had not been able to make much impression. Then, on a day, the order came down the lines that the Blank*th* United States Regiment, opposed to the Guard, was to charge and take the German front trench. Of course the artillery was to prepare for their charge as usual, but there was some mistake. There was no curtain of fire before them, no artillery preparation to help them. And the order to charge came. So, right into the German guns, in the face of those terrible Prussian Guards, our lads went "over the top" with a great shout, and poured like a flame, like a catapult, across the space between them—No-Man's Land, they called it then—it was only thirty-five yards—to the German trench. So fast they rushed, and so unexpected was their coming, with no curtain of artillery to shield them, that the Germans were for a moment taken aback. Not a shot was fired for a space of time almost long enough to let the Americans reach the trench, and then the rifles broke out and the brown uniforms fell like leaves in autumn. But not all. They rushed on pell-mell, cutting wire, pouring irresistibly into the German trench. And the Guards, such as were not mown down, lost courage at the astounding impetus of the dash and scrambled and ran, screaming, from their trench. They took it—our boys took that trench—this—this old ditch. But then the big German guns opened a fire like hail and a machine gun at the end—down there it must have been—enfiladed the trench, and every man in it was killed. But the charge ended the war. Other Americans, mad with the glory of it, poured in a sea after their comrades and held the trench, and poured on and on, and wiped out that day the Prussian Guard. The German morale was broken from then; there was no serious battle fought afterward, and within a month the war was over.

She. (*Turns and hides her face on his shoulder and shakes with sobs.*) I'm not—crying for sorrow—for them. I'm—crying—for the glory of it. Because—I'm so proud and glad—that it's too much for me. To belong to such a nation—to such men. I'm crying for knowing it was my nation—my men. And America is—the same to-day. I know it. If she needed you to-day, Ted, you would fight like that. You would go "over the top" with the charging Blank*th*, with a shout, if the order came—wouldn't you, my own man?

He. (*Looking into the old ditch with his head bent reverently.*) I hope so.

She. And I hope I would send you with all my heart. Death like that is more than life.

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He. I've made you cry.

She. Not you. What they did—those boys.

He. It's fitting that Americans should come here, as they do come, as to a Mecca, a holy place. For it was here that America was saved. That's what they did, the boys who made that charge. They saved America from the most savage and barbarous enemy of all time. As sure as France and England were at the end of their rope—and they were—so surely Germany, the victor, would have invaded America, and Belgium would have happened in our country. A hundred years wouldn't have been enough to free us again, if that had happened. You and I, dearest, owe it to those soldiers that we are here together, free, prosperous citizens of an ever greater country.

She. (*Drops on her knees by the ditch.*) It's a shrine. Men of my land, I own my debt. I thank you for all I have and am. God bless you in your heaven. (*Silence.*)

He. (*Tears in his eyes. His arm around her neck as he bends to her.*) You'll not forget the story of the Charging Blank*th*?

She. Never again. In my life. (*Rising.*) I think their spirits must be here often. Perhaps they're happy when Americans are here. It's a holy place, as you said. Come away now. I love to leave it in sunshine and flowers with the dear ghosts of the boys. (*Exit He and She.*)

FIFTH ACT

The scene is the same trench in the year 2018. *It is five o'clock of the same summer afternoon. An officer of the American Army and an English cabinet minister come, together, to visit the old trench. The American has a particular reason for his interest; the Englishman accompanies the distinguished American. The two review the story of the trench and speak of other things connected, and it is hoped that they set forth the far-reaching work of the soldiers who died, not realizing their work, in the great fight of the Charging Blank*th.

Englishman. It's a peaceful scene.

American. (*Advances to the side of the ditch. Looks down. Takes off his cap.*) I came across the ocean to see it. (*He looks over the fields.*) It's quiet.

Englishman. The trenches were filled in all over the invaded territory within twenty-five years after the war. Except a very few kept as a manner of—of monument. Object-lessons, don't you know, in what the thing meant. Even those are getting obliterated. They say this is quite the best specimen in all France.

American. It doesn't look warlike. What a lot of flowers!

Englishman. Yes. (*Hesitates.*) The folk about here have a tradition, don't

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you know, that the poppies mark the places where the blood flowed most.

American. Ah! (*Gazes into the ditch.*) Poppies there. A hundred of our soldiers died at once down there. Mere lads mostly. Their names and ages are on a tablet in the capitol at Washington, and underneath is a sentence from Lincoln's Gettysburg speech: "These dead shall not have died in vain and government of the people, by the people, for the people shall not perish from the earth."

Englishman. Those are undying words.

American. And undying names—the lads' names.

Englishman. What they and the other Americans did can never die. Not while the planet endures. No nation at that time realized how vital was your country's entrance into the war. Three months later it would have been too late. Your young, untired forces lifted worn-out France and England and swept all of us to victory. It was America's victory at the last. It is our glory to confess that, for from then on America has been our kin.

American. (*Smiles.*) Yes. England is our well-beloved elder sister for all time now, I believe.

Englishman. The soldiers who died there (*gestures to the ditch*) and their like did that also. They tied the nations together with a bond of common gratitude, common suffering, common glory.

American. You say well that there was common gratitude. England and France had fought our battle for three years at the time we entered the war. We had nestled behind the English fleet. Those grim gray ships of yours stood between us and the barbarians very literally.

Englishman. Without doubt Germany would have been happy to invade the only country on earth rich enough to pay her war debt. And you were astonishingly open to invasion. It is one of the historical facts that a student of history of this twenty-first century finds difficult to realize.

American. The Great War made revolutionary changes—greater perhaps than had been known in all previous history. That condition of unpreparedness was one. That there will never be another war is the belief of all governments. But if all governments should be mistaken, not again would my country, or yours, be caught unprepared. A general staff built of soldiers and free of civilian hampering is one advantage we have drawn from our ordeal of 1917.

Englishman. Your army is magnificently efficient.

American. And yours. Heaven grant neither may ever be needed! Our military efficiency is the pride of an unmilitary nation. One Congress, since the Great War and its lessons, has vied with another to keep our high place in the Peace Coalition.

Englishman. Ah! Your Congress. That has changed since the old days—since La Follette.

American. The name is a shame and a warning to us. Our children are taught to remember it so. The "little group of wilful men," the eleven who came near to shipwrecking the country, were equally bad perhaps, but they are forgotten. La Follette stands for them and bears the curses of his countrymen, which they all earned.

Englishman. Their ignominy served America; it roused the country to clean its Augean stables.

American. The war purified with fire the legislative soul.

Englishman. Exactly. Men are human still, certainly, yet genuine patriotism appears to be a *sine qua non* now, where bombast answered in the old day. Corruption is no longer accepted. Public men then were surprisingly simple, surprisingly cheap and limited in their methods. There were two rules for public and private life. It was thought quixotic, I gather from studying the documents of the time, to expect anything different. And how easily the change came!

American. The nation rose and demanded honesty, and honesty was there. The enormous majority of decent people woke from a discontented apathy and took charge. Men sprang into place naturally and served the nation. The old log-rolling, brainless, greedy public officials were thrown into the junk-heap. As if by magic the stress of the war wrung out the rinsings and the scourings and left the fabric clean.

Englishman. The stress of the war affected more than internal politics. You

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and I, General, are used to a standard of conduct between responsible nations as high as that taken for granted between responsible persons. But, if one considers, that was far from the case a hundred years ago. It was in 1914 that von Bethmann-Hollweg spoke of "a scrap of paper."

American. Ah—Germans!

Englishman. Certainly one does not expect honor or sincerity from the German psychology. Even the little Teutonic Republic of to-day is tricky, scheming always to get a foothold for power, a beginning for the army they will never again be allowed to have. Even after the Kaiser and the Crown Prince and the other rascals were executed they tried to cheat us, if you remember. Yet it is not that which I had in mind. The point I was making was that to-day it would be out of drawing for a government even of charlatans, like the Prussians, to advance the sort of claims which they did. In commonplace words, it was expected then that governments, as against each other, would be self-seeking. To-day common decency demands that they should be, as men must be, unselfish.

American. (*Musingly.*) It's odd how long it took the world—governments—human beings—to find the truth of the very old phrase that "he who findeth his life must lose it."

Englishman. The simple fact of that phrase before the Great War was not commonly grasped. People thought it purely religious and reserved for saints and church services. As a working hypothesis it was not generally known. The every-day ideals of our generation, the friendships and brotherhoods of nations as we know them—the Peace Coalition, for example—would have been thought utopian.

American. Utopian? Perhaps our civilization is better than utopian. The race has grown with a bound since we all went through hell together. How far the civilization of 1914 stood above that of 1614! The difference between galley-slaves and able-bodied seamen of your and our navy! Greater yet than the change in that three hundred years is the change in the last one hundred. I look at it with a soldier's somewhat direct view. Humanity went helpless and alone into a fiery furnace and came through holding onto God's hand. We have clung closely to that powerful grasp since.

Englishman. Certainly the race has emerged from an epoch of intellect to an epoch of spirituality—which comprehends and extends intellect. There have never been inventions such as those of our era. And the inventors have been, as it were, men inspired. Something beyond themselves has worked through them for the world. A force like that was known only sporadically before our time.

American. (*Looks into old ditch.*) It would be strange to the lads who charged through horror across this flowery field to hear our talk and to know that to them and their deeds we owe the happiness and the greatness of the world we now live in.

Englishman. Their short, Homeric episode of life admitted few generalizations, I fancy. To be ready and strong and brave—there was scant time for more than that in those strenuous days. Yet under that simple formula lay a subconscious sea of patriotism and self-sacrifice, from which sprang their soldiers' force. "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends." It was their love—love of country, of humanity, of freedom—which silenced in the end the great engine of evil—Prussianism. The motive power of life is proved, through those dead soldiers, to be not hate, as the Prussians taught, but love.

American. Do you see something shining among the flowers at the bottom of the ditch?

Englishman. Why, yes. Is it—a leaf which catches the light?

American. (*Stepping down.*) I'll see. (*He picks up a metal identification disk worn by a soldier. Angélique has rubbed it so that the letters may mostly be read.*) This is rather wonderful. (*He reads aloud.*) "R. V. H. Randolph—Blank*th* Regiment—U. S." I can't make out the rest.

Englishman. (*Takes the disk.*) Extraordinary! The name and regiment are plain. The identification disk, evidently, of a soldier who died in the trench here. Your own man, General.

American. (*Much stirred.*) And—my own regiment. Two years ago I was the colonel of "The Charging Blank*th*."

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FIT FOR FIGHTING—AND AFTER

BY RAYMOND B. FOSDICK

Chairman of the Commissions on Training-Camp Activities of the War and Navy Departments

ILLUSTRATED WITH SKETCHES BY CAPTAIN HAROLD R. SHURTLEFF, INF. R. C.

THE problem is nearly as old as time; the manner in which it is being solved is new. After tension comes relaxation; and relaxation, like Hamlet's devil, can assume any shape. A host of agencies organized under the twin Commissions on Training-Camp Activities of the War and Navy Departments have stepped in to do the shaping instead.

Imagine a city of forty thousand people. Such a city has a mayor, a board of aldermen, a chief of police, a board of health, and perhaps a park or two. In other words, viewed from a mechanical standpoint, it is a fair-sized business organization. Think of this city in terms of personality and the image created is dominated by the home. The population has become personal—real men, women, and children, whose time, generally speaking, is divided between work and recreation. In other words, it is a normal civic community.

Picture another city of the same population, but a city in which there is not a woman or child; a city that is ruled, not by the choice of the inhabitants, but by men whose power comes from a department; a city that consumes but does not produce in the commercial sense; a city characterized by a common purpose, a singleness of occupation, and a uniformity of age and condition. This, in brief portrayal, is the cantonment.

Such a city, of course, is abnormal and the men who live in it are abnormal. They are cut loose from accustomed social relationships. They have left their families, homes, friends; their colleges, clubs, and church gatherings; their dances, their town libraries, their athletic fields, theatres, and movie houses, and have entered a strange new life in which everything is subordinated to the task of creating an efficient fighting force.

Are men better soldiers for going without these things? How much truth is there in Napoleon's maxim that a fighting army is a contented army? May not idleness, weariness, homesickness, and monotony dull the edge of the best war-machine that time and patience can produce? Is it not obvious that any attempt to rationalize, as far as it can be done, the abnormal environment of a war-camp is an attempt to increase the efficiency of the troops? As a matter of fact, I am thinking of this thing as an established conclusion and not as a hypothesis, for the practical application is being made today.

In the summer of 1916, when our troops were mobilized on the Mexican border, I was sent as a special agent of the War Department to study the problems of their environment. At Columbus, New Mexico—to use a random recollection—five thousand men were encamped. In their spare time these men would ordinarily have gone to the movies, or written letters, or read books, or visited people of their acquaintance; but in this very small village there was no opportunity for these diversions. There was not a motion-picture house or a library, no homes to which they could go, not even letter-writing facilities. There was nothing, in fact, to compete with a handful of dirty saloons and a red-light district, the twin evils traditionally associated with armies and training-camps in every land and in every time.

In this situation is the most succinct statement possible of the conditions that gave rise to the work of the War Department Commission on Training-Camp Activities. It is in its essence a competitive force; its purpose is to offer wholesome

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competition to illicit and dangerous diversions, to make it easier and more attractive to avoid the things that are prohibited—in short, to make the men fit for fighting—*and after*.

It was Mr. Baker, the secretary of war, who first suggested the plan. "I want an organization," he told me, "that will link together the Y. M. C. A., the Recreation Association, and every other agency that can contribute to the social well-being of troops in the field—an organization that will itself supply any gaps in the programme." This was in April, 1917, in the interim between the President's war message and the actual declaration of war by Congress. Secretary Baker was thinking of our experience on the Mexican border, and he recalled as vividly as I did how our boys at Columbus, out of sheer boredom with their surroundings, had trooped across the railroad-tracks by scores and hundreds to accept the unchallenged hospitality of the saloon. "This time," Mr. Baker told me, "our boys will not be volunteers; they will be drafted to service. We cannot afford to draft them into a demoralizing environment. It will be your job to see that their surroundings in the camps are not allowed to be less stimulating and worthy than the environment in their home communities."

Such was the task given to the Commission on Training-Camp Activities. Only when the war is ended and the process of readjusting the mustered-out men to their normal social relationships is well under way, can the success or failure which has attended our work be measured. At this early date, however, the members of the commission feel that their labors are justified.

Let us look at the average day of the typical soldier. Reveille sounds at five-thirty A. M. At seven o'clock he sits down to the first meal of the day, and at seven-thirty he rises. From then until a quarter of twelve his time is devoted to a variety of occupations. He may drill with his company, he may dig trenches, he may be engaged in rifle practice, or he may be detailed to guard or other special duty, but in any case his time is fully occupied. Fifteen minutes are then allowed for ablutions or any other personal needs before mess. The afternoon is merely a variant of the morning—hard, invigorating work, all of it. He stops at half-past five, and thereafter except for mess his time is generally his own until taps. In some camps the routine is broken on Wednesdays and Saturdays, when the men are free for the afternoon, and on Sundays.

Leisure time is the bugbear of the man away from home. A successful travelling salesman told me that if it were not for Sunday his work would be one hundred per cent congenial. A soldier's predicament is even more of a problem, for, with less leisure than most men, he is more restricted in his choice of diversions. Too often he is in the position of "all dressed up and nowhere to go." And so he takes what is offered.

The young American instinctively prefers sound and healthy occupations and recreations. Working on this assumption, the commissions have concentrated their efforts toward supplying suitable "places to go" rather than stressing the prohibitions against places to which they must not go. Strict repressive measures have been taken against alcohol and prostitution, and vice and the opportunities for intemperance have been reduced to a minimum; but the positive, constructive work has been to provide preventives to mental and moral disintegration.

It sounds a bit revolutionary to speak of club work within the camps, but it is one of the outstanding features of the camp activities. In the Young Men's Christian Association buildings and those of the Knights of Columbus the troops have gathering-places that provide true club freedom and recreation. They are more than "places to go"; they constitute definite interest with a distinct personality. As an enlisted man said of the Y. M. C. A., "it takes the place of home." That, perhaps, is the highest praise it has received from the ranks. It is also an index of the unanimous opinion of these clubs.

Its informality is the result of a careful study of the men's needs. The restrictions are few and there is none that presents any hardship. The men smoke, loaf, write letters, and read magazines; they see excellent moving pictures, they

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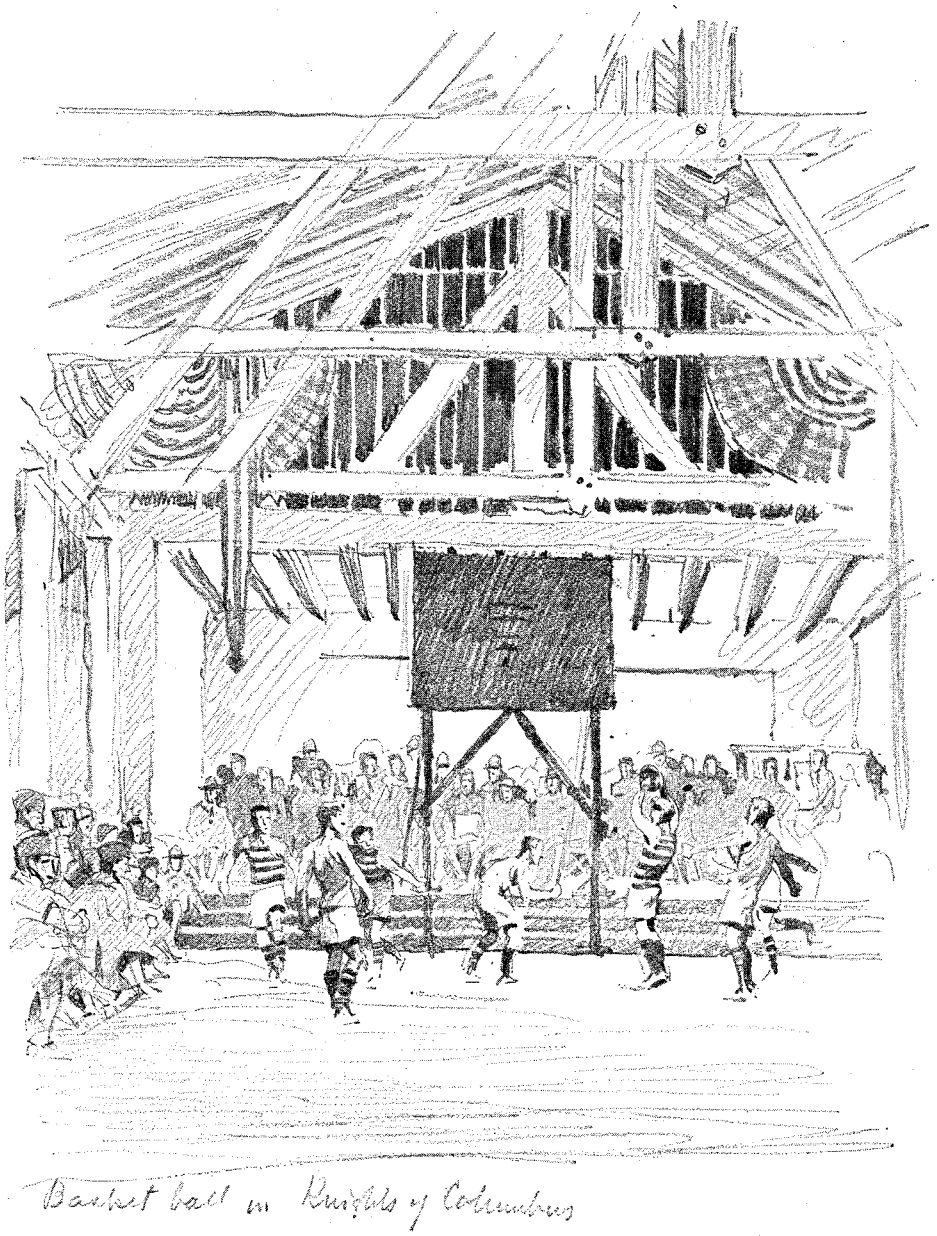

The career of the soldier and sailor is a strenuous one; yet the physical exercise they get in their regular training only seems to whet their desire for athletic diversions.—Page 418.

play the piano or phonograph and find the same relaxation and good-fellowship they would similarly obtain in civilian life. Indeed, many of these men are enjoying for the first time the intimate association and comradeship of club life. They have come from farms or from isolated villages in which such advantages do not obtain, and they will return to their homes with a set of social habits from whose influence they can never escape.

In this connection another factor in post-bellum conditions will be the educa-

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tional work that is being carried on. In our army to-day there are hundreds of men who either cannot speak the English language or cannot read or write. These are chiefly naturalized aliens and men from remote mountain districts, who are quick to take advantage of the opportunity to learn both. Such elementary factors in raising the standard of citizenship are, however, only a part of the educational system. Courses are being given in mathematics, including the higher branches, history, civics, science, and the languages. There are, to mention a specific instance, over one hundred thousand soldiers in the United States who are studying French. Advanced courses in technical and vocational subjects are also given. The American Library Association co-operates in this work by suggesting correlative reading and supplying the books required. The well-equipped library in each camp thus widens its sphere of usefulness beyond merely purveying reading-matter for entertainment, legitimate though that sphere may be.

It is not to be supposed that we consider it our mission to make the soldier turn schoolboy. Secretary of War Baker says: "I regard the work of the Commissions on Training-Camp Activities as a most significant factor in winning the war." In other words, it is regarded first as a developer of fighting efficiency. Part of the system is to keep the men interested, and one of the means employed is the educational work. Its personal intrinsic worth is a by-product, but one that is of nearly as much account as the main idea. The difference, indeed, is slight—fighting for democracy and studying for democracy are but variations in method, and variety spices the soldier's life as well as the civilian's.

The requirements for books in the camp libraries are more specialized than in ordinary city libraries. The standard as a whole is even higher. Fiction, of course, comes first, but a close second are books of pure and applied science. Men are being called to unaccustomed tasks; so they are doing a vast amount of "reading up." Books on various kinds of machinery, gasolene engines, airplanes, electricity, chemistry, and farming are in constant demand, and any book not on the shelves that is really needed is provided by special purchase.

Another phase of the soldier's reading is illustrated by the private in a Texas camp who made a request for books on intensive agriculture. The librarian was interested in men first and books afterward; so he drew him out on the subject of his preference in reading. "It's this way," the man said. "I'm a farmer. My dad has a truck-farm just outside of Houston, and he sent me to agricultural school to learn the up-to-date methods. I've simply got to read these things and keep up to date so that when I get through soldiering I'll know how to handle a cultivator. And say—have you got David Grayson's 'Adventures in Contentment'?"

The growth of the reading habit among the soldiers has brought to light an interesting contradiction to the generally accepted theory that among a group of individuals the levelling process is a levelling downward. The men in the camps who are readers stimulate by their example the interest of those who are not. "Have you read this story?" asks Private X of Private Y. "Naw," replies Private Y; "I never read a book through in me life." "Well, y'oughta read this one. It's better'n any movie show y'ever saw. It's a bear!" Thus does Private Y get an incentive to taste the joys of literature. There is a tendency toward a levelling upward.

The valuable service of the libraries is further developed by lectures, university-extension courses, and the general education plan. Men not only will keep pace with their former civilian activities, but many of them will emerge from the army and navy better equipped for the battle of life.

The career of the soldier and sailor is a strenuous one; yet the physical exercise they get in their regular training only seems to whet their desire for athletic diversions. The Commissions on Training-Camp Activities have encouraged this enthusiasm, and have placed an athletic director in each of the camps. His work is chiefly that of organization and coaching, and he works in close co-operation with the military authorities. Practically all sports are represented, and the re-

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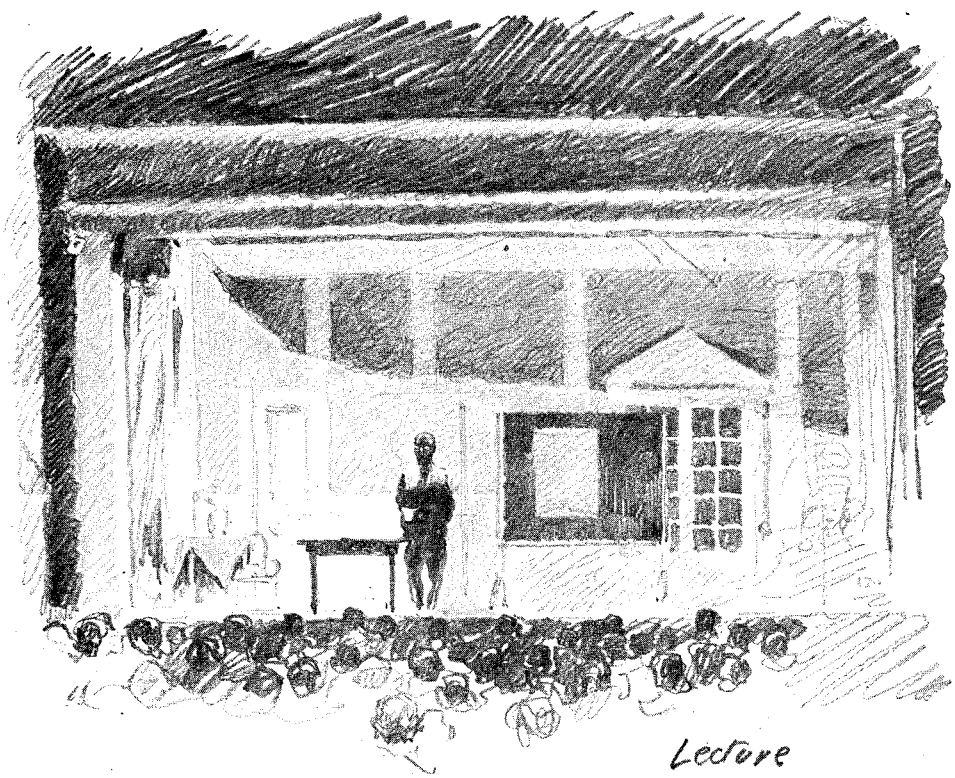
sponses to the opportunities have brought to light some remarkable talent.

Boxing is taught both as a sport and as a part of the curriculum of a soldier. It is conducted under the advisory direction of such eminent exponents of boxing as James J. Corbett, Norman Selby (better known in pugilistic circles as "Kid McCoy"), and Michael Donovan—men our men go over the top they must be prepared in every possible way.

Arthur Woods, former police commissioner of New York City, told me on his return from the training-camp at Plattsburgh that it was the greatest spiritual experience of his life. He did not mean this in the ordinary religious sense. It was the spiritual exaltation of team-work,



Courses are being given in mathematics, including the higher branches, history, civics, science, and the languages.—Page 418.

calculated to rouse the enthusiasm of any possessor of the proverbial ounce of sporting blood.

The training is picturesque, inspiring—a developer of manliness as well as of fighting values. I have seen the boxing-instructor in one of the camps stand before a group of two thousand men and put them through a series of evolutions that would later be tried out in sparring contests, and eventually be the means of saving lives on the battle-field. For there is indubitably a close relation between boxing and bayonet fighting, and when the reaction that comes to a man who harnesses himself to his fellow man in the accomplishment of a great common purpose. It is probable that every man in the service has had and is having this experience, and, although the majority would not analyze its meaning, its benefit is unquestionable, and its promise for the future social and economic life of America is one of the encouraging outgrowths of the war.

A part of the method by which is fostered this elevation of the spirit of the men is mass singing. I am bound to con-

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fess that some of the commanding officers—splendid, hard-headed old Indian-fighters—did not take very kindly to our idea of introducing a song coach into the military régime of the camp. "I do not want my men to sing oratorios," a major-general protested to me. "What the devil has that to do with their going over the top?"

Not long since I stood by the side of this general and listened to twenty thousand troops singing under the leadership of our song coach, accompanied by six military bands. This is what the men were singing with a crashing cadence that was positively electric:

"Uncle Sammy, he needs the infantry,
He needs the cavalry, he needs artillery;
And then, by gosh, we'll all go to Germany.

"God help Kaiser Bill!
God help Kaiser Bill!
God help Kaiser Bill!

"Uncle Sammy, he gets the infantry,
He gets the cavalry, he gets artillery;
And now, by gosh, we'll all go to Germany.

"God help Kaiser Bill!"

"What do you think of that oratorio?" I said to the general. "I was all wrong," he said. "With that spirit I'll lead those men to hell and back again."

In a recent collection of "cheer-up" songs used at one of the camps is a good example of the whole-hearted spirit of the leaders who are organizing and conducting the singing. The songs are both patriotic and popular, and not one is above the heads of the average men. Thus, "Keep the Home Fires Burning" and "The Battle Hymn of the Republic" are found on the same sheet with "I'll Wed the Girl I Left Behind," "Pack Up Your Troubles," and "I Don't Know Where I'm Going But I'm On My Way." Note that they are exactly the same sort of songs that the men in a college-fraternity house would sing—most of them not very high-grade in the strictly musical or literary sense, but every one with words and music that are eminently singable. And, although I am gratified to learn that the taste of the men is improving, it is of tremendously greater import that the men sing with spirit and enthusiasm. These songs will be taken to France to cheer the boys as they go to the trenches. A singing army is an irresistible one.

It used to be that going on leave was the only synonym the army men had for having a good time. It is not unusual now for them to stay in camp by preference. Two or three nights a week there are motion-picture shows in the Y. M. C. A. or Knights of Columbus buildings, and there is also the Liberty Theatre, where for ten, fifteen, or twenty-five cents a man may see just as good a show as New York affords in the height of the season. These theatres are equipped with every necessary device for the mounting of metropolitan productions, and the performances are just as finished as those for which seats cost two dollars and a half in the large cities. They seat an audience of three thousand, and the companies generally play to capacity houses. Mr. Marc Klaw, of Klaw and Erlanger, is assisted in the direction of this feature by a committee of eminent theatrical managers.

The civilian public comes in contact with the soldier and the sailor for the most part when they are on leave. It is this phase of their soldiering in which the commissions take the greatest interest, for their reactions to the removal of restraint are apt to be the antithesis of those under the restrictions of camp-life. Discipline, character, ideals must stand the strain of an afternoon or a week-end away from the cantonment, for on those largely depend the physical welfare of the army and navy.

It is evident, therefore, that the men must have "somewhere to go." To provide this has been the province of the Recreation Association of America, and with what success they have worked is shown in the remarkably effective manner in which the towns and cities adjacent to the training-camps have assimilated the soldier and sailor population. Equally gratifying has been the response of the men to the opportunities offered them. Instead of patronage they are given hospitality, and they accept it as such. "Take a soldier home" became a slogan, and it goes farther than that, for, now that the fighting man and his needs are better understood, the object that is being achieved is to make him feel at home.

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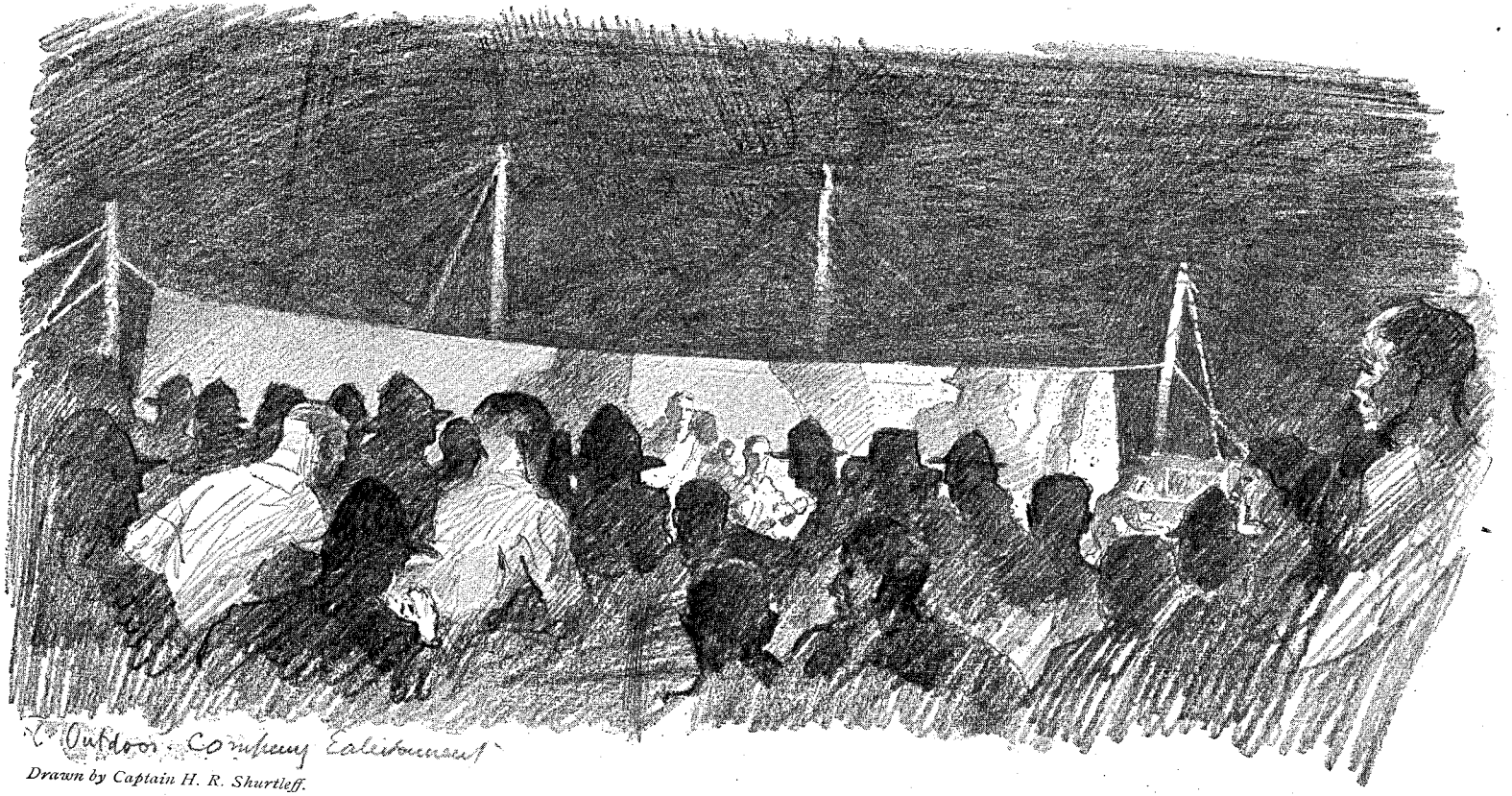

Drawn by Captain H. R. Shurtleff.

It used to be that going on leave was the only synonym the army men had for having a good time. It is not unusual now for them to stay in camp by preference.—Page 420.

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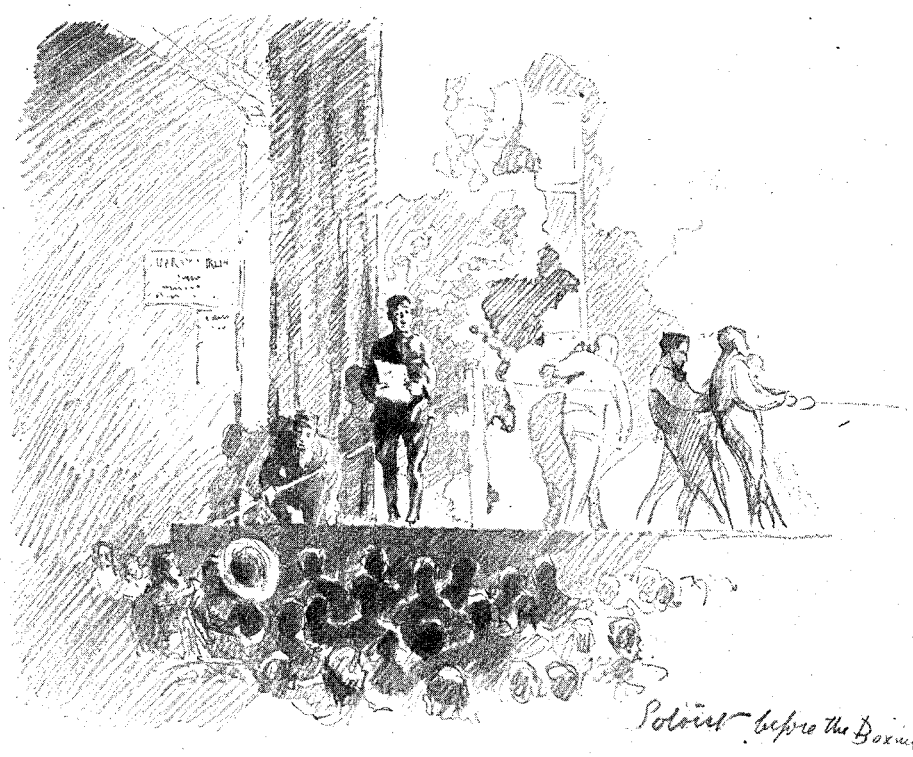
That this has been brought about by a national society working along almost scientifically exact lines is a striking commentary on the personality that may go with the efficient organization of social work. Their well-tested theories and principles were, however, applied to an entirely new condition. It was pioneering, but the fact that it won is satisfactory evidence of the soundness of their theories and of the attitude taken by Secretary Baker and Secretary Daniels in appointing the commissions to supervise the work.

The personal hospitality of those who have entertained the soldiers and sailors is one of the most heartening results of the work of the commissions, for it has developed closer ties between the enlisted men and the community, and acted as a conservator of home ideals. One of the great sociological needs in training-camp life is the opportunity to see and talk to women. That is probably the main reason for the popularity of dancing in the adjacent cities and towns. At one dance given in Philadelphia there were one thousand seven hundred men, and even the ones who could not find partners were satisfied simply to look on. The boys want the feminine society that they have been used to back home; many of them want a bit of mothering; and the people of the United States are doing their part toward seeing that they get the right kind.

Drop in at one of the service clubs, or at any of the "places to go" that have been provided for the men of the army and navy. You will see what it means to keep them interested; part of what it means, at least, for it is probable that you would not come in contact with the forces that work toward their undoing. Wholesome diversions—billiards, pool, music, dancing, boxing, contests, theatrical performances—are just as effective ammunition to use against the enemy behind the



In the Young Men's Christian Association buildings and those of the Knights of Columbus the troops have gathering-places that provide true club freedom and recreation.—Page 416.

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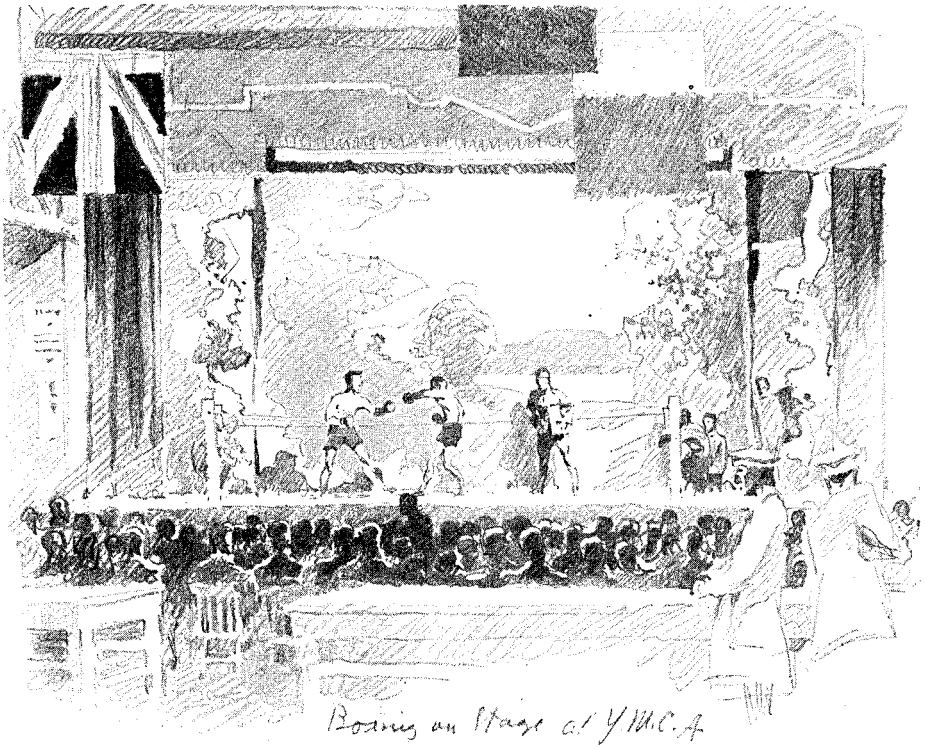

Boxing . . . is conducted under the advisory direction of such eminent exponents of boxing as James J. Corbett, Norman Selby . . . and Michael Donovan—men calculated to rouse the enthusiasm of any possessor of the proverbial ounce of sporting blood.—Page 419.

lines as powder and bullets on the battle-front.

Some of it is bound to fall short; neither does every shot fired score a hit. The army and navy comprise over a million and a half men. If only one per cent were morally undesirable, the total would be more than fifteen thousand. A sensationalist, were he able to gain access to such hypothetical figures, might publish the statement that our fighting forces contained fifteen thousand degenerates, and, because the average person would not consider its true significance—that this tremendous organization is ninety-nine per cent clean—give a totally false impression.

The War and Navy Departments Commissions on Training-Camp Activities are following the boys to France, and while, of necessity, their field of opportunities is more restricted, everything that is humanly possible is being done to keep them mentally and physically efficient. The agency which, up to the present, has done most to carry out the purpose abroad is the Y. M. C. A., but its work is being supplemented by plans, now very nearly matured, for broadening the recreational life of the men along the lines to which they have been accustomed in their own country.

There is one big purpose behind all this work: *to win the war*. It will be won by man-power and manhood, and every individual who does his or her part toward conserving these is striking a blow for the emancipation of the world both now and in the future. There is no sentimentality in this. To make the men fit for fighting—and after—is just plain efficiency plus.

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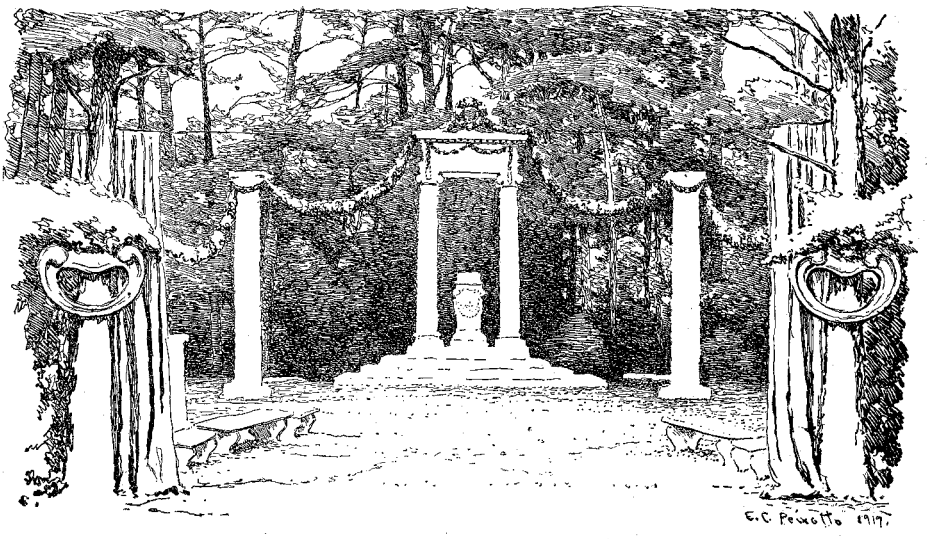

The central motive of the setting for this masque, the classic "Temple," . . . was erected soon after his death on the little terrace overlooking the glen he loved so well.—Page 431.

A SAINT-GAUDENS PILGRIMAGE

By Ernest Peixotto

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM DRAWINGS BY THE AUTHOR AND FROM PHOTOGRAPHS

IN these times of stress and turmoil it is indeed pleasant to think of peaceful places consecrated to the memory of some great worker in the arts, some toiler of the hand or mind, some soul striving to express adequately the great realities of life and art.

There are few such places in our country, for as yet few of our intellectuals have left homes that are fitted to be so consecrated. Longfellow's house in Cambridge, the homes of Emerson and Hawthorne at Concord, the Edward MacDowell place at Peterborough, now endowed as a summer home for writers and musicians engaged in creative work—these are a few exceptions that prove the rule.

There is another of these quiet retreats, however, not as yet well known, but fraught with memories of one of the greatest artists America has yet produced, which, if present plans can be realized, will soon become public property and a special place of pilgrimage for those interested in American art. I allude to the Saint-Gaudens estate at Cornish, New Hampshire, near Windsor, Vermont.

Augustus Saint-Gaudens was one of the pioneers of the remarkable little colony that has since settled in summer among the Cornish hills. He went there first in 1885, and from that year until his death in 1907 spent much of his time at "Aspet," which name he gave his place in memory of the village in which his father was born, but a few miles from the town of Saint-Gaudens near the base of the Pyrenees.

To reach his home you leave the "Wilson Road" (as the road from Windsor has come to be called since it was improved during the President's sojourn in Cornish a year or two ago) at a point about two miles from the bridge that spans the Connecticut River and continue through the woods for a mile or two more. To your left you soon come upon a high hedge of clipped pine, through an opening of which you perceive a brick path lead-

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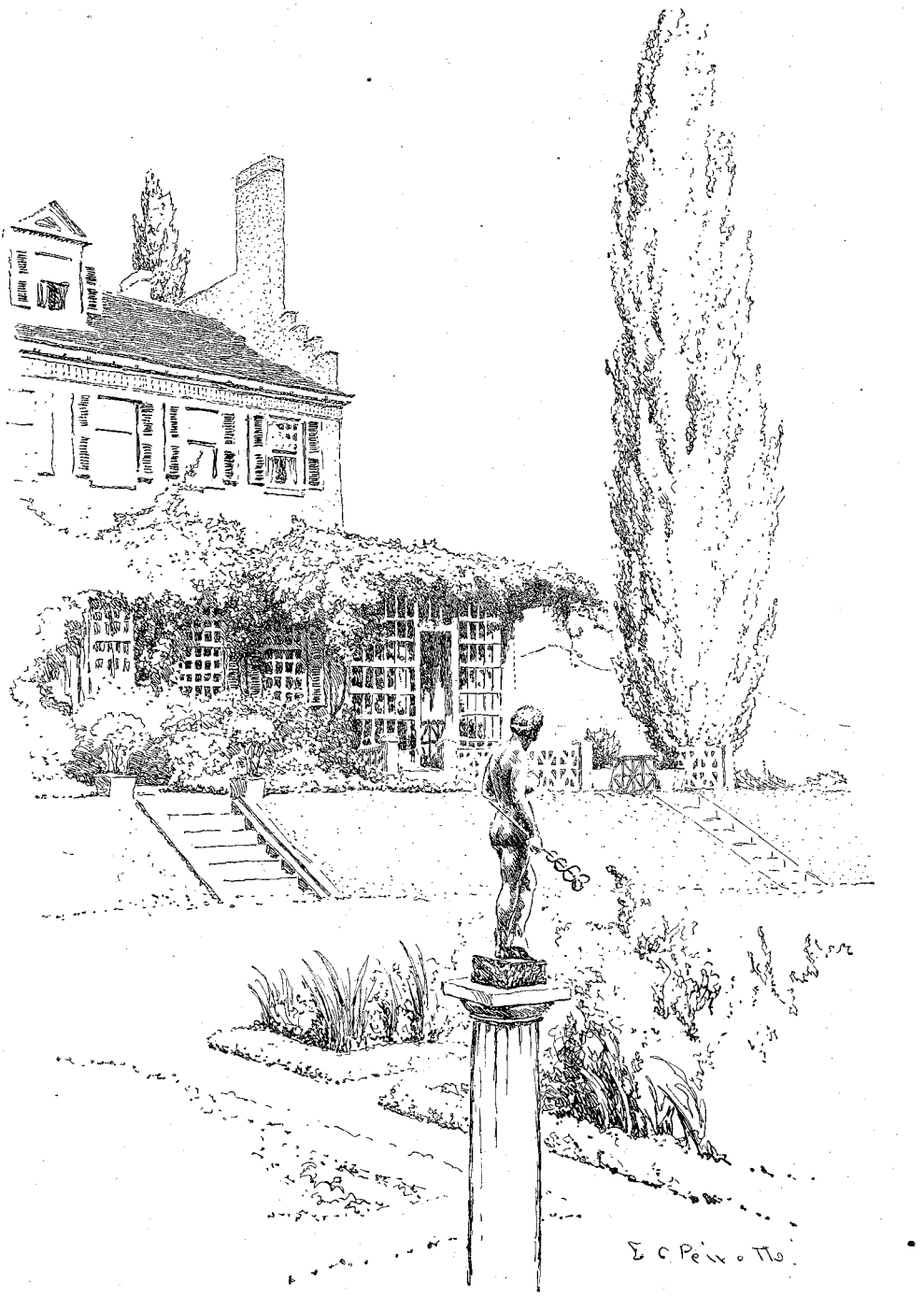

Drawn by Ernest Peixotto.

At the end of the veranda . . . a few steps descend to a small formal garden, set out with flower-beds and a Mercury.—Page 428.

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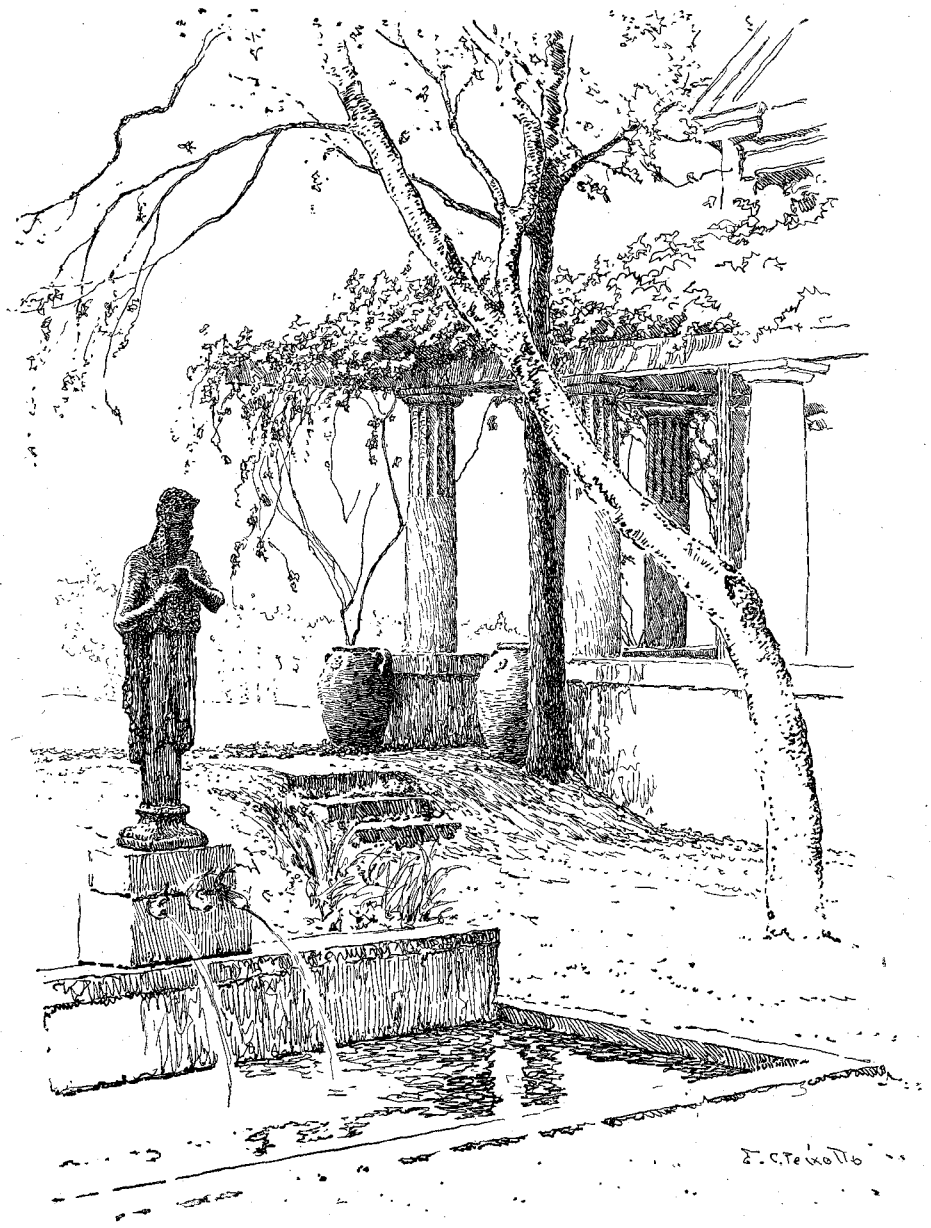
ing to a house that stands quite close to the road and still preserves the lines of the sturdy New England road-house that it was.

In his "Reminiscences" Saint-Gaudens tells of how he came to buy it. A friend of his, Mr. C. C. Beaman, who lived near by, owned this old inn and offered to sell it for what he had paid for it—a few hundred dollars. He persuaded Saint-Gaudens to come up to see it, offering as a special inducement the fact that "there were plenty of Lincoln-shaped men up there!" His first impression of the place,



Before it a little grove of birch-trees has grown up, sheltering a Piping Pan.—Page 428.

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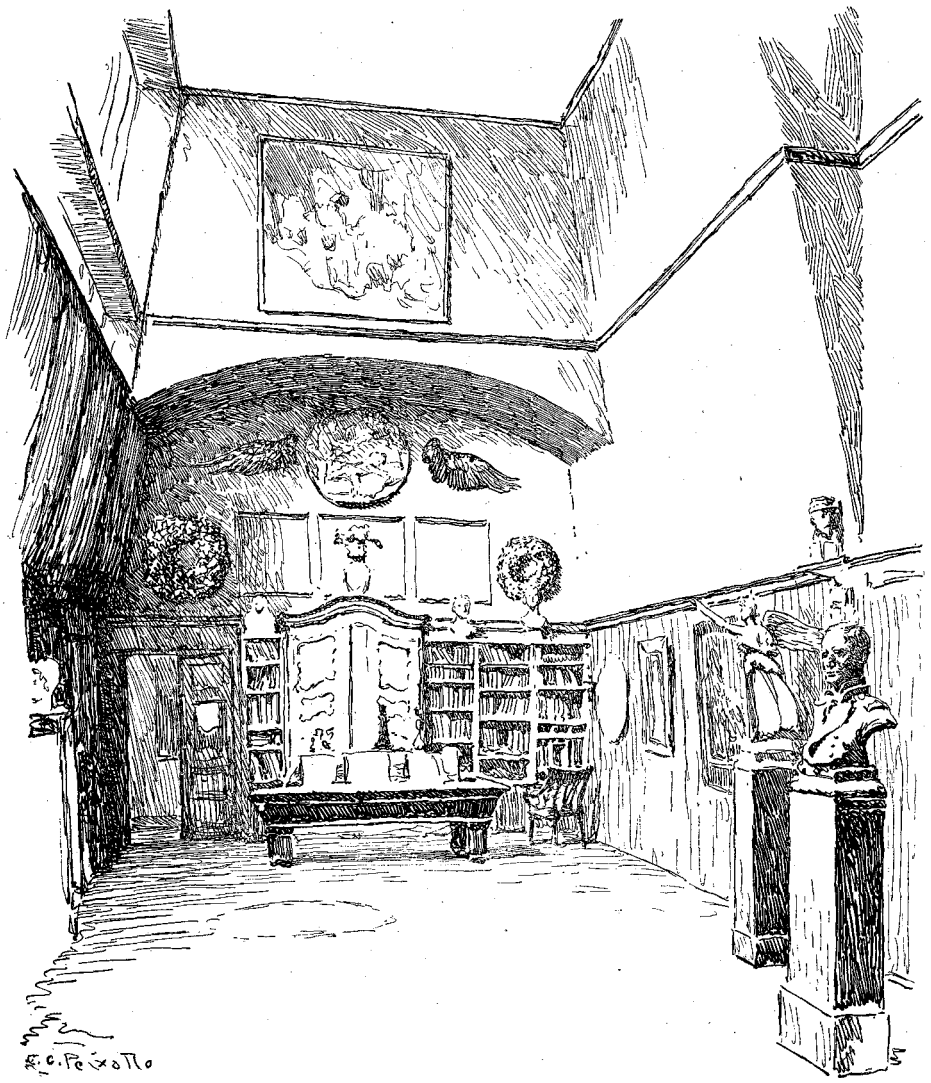

The interior of this "small studio" . . . has more charm and finish than most sculptors permit themselves in their rough working quarters.—Page 428.

however, was most unfavorable, as he saw it on a rainy April day, rising desolate and forlorn on a barren hillside, appearing "so forbidding and relentless that one might have imagined a skeleton half hanging out of the window shrieking and dangling in the gale," to quote his own description of it. But his wife visualized its possibilities, so he decided to rent it for a time and start his sketches for the standing Lincoln in the hundred-year-old barn that stood in an adjoining field.

But its Puritanic severity palled upon his exuberant nature, so that he entreated his old friend, George Fletcher Babb, to come up and design a terrace that would soften its outlines and tie it to the ground. Thus came into being the long veranda whose classic balustrade and fluted Ionic columns prompted some Cornish wag to liken the house to "an austere and recalcitrant New England old maid struggling in the arms of a Greek faun!"

Mrs. Saint-Gaudens still occupies this house, the interior of which has been allowed to change but little since her hus-

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band's death. The prints and tapestries he loved still hang upon the walls; the furniture occupies its accustomed place.

But undoubtedly the two studios that stand in the fields near by will be the chief attractions to the visitor.

At the end of the veranda to which I have referred a few steps descend to a small formal garden, set out with flower-beds and a Mercury, gilded and toned by Saint-Gaudens himself. To the left the "small studio" has been constructed on the site and in the proportions of the old hay-barn that used to stand here. Before it a little grove of birch-trees has grown up, sheltering a Piping Pan and an exedra seat for which Saint-Gaudens designed the two ends, and the whole arrangement might well serve as the background for some classic fantasy of Boëklin—some *bosco sacro* or grove of the Muses.

The interior of this "small studio," with its picturesque angles, its lofty ceiling and gray plastered walls, has more charm and finish than most sculptors permit themselves in their rough working quarters. At one end of it is a fireplace surrounded by mementos of the artist's friends; at the other, shelves filled with his art books are grouped about a fine old *armoire*, with his desk, built by the country carpenter, tucked away in one corner, just as he left it. The calendar is torn off at September 21, 1906—perhaps the last time that he sat at it, as Mrs. Saint-Gaudens told me. His letter-paper and note-books are in the pigeon-holes, and hanging from a string is the ivory knife that he used for cleaning the plastiline from his finger-nails.

A circle on the floor, still plainly visible, marks the position of the revolving model-stand upon which his sitters and models took their places—sitters whose busts look down upon you from shelves and pedestals: John Hay, Senator Evarts, Admiral Farragut, Colonel Shaw, and the incomparable head of General Sherman, modelled entirely from life and instinct with the fire, the energy and force, of the great Civil War general. Occupying a large wall space opposite the broad sky-light is the famous Stevenson tablet just as it exists in St. Giles, Edinburgh.

Adjoining this studio is a room devoted entirely to his bas-reliefs—the Vanderbilt children, Richard Watson Gilder with his wife and child, Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney as a girl in a bonnet, the elegant silhouette of Miss Sarah Lee, the charming children of Prescott Hall Butler in tartan and plaid—all very well placed as to lighting and evidencing to a remarkable degree Saint-Gaudens's supreme gift for delicate and exquisite modelling.

From this room a door opens on a platform placed a few steps above a long field that stretches off on either hand, confined opposite you by a leafy wall of pines and birches. Off to the right the "great studio" stands partially screened by a curtain of quivering poplars. The first studio built upon this site was burned in October, 1904, while Saint-Gaudens happened to be in New York. In this disastrous fire he lost, besides the Parnell, the nearly finished seated Lincoln, and a number of bas-reliefs, many of his most treasured papers, such as his drawings of his mother, his letters from Robert Louis Stevenson, together with his portrait by Kenyon Cox and sketches of him by Sargent and Bastien-Lepage.

The present studio was built soon after this fire. It now remains a lasting memorial to his genius, for in its vast and lofty hall and in the smaller studios that open from it, like chapels from a great basilica, stand the marvellous creations due to his fertile imagination. Nowhere else, I think, can the grandeur and scope of his great talent be realized so well as it can in this workshop of his, for there is scarcely an important work that is not represented.

Here you may study the suave charm of the Amor Caritas, now in the Luxembourg in Paris, the little-known caryatids from the Vanderbilt house, and details from the larger monuments, while confronting you as you enter rises a full-size cast of his noble Lincoln, strikingly placed against brownish curtains. As you approach this monumental figure to peer up into the face that, exalted, full of gravity and quiet dignity, looks benignly down upon you, you find yourself between two doors, through one of which you perceive the Farragut, his coat blown back by the breeze and the sea air whipping his eyes; and through the other, the Puritan, Dea-

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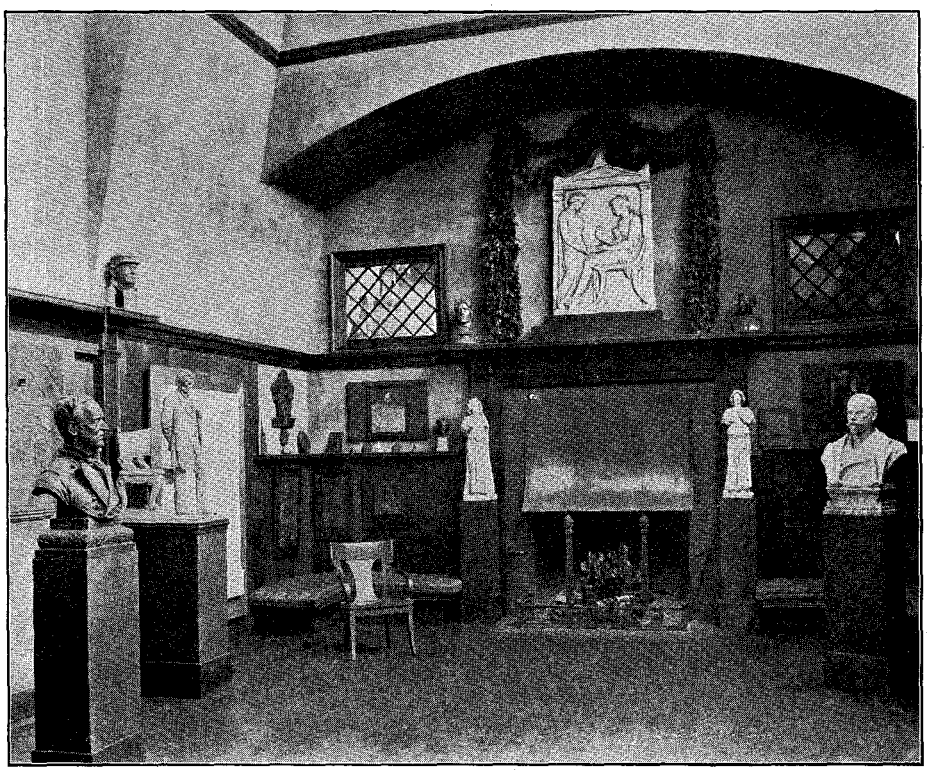
con Chapin, striding grimly along with his Bible tucked under his arm.

What vital figures! What robust modelling! How free from affectation!

With the Farragut in the east studio is placed the Whistler tablet erected at West Point, while grouped along the top of a corner cupboard are some of the interesting studies of negro heads for the Shaw Memorial. In the west studio, Hereafter." "Is it not happiness?" she asked again. "No," was the reply; "it is beyond pain and beyond joy."

When you leave these smaller studios to emerge again into the vast central hall you are confronted by the Victory from the Sherman monument, placed high on a revolving stand against the great gray walls above the entrance-door. And you do not wonder that even Saint-Gaudens



At one end of it is a fireplace surrounded by mementos of the artist's friends.—Page 428.

with the Puritan, are casts of the Diana of the Madison Square Tower and a half-life model of the complete Sherman monument, while in a room adjoining sits the superb figure from the Adams Memorial —a figure whose meaning has so often been discussed. Mrs. Barrett Wendell tells us, however, that one day, while in the Rock Creek Cemetery in Washington, where the Memorial is placed, she saw Saint-Gaudens enter with John Hay. She asked the sculptor what he called his figure. He hesitated a moment and then replied: "I call it the Mystery of the himself, critical and conscientious as he was in regard to his own work, was elated at the success of this remarkable figure. "It's the grandest Victory anybody ever made," he wrote to his niece and followed this by the boyish exclamation: "Hoorah!"

The Sherman gave him his great Paris success in 1899. "It was stuck bang up in the centre of the garden at the last Salon," he wrote to Will Low, and added: "For the first time in my life I had a swelled head." Yet, not content with this triumph, he had the whole monument

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set up again in the field here at "Aspet" and worked it over and over, detail by detail, sitting at its foot during the Cornish winter days, "wrapped up like an Esquimo," to use his own expression, while he directed the changes and modifications of the Victory's wings, the swirl of the cloak, the strained tendons of the horse's legs, weighing the carrying power of every detail, and even after all this was done again having the bronze monument itself erected near the house that he might judge its final effect and direct the tone and patina of the base. And those who saw it say that it was strikingly impressive against the background of the sombre foliage.

You are confronted by the Victory from the Sherman monument, placed high on a revolving stand against the great gray walls.—Page 429.

A narrow field-path leads from the "small studio" off to the left to the "Temple." As you walk along this path you realize that, behind the screen of pines and birches to which I have alluded, lies a deep chasm—a densely wooded glen, dark and mysterious, shaded principally by old hemlocks, with a rocky stream at its bottom. At the end of this field-path, where a natural terrace stands upon the very brink of this deep vale, a temple or memorial to Saint-Gaudens has been erected by his friends.

This beautiful tribute to his memory is the direct outcome of an event that he describes as the most delightful episode of his twenty years in Cornish—a masque given at this very spot in his honor by his neighbors toward evening on a June day in 1905. I have before me a programme of this "mumming show" presented to me by its author, Louis Evan Shipman, and in the cast appear such well-known names in the world of art and letters as Herbert Adams, Kenyon Cox, Charles Platt, Percy MacKaye, Stephen and Maxfield Parrish, Norman Hapgood, H. O. Walker, and many others.

The setting was arranged as I have drawn it. Many hands and minds worked long and lovingly over this pag-

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eant of gods and goddesses that was intended solely to please their esteemed sculptor neighbor, and at its termination a golden bowl of classic design was presented to the hero of the occasion—a bowl that graced the centre of the table when last we lunched with Mrs. Saint-Gaudens but a few short weeks ago.

The central motive of the setting for this masque, the classic "Temple," redesigned and executed with the greatest care, was erected soon after his death on the little terrace overlooking the glen he loved so well.

The white altar, with its rams' heads and its simple inscription—IN MEMORIAM AUGUSTUS SAINT-GAUDENS—sheltered by its graceful *tempietto* of finely veined marble, placed as it is in this romantic spot, is of striking effect against the sullen greens of the hemlock branches.

And, as you sit on the dark-green bench beside it, there comes over you a sense of utter quiet as you allow your gaze to wander over the fair landscape round about. The wooded Cornish hills unmarred by any habitation, the stillness broken only by the tinkling of sheep-bells or the hoot of an owl, the fine and familiar Italianesque silhouette of Mount Ascutney brooding against the glowing western sky, create an atmosphere peculiarly conducive to meditation, and it is to be hoped that Mrs. Saint-Gaudens's present laudable intention may be fulfilled, and that "Aspet" can be permanently endowed as a summer home where a few young sculptors may live in communion with the beauty of nature and under the inspiration and the stimulus of the work of the great master who went before them.

A NIGHT TRAIL

By Badger Clark

My tired horse nickers for his own home bars;
A hoof clicks out a spark.
The dim creek flickers to the lonesome stars;
The trail twists down the dark.
The ridge pines whimper to the pines below.
The wind is blowing and I want you so!

The birch has yellowed since I saw you last,
The Fall haze blued the creeks,
The big pine bellowed as the snow swished past,
But still, above the peaks
The same stars twinkle that we used to know.
The wind is blowing and I want you so!

The stars up yonder wait the end of time
But earth fires soon go black.
I trip and wander on the trail I climb—
A fool who will look back
To glimpse a fire dead a year ago.
The wind is blowing and I want you so!

Who says the lover kills the man in me?
Beneath the day's hot blue
This thing hunts cover and my heart fights free,
And laughs an hour or two.
But now it wavers like a wounded doe.
The wind is blowing and I want you so!

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NIGHTS IN NO-MAN'S LAND

BY CAPTAIN R. HUGH KNYVETT

Author of "Over There with the Australians"

THE first night "out there"! The memory of it still quickens the pulse and makes the cheek grow pale. How my teeth chattered, my heart beat almost to suffocation—every splash of a rat was an enemy scout and every blade of grass magnified itself as a post of their barbed wire! I had gone but a few yards when I expected the next instant to bump into the enemy trenches.

There are strange sounds in No-Man's Land; not human sounds, for such carry far—the beat of hammer on a post, the sharp twang of unrolling barbed wire as it catches and then springs away—voices even come as through a megaphone in the eerie silence—but these are long-drawn sighs that penetrate the inner consciousness and hushed murmurs that fall on the ear of the soul. I have felt a touch on the shoulder as though one would speak to me when there has been no one by. It is the grave of ten thousand unburied dead, but the grinning skulls and quivering jelly or the few rags that flutter in the wind are not the comrades that we knew. I think their spirits hover near, for they cannot go to their abiding-place till victory has been won. They are ever seeking to pierce the veil of sense so that they may add their strength to our arms, and these make for us of No-Man's Land "no strange place," and give to our sentries encouragement until the land of No Man vanishes and our possession reaches to the barrier of the enemy barbed wire. My nights in No-Man's Land, if added together, would total many months, and I got to feel that it was one of the safest places on the whole front.

There was one night when I got a huge fright. I was crawling alongside a ridge—it had been an old irrigation farm and this was a low levee running across. I heard on the other side a splash which I thought was made by one of the innumerable rats, but I put up my head and looked over—so did Fritz, not a yard away! We both stared blankly in each other's face for a long second and then both of us turned and bolted. This was excusable for a German, but I have no defense. When I went back to look for him, after a court-martial by my own conscience, he was nowhere to be seen.

There was another night when Fritz got the better of me. In my explorations I came across a path through their barbed wire which was evidently the place where their patrols came out. I thought I would provide a surprise-party for him, so I planted some percussion-bombs and put a small Union Jack in the centre. In the morning the Union Jack was gone and a German flag in its place. Everybody from the brigadier down rubbed it in that Fritz was too smart for me.

But after this the tide turned and came in in a flood of ill luck for Fritz. It was a pitch-dark night and the occasional star-shells only served to make the black more intense when they faded. As we crawled out one behind the other we had to keep our hands on the foot ahead of us so as not to get separated. We made several ineffectual attempts to find the opening in our barbed wire and then cut a new one. Was this like the darkness after Calvary? The red signal-rockets ascending from the enemy's trenches gave no light, but only burned for a second or two as a ruddy star. And the green lights turned the vaporous fog a sickly yellowish green as though it were some new poison-gas of the devils over there. I led the way straight across. It was too dark to pick a path, and we committed no sacrilege as we trod on the bodies of forgotten comrades. It was impossible to repress a shudder as the hand met the clammy, rotting flesh and the spilt light from a rocket exposed the marble eyeballs and whitened flesh of the cheek, with the bared teeth gleaming yet more white. Our mission was to

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wait for a German patrol at the gap in their wire I had previously discovered. We were seeking identification of the regiments opposing us and we desired to take at least one of them alive. We waited drawn-out minutes while the dark smothered us and our thoughts haunted us. Minute piled on minute while we suffered the torture of the heretic who was fastened so that the falling drops of ice-water would follow each on the self-same spot. Home and "love of life" sought to drag us back to the shelter of our trenches, but duty, like an iron stake, pinned us there. But the stake was fast loosening in the soil of our resolution, when we heard the guttural gruntings that announced the approach of our quarry. We let them pass us and get well away from their trenches, then silently, like hunters stalking wild beasts, we followed them. When we were close enough to be almost overpowered by the smell of sauerkraut and sausage mingling with stale sweat, my voice rapped out, though muffled by the thick air: "Hands up!" There was no hesitation in obeying, although there were eight of them and only six of us. We pointed out the direction for them to go and reminded them with our boots that there was no time to waste. We had only crossed a couple of shell-holes, however, when we came to a full stop. Presently I understood that they discovered we were Australians and were terrified. Probably they had been fed up with tales about our savagery and that we tortured our prisoners. Anyway, they would not budge, and we could not carry eight hulking Germans and had no means of tying them together. Presently the disturbance attracted notice from both trenches and there was only one thing to do. My sergeant called out: "Look out, sir! We'll be seen in a minute. What will we do?" The contest was short and sharp, they outnumbered us but we went to it with a will. It was sheer butchery, but I had rather send a thousand of the swine down to the Fatherland than lose one of my boys. And perhaps it were charity to some wife and daughter who would now be free from the brutality of their Teutonic lord and master.

There is nothing so easy as to be lost in No-Man's Land. A compass is useless for you may be lying on a fifteen-inch shell just covered with a few inches of earth, and the stars refuse to look down on its pain, and the sky is always thickly veiled. Turn round three times and you don't know which trench to return to. It is an awkward predicament and many a time I went blindly forward just praying that it was in the right direction. The German's horn-rimmed glasses but bewilder him the more and we have had several of them walk into our arms without intention, though they soon found that thereby they had bettered themselves. There was one young Bavarian officer who made this miscalculation. I saw him moving near our wire in the early dawn. I called to some men to draw a bead on him but he came toward us and at the last with a run jumped down into our trench. "Good morning!" I said to him, looking down my automatic, and you never saw such a crest-fallen countenance in your life. It must have been some shock—expecting to join his own people and suddenly finding himself in the camp of his enemies. I found out afterward that he was a young cadet qualifying for his commission and this was his first night in the trenches. He evidently was seeking an iron cross very early in his career. I spat question after question at him, such as: "What's your regiment?" "How long have you been in the trenches?" etc., but in English he replied: "I won't tell you anything. You can't make me!" "All right, old chap, don't get excited! Come along with me." I took him to the dugout which I shared with the medical officer in the support trenches, and sent Pat, my batman, to get together the best meal he could. Pat was a genius as a providore. None of the other officers liked him, for they suspected he was the medium for the loss of some of their luxuries, and I always had a blind eye. On this occasion Pat got together a real slap-up feed—some tinned sausages, mashed potatoes, strawberry-jam, preserved pears and cream, not forgetting a bottle of champagne. I sent for the doctor and we fell to with gusto and never offered his nibs a bite, though the eyes were popping out of his head and his mouth watering with hunger. Toward the end of the meal I said to him:

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"I can't compel you to tell me anything, but I am not compelled to feed you. But you know how to earn something to eat." He began to tell me something I knew was all rubbish and I swung at him with: "You swine! If you tell me those lies I'll strip your badges off you and send you in as a private." I was surprised at the effect this threat had on him, though I knew that was the one thing that never failed in bringing a German officer to book. He trembled and paled and gave me a lot of information that I afterward proved to be correct.

Here's a good story of Pat, my old batman, who had been a shearer's cook in Australia and looked after me like a father. He was really too old for the trenches, but this job just suited him. I was very surprised one day to see him with a German prisoner. He was never in a charge and had no business having this man. Probably he had borrowed him from some other chap. I said to him: "Pat, what on earth are you doing with Fritz?" "To tell yer the truth, sorr-r, Oi haven't yet made up my moind!" "Let us have no humbug, take him back to the cage!" "Very well, sorr-r!" About ten minutes later I saw Pat without his prisoner. "Here, Pat, what on earth did you do with Fritz?" "Well, sorr-r, he kept beggin' and beggin' to be let go, so Oi just put a Mills in his pocket with the pin out, and tould him to run for his loife!" He would not get fifty yards before it went off!

The trained scout moves very cautiously in No-Man's Land, with all his senses at high tension. After moving from one shell-hole to the next he lies and listens for a full minute. If there are any human beings near, they will likely betray themselves by loud breathing, a muffled sneeze, or some rattle of equipment. If satisfied that the way is clear, he moves forward into another hole. Should he suddenly come into sight of the enemy, he is taught instantly to freeze, and the chances are he will not be noticed. There was one night when I was making a way through the German wire and had my hand up cutting a strand when a sentry poked his head over the top and looked straight at me not three yards away. I froze instantly in that attitude, but he fired a shot at me which, of course, went wide, being aimed in the dark. He then sent up a flare, but the firing of this dazzles a man for several seconds and then so many shadows are thrown that I was no more distinct than previously. He went away, returning a minute or two later to have another look. By this time I was quite stiff, but he was quite satisfied that no live man could be there. Had I jumped into a shell-hole, as fear prompted me to do, he would have roused the whole line and a bomb would likely have got me. However, I thought this would be a good opportunity to take a look into the trench, for I reasoned that this sentry must be alone or some one else would have put up the flare while he fired the shot. Probably the rest of his regiment were on a working fatigue not far away. It was a breast-work trench and I climbed up the sand-bags but tripped over a wire at the top and came down with a clatter. A red flare went up and I heard the feet of many soldiers running along the duck boards. I had time only to roll into the ditch at the foot of the back of the parapet, where I was quite safe from observation, when they manned their trench to repel the "raid." After several minutes, when about a hundred rifles, several machine-guns, and a trench-mortar were pouring their fire into No-Man's Land, I began to recover my nerve and saw that it would be a good opportunity to mark the position of one of these machine-guns which was firing just above my head. In fact, I could, with ease, have had my hand drilled just by holding it up. I tore a page out of my note-book and placed it in a crevice between the sand-bags, just under the gun. Hours afterward, when all was quiet, I returned to our own trenches and fastened another piece of white paper to a bush half-way across No-Man's Land that I noticed was in line with a dead tree close to our "sally-port" and my first piece of paper. In the morning the artillery-observation officer could see these two pieces of paper quite plainly with his glasses and they levelled that trench for fifty yards.

No-Man's Land is a place of surprises, where death plucks his victims without warning. There have been some strange

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deaths there, where bodies lay with unbroken skin, with mark of neither bullet nor shell. Times when a spirit laid the body down fair and unmarred human flesh, but other times when the flesh was rent to ribbons and the bones smashed to splinters by the force imprisoned in a shell. Such was the death meted out by justice to six Germans in a listening-post fifty yards in advance of their trench. This party was in the way for our raid. We could not enter their trench by surprise without first removing it, and the job fell on me. I prepared a mine of my own. I took two Stokes shells, changed the time-fuse for instantaneous, took out the safety-pins holding the lever down by means of an iron ring. I crept out with these shells just a little before dark so as to arrive at the position before the Germans. I then put the shells one on either side and connected them with a fine tripwire tied onto each ring. I hurried from the spot as though the pestilence were after me and got back safely, to the surprise of my brother officers, who very consolingly said they all expected me to blow myself up. At half past eight, however, there was music in our ears of a loud explosion in the direction of my mine. Next morning, through the telescope, could be seen what remained of several Hun carcasses. Pat, my batman, who was always a Job's comforter, informed me that the Germans would lie in wait for me, to revenge this outrage, but if I had taken any notice of him I should never have been able to do my job. He would come to me some mornings and beg me not to go out in No-Man's Land that night, as he had dreamed that I "was kilt"; when I generally consigned him to a place where the English cease from troubling and the Irish are at rest.

The enemy did his share in surprises. There was one occasion when I received word from the Tommies on our right that a large German patrol had been out on their front all night. As they did not attack I was considerably worried as to what they were up to, knowing they would not be there for the benefit of their health. I was responsible that our portion of the line should be guarded from surprise, and fear of some unknown calamity that might spring upon us from the dark made me so concerned that I lay pretty nearly all day on top of the parapet, covered in sand-bags, searching every inch of No-Man's Land for a sign of the cause of their nocturnal activity. The setting sun revealed something shining that looked like the barrel of a Lewis gun. I determined to go out and get it after dark. When I went out I found I could not get near the place for a machine-gun was playing round it to discourage curiosity, which it very effectively did. I reported next morning that the only chance of seeing what it was was to go out in the daytime and it was suspicious enough to justify the risk. I donned a green suit and with a snail's progress crawled through the long grass and discovered that the Germans had laid a five-inch pipe from their trenches to within fifty yards of an indentation in our own. They would be able to enfilade us with gas before we could don our masks. We looked on our dangerous wind being one that blew across No-Man's Land, but with this pipe we would be gassed when the wind blew down the line from the Tommies to us. The engineer officer wanted to blow up the pipe, but I thought if we blocked it up the enemy might not discover it and put through gas which would come back on himself. Some concrete dugouts were being constructed at this time, and I took out a bucket of concrete and dumped it over the end of the pipe in broad daylight, without having a shot fired at me or being seen. Afterward I found crawling in the daylight in No-Man's Land to be less dangerous than at night. On a quiet front there is very little rifle or machine-gun fire by day for fear of betraying machine-gun and sniper positions. Never once in two or three daylight excursions into No-Man's Land was I seen by the enemy or our own sentries.

Darkness always holds fear for the human heart, and it is the unknown danger that makes the bravest quail and not so many are cowards in the daylight. But who can tell which holds the more peril for the soldier? He faces the terror that cometh by night, the destruction that walketh by day, and the pestilence that wasteth at noonday. But night is often kindly—it brings the balm of sleep

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to our tired bodies and covers coarseness and filth with a softening veil. No-Man's Land at night is more beautiful than by day, for we need not know of the horror we do not see and it shuts us off from sight of our enemies and lets us feel that the wall is thick and strong that stands between our homes and women kin and the savagery and bestiality of the monster who ravaged the homes and raped the women of Belgium and France.

"But if there's horror, there's beauty, wonder;
The trench lights gleam and the rockets play.
That flood of magnificent orange yonder
Is a battery blazing miles away."
(*Service.*)

I remember when I was wounded and being carried out of the trench my brother officers saying to me: "Oh, Knyvett, you lucky dog!" And I was lucky, and knew it, though I had twenty wounds and trench feet. Why, when I arrived at the hospital and lay in a real bed, with real sheets and warm blankets, with a roof over my head that didn't leak, and a fire in the room, with the nurse now and again to come along and smile on me, I tell you heaven had no extra attractions to offer me. The man who got wounded in those days was a lucky dog all right—in fact, he mostly is at all times, and about the silliest thing the war office ever did was to issue an honor stripe for wounds. The man deserving of the greatest credit is not the man who gets wounded but the man who stays on in the trenches week after week and month after month, enduring the nervous strain and unnatural conditions, living like a rat in a hole in the ground. There are none who have been there for any length of time who do not welcome the sharp pain of a wound as a relief.

The Germans opposite us, in their trenches at Bapaume, were, of course, in as bad a plight as we were. When I scouted down their trenches at night I found equipment and stores lying on top of the parapet. Evidently the mud in the bottom of their trenches was as bad as in ours, and anything dropped had to be fished for. Perhaps there were no deep dugouts just there. We would not allow our men to use these deep dugouts, as nothing so conduces to bad morale. Once men get deep down out of range of the shells they are very, very reluctant to leave their "funk-holes." A man has to be hardened to shell-fire before he is of any value as a fighter, and these deep dugouts take men out of reach of most of the shells and when they come in the open again they have to be hardened anew.

It is not generally a wise plan to occupy the old German trench, as he has the range of it very accurately, and anyway it is in most cases so badly battered about after our artillery has done with it as not to be at all superior as a residence to the shell-holes in front of it, and it is mostly full of dead Germans which are unearthed by the shells as often as we bury them. God knows the smell of a live German is not a pleasant thing to live near, but as for dead ones—! Our method was to construct a new trench about fifty yards in advance by linking up a chain of shell-holes and we felt the labor to be worth while when we saw the shells falling behind us, and it was not much harder than if we had had to clean out the old German trench.

On our right flank there was a gap of a hundred yards that we patrolled two or three times a night, and in our net we sometimes caught some Germans who were lost. On one occasion a German with a string of water-bottles round his neck and a "grunt" that may have been a password stepped down into our trench. He had evidently been out to get water for himself and comrades from their nearest supply and taken the wrong turning! He made an attempt at a grin when he found where he was, and evidently thought the change could not be for the worse. He was so thick in the head, however—I have known cows with more intelligence—that I wonder any other German being fool enough to trust him with such a valuable article as a water-bottle.

We were planning to take a portion of the trench opposite, to straighten our line, and I had scouted down a hundred yards of it from behind and got a good idea of the strength with which it was held, taking bearings of its position. The next night, as the attack was to take place at daybreak, I thought I had better go over and make sure that I had made no mis-

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takes. I crossed over the first trench without any difficulty. There did not seem to be any one on guard. I then went toward their support lines where there seemed to be more men, mostly working parties. I passed these and, with unpardonable carelessness, stood up to have a look round, thinking that it was too dark for me to be seen. But I got a shock to find there was a sentry almost beside me, though he was, if anything, more scared than myself. He pulled the trigger without taking aim and naturally missed me, but if he had been wide-awake he could with ease have punctured me with his bayonet. I did not stop to pass the time of day with him, for the place seemed suddenly alive with Huns, as he called "Heinz, Heinz!"—probably the name of his corporal But I dived into a shell-hole and flattened myself as much as possible. As I was lost to sight and to memory too dear to be allowed to escape, they began to cover the ground with bombs. These all went well beyond me, and had it not been for "Butter-fingers" I might have escaped. But a bomb slipped from his hand, rolling into the hole in front of him. He jumped back into the safety of the trench and did not know that the bomb had fallen on me as it exploded. But *I* knew it—my left leg was broken in three places, twelve wounds in my right, and others on my back, twenty that afterward had to be dressed, not counting some other scratches. Then they came out to look for my friend, almost stepping on me, but after half an hour's fruitless search they gave up. About two hours later I started home on my long, painful crawl. It took me about twenty minutes to pass the sentry near where I was lying, but after that there was no danger of discovery, the front line still appearing almost unoccupied; but I was getting dizzy and not sure of my direction. I knew, however, where there was a derelict aeroplane in No-Man's Land, and made toward it. When I sighted this I was overcome with relief and laid my face in the mud for a while to recover. I had now crawled about six hundred yards, dragging my useless leg. And my elbows were skinned through, being used as grapples that I dug in the ground ahead, in that way dragging myself a few inches at a time. I knew our trenches were still about two hundred yards away, and the sweat of fear broke out on me as I remembered the two machine-guns in front of me that would fire on anything seen moving out there, and no one expected me to return that way. So I crawled higher up the line, where it was safer to enter, and a few yards from our trenches gave our scouting-call. Several of my boys came running out and tenderly picked me up. I was all in and could not move a muscle. My own boys would not allow the stretcher-bearers to touch me, but six of them put me on a stretcher and carried me over the top just as day was breaking. They would not go down into the communication trench or shell-holes, because they thought it would be too rough on me, and so carried me over the exposed ground, and when they got me to the dressing-station they said: "You will come back to us, sir, won't you?" I said: "Yes, boys, you bet I will!" And you may bet that I shall as soon as ever I am passed as fit again.

The pain of my wounds was soon altogether forgotten, for each medical officer that examined me finished up with a liquid melody of the phrase, "Blighty for you!" My leave was long past due, and the very next day I was to report for transfer to the Australian wing of the Royal Flying Corps, which would have meant several weeks' training in England, but "The best laid schemes o' mice and men gang aft a-gley!"—and there's a Science shapes our ends, rough-hack them though Huns may!

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A TRAVELLER IN WAR-TIME

BY WINSTON CHURCHILL

[THIRD PAPER]

I

I WOULD speak first of a contrast—and yet I have come to recognize how impossible it is to convey to the dweller in America the difference in atmosphere between England and France on the one hand and our country on the other. And when I use the word "atmosphere" I mean the mental state of the peoples as well as the weather and the aspect of the skies. I have referred in another article to the anxious, feverish prosperity one beholds in London and Paris, to that apparent indifference to the existence of a war of which one is ever aware, despite the presence on the streets of crowds of soldiers. Yet, along with this, one is ever conscious of pressure. The air is heavy; there is a corresponding lack of the buoyancy of mind which is the normal American condition. Perhaps, if German troops occupied New England and New York, our own mental barometer might be lower. It is difficult to say. At any rate, after an ocean voyage of nine days one's spirits rise perceptibly as the ship nears Nantucket; and the icy-bright sunlight of New York harbor, the sight of the buildings aspiring to blue skies restore the throbbing optimism which with us is normal; and it was with an effort, when I talked to the reporters on landing, that I was able to achieve and express the pessimism and darkness out of which I had come. Pessimism is perhaps too strong a word, and takes no account of the continued unimpaired morale and determination—now that we have come into the war—of the greater part of the British and French peoples. They expect much from us. Yet the impression was instantaneous, when I set forth in the streets of New York, that we had not fully measured the magnitude of our task—an impression that has been amply confirmed as the weeks have passed.

The sense of relief I felt was not only the result of bright skies and a high barometer, of the palpable self-confidence of the pedestrians, of the white bread on the table and the knowledge that there was more, but also of the ease of accomplishing things. I called for a telephone number and got it cheerfully and instantly. I sent several telegrams, and did not have to wait twenty minutes before a wicket while a painstaking official multiplied and added and subtracted and paused to talk with a friend; the speed of the express in which I flew down-town seemed emblematic of America itself. I had been transported, in fact, into another world—my world; and in order to realize again that from which I had come I turned to a diary recording a London filled with the sulphur fumes of fog, through which the lamps of the taxis and buses shone as yellow blots reflected on glistening streets; or, for some reason still a greater contrast, a blue, blue November Sunday afternoon in Paris, the Esplanade of the Invalides black with people—apathetic people—and the Invalides itself all etched in blue, as seen through the wide vista from the Seine.

A few days later, with some children, I went to the Hippodrome. And it remained for the Hippodrome, of all places, to give me the thrill I had not achieved abroad, the thrill I had not experienced since the first months of the war. Mr. George Cohan accomplished it; expressed, as no one else has for me, the American spirit. The transport, with steam up, is ready to leave the wharf, the khaki-clad regiment of erect and vigorous young Americans marches across the great stage, the audience strains forward and begins to sing, under its breath, the words that proclaim, as nothing else perhaps proclaims, how America feels.

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"Send the word, send the word over there . . .
We'll be o-ver, we're coming o-ver,
And we won't come back till it's o-ver, over there!"

Is it the prelude of a tragedy? We have always been so successful, we Americans. Are we to fail now? I am an American, and I do not believe we are to fail. But I am soberer, somehow a different American than he who sailed away in August. Shall we learn other things than those that have hitherto been contained in our philosophy?

Of one thing I am convinced. It is the first war of the world that is not a *military* war, although military genius is demanded, although it is the bloodiest war in history. But other qualities are required; men and women who are not soldiers are fighting in it and will aid in victory. The pomp and circumstance, the thrills of other wars are lacking in this, the greatest of all. We had the thrills, even in America, three years ago, when Britain and France and Canada went in. We tingled when we read of the mobilizing of the huge armies, of the leave-takings of the soldiers. We bought every extra for news of those first battles on Belgian soil. And I remember my sensations when in the province of Quebec in the autumn of 1914, looking out of the car-window at the troops gathering on the platforms who were to go across the seas to fight for the empire and liberty. They were singing "Tipperary!" "Tipperary!" One seldom hears it now, and the way *has* proved long—longer than we reckoned. But we are singing "Over There!"

In those first months of the war there was, we were told, in England and France a revival of "religion," and indeed many of the books then written gave evidence of having been composed in exalted, mystic moods. I remember one in particular, called "En Campagne," by a young French officer. And then, somehow, the note of mystic exaltation died away, to be succeeded by a period of realism. Read "Le Feu," which is most typical, which has sold in numberless editions. Here is a picture of that other aspect—the grimness, the monotony, and the frequent bestiality of trench life, the horror of slaughtering millions of men by highly specialized machinery. And yet, as an American, I strike inevitably the note of optimism once more. Even now the truer spiritual goal is taking shape in the battle clouds, has been expressed in the world-reverberating phrases of our American President. Day by day the real issue is clearer, while the "religion" it implies embraces not one nation, wills not one patriotism, but humanity itself. I heard a Frenchwoman who had been deeply "religious" in the old sense exclaim: "I no longer have any faith in God; he is on the side of the Germans." When the war began there were many evidences of a resurgence of that faith that God fights for nations, interferes in behalf of the "righteous" cause. When General Joffre was in America he was asked by one of our countrywomen how the battle of the Marne was won. "Madame," he is reported to have said, "it was won by me, by my generals and soldiers." The tendency to regard this victory, which we hope saved France and the Western humanitarian civilization we cherish, as a special interposition of Providence, as a miracle, has given place to the realization that the battle was won by the resourcefulness, science, and coolness of the French commander-in-chief. Science preserves armies, since killing, if it has to be done, is now wholly within that realm; science heals the wounded, transports them rapidly to the hospitals, gives the shattered something still to live for; and, if we are able to abandon the sentimental view and look facts in the face—as many anointed chaplains in Europe are doing—science not only eliminates typhoid but is able to prevent those terrible diseases that devastate armies and nations. And science is no longer confined to the physical but has invaded the social kingdom, is able to weave a juster fabric into the government of peoples. On all sides we are beginning to perceive a religion of self-reliance, a faith that God is on the side of intelligence—intelligence with a broader meaning than the Germans have given it, for it embraces charity.

II

It seems to me I remember, somewhere in the realistic novel I have mentioned—"Le Feu"—reading of singing soldiers,

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and an assumption on the part of their hearers that such songs are prompted alone by a certain devil-may-care lightness of heart which the soldier achieves. A shallow psychology (as the author points out), especially in these days of trench warfare! The soldier sings to hide his real feelings, perhaps to give vent to them. I am reminded of all this in connection with my trip to the British front. I left London after lunch on one of those dreary, gray days to which I have referred, and rain had begun to splash angrily against the panes of the car windows before we reached the coast. At five o'clock the boat pushed off into a black channel, whipped by a gale that drove the rain across the decks and into every passage and gangway. The steamer was literally loaded with human beings, officers and men returning from a brief glimpse of home. There was nothing of the glory of war in the embarkation, and, to add to the sad and sinister effect of it, each man as he came aboard mounted the ladder and chose, from a pile on the combing, a sodden life-preserver, which he flung around his shoulders as he went about in search of a shelter. The saloon below, where we had our tea, was lighted indeed, but sealed so tight as to be insupportable; and the cabin above, stifling too, was dark as a pocket. One stumbled over unseen passengers on the lounges, or sitting on kits on the floor. Even the hatch up which I groped my way to the deck above was filled, while on the deck there was standing-room only and not much of that. Mal de mer added to the discomforts of many. At length I found an uncertain refuge in a gangway amidships, hedged in between unseen companions; but even here the rain stung our faces and the spray of an occasional comber drenched our feet, while through the gloom of the night only a few yards of white water were to be discerned. For three hours I stood there, trying to imagine what was in the minds of these men with whose bodies I was in such intimate contact. They were going to a foreign land to fight, many of them to die, not in one of those adventurous campaigns of times gone by, but in the wet trenches or the hideous No Man's Land between. What were the images they summoned up in the darkness? Visions of long-familiar homes and long-familiar friends? And just how were they facing the future? Even as I wondered, voices rose in a song, English voices, soldier voices. It was not "Tipperary," the song that thrilled us a few years ago. I strove to catch the words:

"I want to go home!
I don't want to go back to the trenches no more,
Where there are bullets and shrapnel galore,
I want to go home!"

It was sung boisterously, in a defiant tone of mockery of the desire it expressed, and thus tremendously gained in pathos. They *did* want to go home—naturally. It was sung with the same spirit our men sing "We won't go back till it's over, over there!" The difference is that these Britishers have been over there, have seen the horrors face to face, have tasted the sweets of home, and in spite of heartsickness and seasickness are resolved to see it through. Such is the morale of the British army. I have not the slightest doubt that it will be the morale of our own army also, but at present the British are holding the fort. Tommy would never give up the war, but he has had a realistic taste of it, and his songs reflect his experience. Other songs reached my ears each night, above the hissing and pounding of the Channel seas, but the unseen group returned always to this. One thought of Agincourt and Crécy, of Waterloo, of the countless journeys across this same stormy strip of water the ancestors of these men had made in the past, and one wondered whether war were eternal and inevitable, after all.

And what does Tommy think about it—this war? My own limited experience thoroughly indorses Mr. Galsworthy's splendid analysis of British-soldier psychology that appeared in the December *North American*. The average man, with native doggedness, is fighting for the defense of England. The British Government itself, in its Reconstruction department for the political education of the wounded, has given partial denial to the old maxim that it is the soldier's business not to think but to obey; and the British army is leavened with men who read and reflect in the long nights of watching in the rain, who are gaining ideas about conditions in the past and resolutions con-

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cerning those of the future. The very army itself has had a miracle happen to it: it has been democratized—and with the cheerful consent of the class to which formerly the possession of commissions was largely confined. Gradually, to these soldier-thinkers, as well as to the mass of others at home, is unfolding the vision of a new social order which is indeed worth fighting for and dying for.

III

At last, our knees cramped and our feet soaked, we saw the lights of the French port dancing across the veil of rain, like thistledowns of fire, and presently we were at rest at a stone quay. As I stood waiting on the deck to have my passport *visêd*, I tried to reconstruct the features of this little seaport as I had seen it, many years before, on a bright summer's day when I had motored from Paris on my way to London. The gay line of hotels facing the water was hidden in the darkness. Suddenly I heard my name called, and I was rescued from the group of civilians by a British officer who introduced himself as my host. It was after nine o'clock, and he had been on the lookout for me since half past seven. The effect of his welcome at that time and place was electrical, and I was further immensely cheered by the news he gave me, as we hurried along the street, that two friends of mine were here and quite hungry, having delayed dinner for my arrival. One of them was a young member of Congress who had been making exhaustive studies of the situation in Italy, France, and England, and the other one of our best-known writers. They were bound for London, and we sat around the table until nearly eleven, exchanging impressions and experiences. Then my officer declared that it was time to go home.

"Home" proved to be the big château which the British Government has leased for the kindly purpose of entertaining such American guests as they choose to invite. It is known as the "American Château," and in the early morning hours we reached it after a long drive through the gale. We crossed a bridge over a moat and traversed a huge stone hall to the Gothic drawing-room. Here a fire was crackling on the hearth, refreshments were laid out, and the major in command rose from his book to greet me. Hospitality, with these people, has attained to art, and, though I had come here at the invitation of his government, I had the feeling of being his personal guest in his own house. Presently he led the way up the stone stairs and showed me the room I was to occupy.

I awoke to the sound of the wind whistling through the open lattice, and looking down on the ruffed blue waters of the moat I saw a great white swan at his morning toilet, his feathers dazzling in the sun. It was one of those rare crisp and sparkling days that remind one of our American autumn. A green stretch of lawn made a vista through the woods. Following the example of the swan, I plunged into the tin tub the orderly had placed beside my bed and went down to porridge in a glow. Porridge, for the major was Scotch, and had taught his French cook to make it as only the Scotch know how. Then, going out into the hall, from a table on which lay a contour map of the battle region, the major picked up a hideous mask that seemed to have been made for some barbarous revelries.

"We may not strike any gas," he said, "but it's as well to be on the safe side," whereupon he made me practise inserting the tube in the mouth, pinching the nostrils instantly with the wire-covered nippers. He also presented me with a steel helmet. Thus equipped for any untoward occurrence, putting on sweaters and heavy overcoats, and wrapping ourselves in the fur rugs of the waiting automobile, we started off, with the gale on our quarter, for the front.

Picardy, on whose soil has been shed so much English blood, never was more beautiful than on that October day. The trees were still in full leaf, the fields green, though the crops had been gathered, and the crystal air gave vivid value to every color in the landscape. From time to time we wound through the cobble-stoned streets of historic villages, each having its stone church and the bodkin-shaped steeple of blue slate so characteristic of that country. And, as though we were still in the pastoral times of peace, in the square of one of these villages a horse-fair was in progress, blue-smocked peasants were

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trotting chunky ponies over the stones. It was like a picture from one of De Maupassant's tales. In other villages the shawled women sat knitting behind piles of beets and cabbages and apples, their farm-carts atilt in the sun. Again and again I tried to grasp the fact that the greatest of world wars was being fought only a few miles away—and failed.

We had met, indeed, an occasional officer or orderly, huddled in a greatcoat and head against the wind, exercising those wonderful animals that are the pride of the British cavalry and which General Sir Douglas Haig, himself a cavalryman, some day hopes to bring into service. We had overtaken an artillery train rumbling along toward the east, the men laughing and joking as they rode, as though they were going to manœuvres. Farther on, as the soldiers along the highroads and in the towns grew more and more numerous, they seemed so harmoniously part of the peaceful scene that war was as difficult to visualize as ever. Many sat about smoking their pipes and playing with the village children, others were in squads going to drill or exercise—something the Briton never neglects. The amazing thing to a visitor who has seen the trenches awash on a typical wet day, who knows that even billeting in cold farms and barns behind the lines can scarcely be compared to the comforts of home, is how these men keep well under the conditions. To say that they are well is to understate the fact: the ruddy faces and clear eyes and hard muscles—even of those who once were pale London clerks—proclaim a triumph for the system of hygiene of their army.

Suddenly we came upon a house with a great round hole in its wall, and then upon several in ruins beside the village street. Meanwhile, at work under the wind-swept trees of the highway, were strange, dark men from the uttermost parts of the earth, physiognomies as old as the tombs of Pharoah. It was, indeed, not so much the graven red profiles of priests and soldiers that came to my mind, but the singing fellaheen of the water-buckets of the Nile. And here, too, shovelling the crushed rock, were East Indians oddly clad in European garb, unmindful of the cold. That sense of the vastness of the British Empire, which at times is so profound, was mingled now with a knowledge that it was fighting for its life, marshalling all its resources for Armageddon.

Saint Eloi is named after the good bishop who ventured to advise King Dagobert about his costume. And the church stands—what is left of it—all alone on the greenest of terraces that juts out toward the east; and the tower, ruggedly picturesque against the sky, resembles that of some crumbled abbey. As a matter of fact, it has been a target for German gunners. Dodging an army-truck and rounding one of those military-traffic policemen one meets at every important *carrefour* we climbed the hill and left the motor among the great trees, which are still fortunately preserved. And we stood for a few minutes, gazing over miles and miles of devastation. Then, taking the motor once more, we passed through wrecked and empty villages until we came to the foot of Vimy Ridge. Notre Dame de Lorette rose against the sky-line to the north.

Vimy and Notre Dame de Lorette—sweet but terrible names! Only a summer had passed since Vimy was the scene of one of the bloodiest battles of the war. From a distance the prevailing color of the steep slope is ochre; it gives the effect of having been scraped bare in preparation for some gigantic enterprise. A nearer view reveals a flush of green; nature is already striving to heal. From top to bottom it is pockmarked by shells and scarred by trenches—trenches every few feet, and between them tangled masses of barbed wire still clinging to the "knife rests" and corkscrew stanchions to which it had been strung. The huge shell-holes, revealing the chalk subsoil, were half-filled with water. And even though the field had been cleaned by those East Indians I had seen on the road, and the thousands who had died here buried, bits of uniform, shoes, and accoutrements and shattered rifles were sticking in the clay—and once we came across a portion of a bedstead. How it got there is a mystery. Painfully, pausing frequently to ponder over these remnants, so eloquent of the fury of the struggle, slipping backward at every stop and despite our care getting tangled in the wire, we made our way up the slope. Buttercups and

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daisies were blooming around the edges of the craters.

As we drew near the crest the major warned me not to expose myself. "It isn't because there is much chance of our being shot," he explained, "but a matter of drawing the German fire upon others." And yet I found it hard to believe—despite the evidence at my feet—that war existed here. The brightness of the day, the emptiness of the place, the silence—save for the humming of the gale—denied it. And then, when we had cautiously rounded a hummock at the top, my steel helmet was blown off—not by a shrapnel, but by the wind! I had neglected to tighten the chin-strap.

Immediately below us I could make out scars like earthquake cracks running across the meadows—the front trenches. Both armies were buried like moles in these furrows. The country was spread out before us, like a map, with occasionally the black contour of a coal mound rising against the green, or a deserted shaft-head. I was gazing at the famous battle-field of Lens. Villages, woods, whose names came back to me as the major repeated them, lay like cloud shadows on the sunny plain, and the faintest shadow of all, far to the eastward, was Lens itself. I marked it by a single white tower. And suddenly another white tower, loftier than the first, had risen up! But even as I stared its substance seemed to change, to dissolve, and the tower was no longer to be seen. Not until then did I realize that a monster shell had burst beside the trenches in front of the city. Occasionally after that there came to my ears the muffled report of some hidden gun, and a ball like a powder-puff lay lightly on the plain, and vanished. But even the presence of these, oddly enough, did not rob the landscape of its air of Sunday peace.

We ate our sandwiches and drank our bottle of white wine in a sheltered cut of the road that runs up that other ridge which the French gained at such an appalling price, Notre Dame de Lorette, while the major described to me some features of the Lens battle, in which he had taken part. I discovered incidentally that he had been severely wounded at the Somme. Though he had been a soldier all his life, and a good soldier, his true passion was painting, and he drew my attention to the rare greens and silver-grays of the stones above us, steeped in sunlight—all that remained of the little church of Notre Dame—more beautiful, more significant, perhaps, as a ruin. It reminded the major of the Turners he had admired in his youth. After lunch we lingered in the cemetery, where the graves and vaults had been harrowed by shells; the trenches ran right through them. And here, in this desecrated resting-place of the village dead, where the shattered gravestones were mingled with barbed wire, death-dealing fragments of iron, and rusting stick-bombs that had failed to explode, was a wooden cross, on which was rudely written the name of *Hans Siebert*. Mouldering at the foot of the cross was a gray woollen German tunic from which the buttons had been cut.

We kept the road to the top, for Notre Dame de Lorette is as steep as Vimy. There we looked upon the panorama of the Lens battle-field once more, and started down the eastern slope, an apparently smooth expanse covered now with prairie grasses, in reality a labyrinth of deep ditches, dugouts, and pits; grewsome remnants of the battle lay half-concealed under the grass. We walked slowly, making desperate leaps over the trenches, sometimes perforce going through them, treading gingerly on the "duck board" at the bottom. We stumbled over stick-bombs and unexploded shells. No plough can be put here—the only solution for the land for years to come is forest. Just before we gained the road at the bottom, where the car was awaiting us, we were startled by the sudden flight of a covey of partridges.

The skies were gray when we reached the banal outskirts of a town where the bourgeoise houses were modern, commonplace, save those which had been ennobled by ruin. It was Arras, one of those few magic names, eloquent with suggestions of mediæval romance and art, intrigue and chivalry; while upon their significance, since the war began, has been superimposed still another, no less eloquent but charged with pathos. We halted for a moment in the open space before the railroad station, a comparatively new structure of steel and glass, designed on geometrical curves, with an un-

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inspiring, cheaply ornamented front. It had been, undoubtedly, the pride of the little city. Yet finding it here had at first something of the effect of the discovery of an office-building—let us say—on the site of the Reims Cathedral. Presently, however, its emptiness, its silence began to have their effects—these and the rents one began to perceive in the roof. For it was still the object of the intermittent yet persistent fire of the German artillery. One began to realize that by these wounds it had achieved a dignity that transcended the mediocre imagination of its provincial designer. A fine rain had set in before we found the square, and here indeed one felt a certain desolate satisfaction; despite the wreckage there the spirit of the ancient town still poignantly haunted it. Although the Hôtel de Ville, which had expressed adequately the longings and aspirations, the civic pride of those bygone burghers, was razed to the ground, on three sides were still standing the varied yet harmoniously similar façades of Flemish houses made familiar by photographs. Of some of these the plaster between the carved beams had been shot away, the roofs blown off, and the tiny hewn rafters were bared to the sky. The place was empty in the gathering gloom of the twilight. The gayety and warmth of the hut erected in the Public Gardens which houses the British Officers' Club were a relief.

The experiences of the next day will remain forever in my memory, etched, as it were, in sepia. My guide was a younger officer who had seen heroic service, and I wondered constantly how his delicate frame had survived in the trenches the constant hardship of such weather as now, warmly wrapped and with the car-curtains drawn, we faced. The inevitable, relentless rain of that region had set in again, the rain in which our own soldiers will have to fight, and the skies were of a darkness seldom known in America. The countryside was no longer smiling. After some two hours of progress we came, in that devastated district near the front, to an expanse where many monsters were clumsily cavorting like dinosaurs in primeval slime. At some distance from the road others stood apparently tethered in line, awaiting their turn for exercise. These were the far-famed tanks. Their commander, or chief mahout—as I was inclined to call him—was a cheerful young giant of colonial origin, who has often driven them serenely across No Man's Land and into the German trenches. He had been expecting us, and led me along a duck board over the morass, to where one of these leviathans was awaiting us. You crawl through a greasy hole in the bottom, and the inside is as full of machinery as the turret of the *Pennsylvania*, and you grope your way to the seat in front beside that of the captain and conductor, looking out through a slot in the armor over a waste of water and mud. From here you are supposed to operate a machine gun. Behind you two mechanics have started the engines with a deafening roar, above which are heard the hoarse commands of the captain as he grinds in his gears. Then you realize that the thing is actually moving, that the bosses on the belt have managed to find a grip on the slime—and presently you come to the brink of what appears, to your exaggerated sense of perception, a bottomless chasm, with distant steep banks on the farther side that look unattainable and insurmountable. It is an old German trench, which the rains have worn and widened. You brace yourself, you grip desperately a pair of brass handles in front of you, while leviathan hesitates, seems to sit up on his haunches, and then gently buries his nose in the pasty clay and paws his way upward into the field beyond. It was like sitting in a huge rocking-chair. That we might have had a bump, and a bone-breaking one, I was informed after I had left the scene of the adventure. It all depends upon the skill of the driver. The monsters are not as tractable as they seem.

That field in which the tanks manœuvre is characteristic of the whole of this district of levelled villages and vanished woods. Imagine a continuous clay vacant lot in one of our Middle Western cities on the rainiest day you can recall; and further imagine, on this limitless lot, a network of narrow-gauge tracks and wagon roads, a scattering of contractors' shanties, and you will have some idea of the daily life and surroundings of one of our American engineer regiments, which is running a railroad behind the British front. Yet one has only to see these men and talk with them to be convinced of the

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truth that human happiness and even human health—thanks to modern science—are not dependent upon an existence in a Garden of Eden. I do not mean exactly that these men would choose to spend the rest of their existences in this waste, but they are happy in the consciousness of a job well done. It was really inspiring to encounter here the familiar conductors and brakemen, engineers and firemen, who had voluntarily, and for an ideal, left their homes in a remote and peaceful republic three thousand miles away, to find contentment and a new vitality, a wider vision, in the difficult and dangerous task they were performing. They were frequently under fire—when they brought back the wounded or fetched car-loads of munitions to the great guns on the ridiculous little trains of flat cars with open-work wheels, which they named—with American humor—the Federal Express and the Twentieth Century Limited. And their officers were equally happy. Their colonel, of our regular Army Engineer Corps, was one of those broad-shouldered six-footers who, when they walk the streets of Paris, compel pedestrians to turn admiringly and give one a new pride in the manhood of our nation. Hospitably he drew us out of the wind and rain into his little hut, and sat us down beside the stove, cheerfully informing us that, only the night before, the gale had blown his door in, and his roof had started for the German lines. In a neighboring hut, reached by a duck board, we had lunch with him and his officers—baked beans and pickles, cakes and maple syrup. The American food, the American jokes and voices in that environment seemed strange indeed! But as we smoked and chatted about the friends we had in common, about political events at home and the changes that were taking place there, it seemed as if we were in America once more. The English officer listened and smiled in sympathy, and he remarked, after our reluctant departure, that America was an extraordinary land.

He directed our chauffeur to Bapaume, across that wilderness which the Germans had so wantonly made in their retreat to the Hindenburg line. Nothing could have been more dismal than our slow progress in the steady rain, through the deserted streets of this town. Home after home had been blasted—their intimate yet harrowing interiors were revealed. The shops and cafés, which had been thoroughly looted, had their walls blown out, but in many cases the signs of the vanished and homeless proprietors still hung above the doors. I wondered how we should feel in New England if such an outrage had been done to Boston, for instance, or little Concord! The church, the great cathedral on its terrace, the bishop's house, all dynamited, all cold and wet and filthy ruins! It was dismal, indeed, but scarcely more dismal than that which followed; for at Bapaume we were on the edge of the battle-field of the Somme. And I chanced to remember that the name had first been indelibly impressed on my consciousness at a comfortable breakfast-table at home, where I sat looking out on a bright New England garden. In the headlines and columns of my morning newspaper I had read again and again, during the summer of 1916, of Thiepval and La Boisselle, of Fricourt and Mametz and the Bois des Trônes. Then they had had a sinister but remote significance; now I was to see them, or what was left of them!

As an appropriate and characteristic setting for the tragedy which had happened here, the indigo afternoon could not have been better chosen. Description fails to do justice to the abomination of desolation of that vast battle-field in the rain, and the imagination refuses to reconstruct the scene of peace—the châteaux and happy villages, the forests and pastures, that flourished here so brief a time ago. In my fancy the long, low swells of land, like those of some dreary sea, were for the moment the subsiding waves of the cataclysm that had rolled here and extinguished all life. Beside the road only the blood-red soil betrayed the sites of powdered villages; and through it, in every direction, trenches had been cut. Between the trenches the earth was torn and tortured, as though some sudden fossilizing process, in its moment of supreme agony, had fixed it thus. On the hummocks were graves, graves marked by wooden crosses, others by broken rifles thrust in the ground. Shattered gun-carriages lay in the ditches, modern cannon that had cost priceless hours of skilled labor; and once we were confronted by

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one of those monsters, wounded to the death, I had seen that morning. The sight of this huge, helpless thing oddly recalled the emotions I had felt, as a child, when contemplating the dead elephants in the battle pictures of the armies of Babylonian and Persian kings.

Presently, like the peak of some submerged land, we saw lifted out of that rolling waste the "Butt" of Warlencourt —the burial-mound of this modern Marathon. It is honeycombed with dugouts in which the Germans who clung to it found their graves, while the victorious British army swept around it toward Bapaume. Everywhere along that road, which runs like an arrow across the battle-field to Albert, were graves. Repetition seems the only method of giving an adequate impression of their numbers; and near what was once the village of Pozières was the biggest grave of all, a crater fifty feet deep and a hundred feet across. Seven months the British sappers had toiled far below in the chalk, digging the passage and chamber; and one summer dawn, like some tropical volcano, it had burst directly under the German trench. Long we stood on the slippery edge of it, gazing down at the tangled wire and litter of battle that strewed the bottom, while the rain fell pitilessly. Just such rain, said my officer-guide, as had drenched this country through the long winter months of preparation. "We never got dry," he told me; and added with a smile, in answer to my query: "Perhaps that was the reason we never caught colds." And it may be, when the history of this war is all written, that this battle will prove in one great respect to be the most dramatic and significant of all. In it not only the mettle of the British army but that of the British nation and empire were tested. In that summer of 1916 Britain was ready to strike. One recalls the prophetic exclamation of the German General von Buelow before the blow fell: "If we lose this battle, it will be fatal!"

When we entered Albert, the starting-point of the British advance, there was just light enough to see the statue of the Virgin leaning far above us over the street. The church-tower on which it had once stood erect had been struck by a German shell, but its steel rod had bent and not broken. Local superstition declares that when the Virgin of Albert falls the war will be ended.

IV

I COME home impressed with the fact that Britain has learned more from this war than any other nation, and will probably gain more by that knowledge. We are all wanting, of course, to know what we shall get out of it, since it was forced upon us; and of course the only gain worth considering—as many of those to whom its coming has brought home the first glimmerings of social science are beginning to see—is precisely a newly acquired vision of the art of self-government. It has been unfortunately necessary—or perhaps fortunately necessary—for the great democracies to turn their energies and resources and the inventive ingenuity of their citizens to the organization of armies and indeed of entire populations to the purpose of killing enough Germans to remove democracy's exterior menace. The price we pay in human life is appallingly unfortunate. But the necessity for national organization socializes the nation capable of it; or, to put the matter more truly, if the socializing process had anticipated the war—as it had in Great Britain—the ability to complete it under stress is the test of a democratic nation; and hence the test of democracy, since the socializing process becomes international. Britain has stood the test, even from the old-fashioned militarist point of view, since it is apparent that no democracy can wage a sustained great war unless it is socialized. After the war she will probably lead all other countries in a sane and scientific liberalization. The encouraging fact is that not in spite of her liberalism, but because of it, she has met military Germany on her own ground and, to use a vigorous expression, gone her one better. Britain's democratized army is better supplied and more scientifically organized than the despot-led forces that oppose it. Taking all factors into account, there is now no finer army in the world. In 1914, as armies go to-day, it was a mere handful of men whose officers belonged to a military caste. Brave men and brave officers, indeed! But at present it is a war organization of an excellence which the

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Germans, even at the height of their efficiency, never achieved. I have no space to enter into a description of the amazing system, of the network of arteries converging at the channel ports and spreading out until it feeds and clothes every man of those millions, furnishes him with newspapers and tobacco, and gives him the greatest contentment compatible with the conditions under which he has to live. The number of shells flung at the enemy is only limited by the lives of the guns that fire them. I should like to tell with what swiftness, under the stress of battle, the wounded are hurried back to the coast and even to England itself. I may not state the thousands carried on leave every day across the channel and back again—in spite of submarines. But I went one day through Saint Omer, with its beautiful church and little blue château, past the rest-camps of the big regiments of guards to a seaport on the downs, formerly a quiet little French town, transformed now into an ordered Babel. The term is paradoxical, but I let it stand. English, Irish, and Scotch from the British Isles and the ends of the earth mingle there with Indians, Egyptians, and the chattering Mongolians in queer fur caps who work in the bakeries.

I went through one of these bakeries, almost as large as an automobile factory, fragrant with the aroma of two hundred thousand loaves of bread. This bakery alone sends every day to the trenches two hundred thousand loaves made from the wheat of western Canada! Of all sights to be seen in this place, however, the reclamation "plant" is the most wonderful. It covers acres. Everything which is broken in war, from a pair of officer's field-glasses to a nine-inch howitzer carriage is mended here—if it can be mended. Here, when a battle-field is cleared, every article that can possibly be used again is brought; and the manager pointed with pride to the furnaces in his power-house, which formerly burned coal and now are fed with refuse—broken wheels of gun-carriages, sawdust, and even old shoes. Hundreds of French girls and even German prisoners are resoling and patching shoes with the aid of American machinery, and even the uppers of such as are otherwise hopeless are cut in spirals into laces. Tunics, breeches, and overcoats are mended by tailors; rusty camp cookers are retinned, and in the foundries the precious scraps of cast iron are melted into braziers to keep Tommy in the trenches warm. In the machine-shops the injured guns and cannon are repaired. German prisoners are working there, too. At a distance, in their homely gray tunics, with their bullet-shaped heads close-cropped and the hairs standing out like the needles of a cylinder of a music-box, they had the appearance of hard citizens who had become rather sullen convicts. Some wore spectacles. A closer view revealed that most of them were contented, and some actually cheerful. None, indeed, seemed more cheerful than a recently captured group I saw later, who were actually building the barbed-wire fence that was to confine them!

My last visit in this town was to the tiny hut on a "corner lot," in which the Duchess of Sutherland has lived now for some years. As we had tea she told me she was going on a fortnight's leave to England; and no Tommy in the trenches could have been more excited over the prospect. Her own hospital, which occupies the rest of the lot, is one of those marvels which individual initiative and a strong social sense such as hers has produced in this war. Special enterprise was required to save such desperate cases as are made a specialty of here, and all that medical and surgical science can do has been concentrated, with extraordinary success, on the shattered men who are brought to her wards. That most of the horrible fractures I saw are healed, and healed quickly—thanks largely to the drainage system of our own Doctor Carrel—is not the least of the wonders of the remarkable times in which we live.

The next day, Sunday, I left for Paris, bidding farewell regretfully to the last of my British-officer hosts. He seemed like an old, old friend—though I had known him but a few days. I can see him now as he waved me a good-by from the platform in his Glengarry cap and short tunic and plaid trousers. He is the owner of a castle and some seventy square miles of land in Scotland alone, yet for the comfort of his nation's guests, he toils like a hired courier.

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A LEADING LADY OF THE DISCARDS

By Stuart Rivers

Illustrations by O. F. Schmidt

AFTER each frequent station the train-crew hurried back into the warmly lighted coach, slatting the water from their caps, turning down the collars of their coats, and cursing softly at the vileness of the weather. Rain in torrents swashed against the windows, while the wind shrieked in answer to the screams from the fighting engine. Blurred circles of light, spotting out a lonely farmhouse, appeared in the outside blackness, then went out as the cars lurched around a bend. The one passenger-coach was deserted save by a few belated travellers whom stern necessity forced out into the storm. In front of where the trainmen sat a stout lady tried vainly to catch a few winks of sleep, her head resting against her hand. Farther forward a man hunched himself into his overcoat and stared moodily at the axes and crowbars in their glass case, and a dozen seats ahead of him came a small group of travelling actors, three women and two men, their suitcases filling the racks overhead and overflowing to the seats in front and to the side.

The man who had been hunched into his overcoat rose stiffly to his feet and walked forward to the water-cooler, where he braced himself against the wall while he juggled with a paper cup, the other occupants of the car watching him in languid half-wonder, marvelling that any one could think of water on such a night, much less drink it; but the man, unconscious of their thoughts, emptied the cup three times before he started back down the aisle. Half-way back to his seat his eyes were attracted by a crumpled newspaper and dropping down on the nearest cushion he attempted to forget his boredom in a perusal of the news. After a time he became conscious of voices and he glanced over the top of the paper at the man and girl in the seat ahead.

"I'll get my chance some day, Jim, you see if I don't," the girl was saying. "That's what I'm goin' on for. If I didn't think that, I'd stop. I'd want t' quit right now, 'cause what'd be the use of goin' on? But you wait and see; some day I'll be on Broadway, and have my name up in electric lights too."

The man with the paper showed his interest in the speaker by leaning forward in an effort to catch a glimpse of her face. All he could see was one rounded cheek and a bit of her neck as it disappeared into the cheap fur collar.

"I know how you feel about it, Beth," the girl's companion answered. "I use t' feel that way myself, before I was shoved into the discards, but after eight years of one-night stands most of the glimmer o' Broadway has got dimmed, at least it has for me."

"Actors," thought the man with the paper; then he added, with a little shake of his head: "Poor devils."

"It ain't so bad," the man in front continued, turning his head so a trifle more of his thin, bony face was visible. "It ain't so bad if you look at it right. Nights like this is the worst, but then—I don't care what you're doin', nor no matter what kind of a job you're up against, you'll always get nights like this mixed up with the soft moonlights. The way I look at it is this—a feller's got to take what's comin' to him."

"Oh, don't get away with the idea that I think life up top's all joy and bliss!" the girl exclaimed. "I've been long enough with the game to know there's some hard work to it, no matter how big you get to be. If it was only the work I'd rather be a stenographer, or a clerk. They think they have it rough, but it ain't nothin' to our job. It ain't that, it's somethin' different than that. I know every one gives you the loud laugh when you come anything about art, but that's what I mean. I'd like to get a chance to see if I could put it over. You know the stuff we've got to hand out——"

"I ought to," answered the man inter-

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rupting. "I've been doin' it for thirty-five years, started the day I was born."

"—and the bunch we get up against. What chance have we to put anything good over on that crowd? They know we're bum, they know we're a bum show, because if we wasn't, we wouldn't come. Why, say, if Belasco was to put Warfield himself in your part to-night, the bunch out front would go home sayin' he was pretty punk. Ain't that right?"

The man with the paper smiled slightly as he leaned still farther to the side in an endeavor to catch a better view of the girl ahead. He could see that she was young and quite pretty, with gray eyes hedged about with long black lashes, and as she smiled at her companion he caught a flash of white teeth between her curving red lips.

"Oh, I dunno," the thin man replied. "I know our bunch ain't top-liners, and I know we don't get bill-toppers' pay, but, then—we ain't payin' bill-toppers' expenses, so I guess we're about as well off as the next. You know what the old sayin' is—it ain't what you earn that counts, it's what you have to spend. I manage to lay aside some, and so does Williams and his wife, and Mrs. Mann. Then you got to hand it to us that we're a lot above the other bum gangs that travel outside the circuits. You can stay with us 'till the pond freezes and you won't see no rough stuff pulled. I'd just as soon cash in as travel with some gangs I know of."

"It ain't that," the girl insisted. "It ain't that I don't like you and the others. I ain't sayin' anythin' about them, or the show. I just want a chance to see if I could get away with what art there is in the game. I want to see if I could take a crowd and make 'em laugh because I wanted 'em to, or cry because I said so. Oh, you know what I mean."

The girl's companion leaned back with a long sigh. "I—I was beginnin' to think you was kinda settlin' down," he said after a silence. "Don't you kind of like it any better than you did?"

"Oh, I like you, Jim," the girl said, putting her hand on his arm with a sudden motion. "But—well—why couldn't you get into the big game too, Jim? We're real good friends—and your work's good——"

"No, it ain't," Jim interrupted. "There ain't nothin' to my work—or me either. I'm just one o' the discards, I'm just a ham, and the stuff I turn out is just ham stuff. But—well, I don't blame you none, not a bit. I suppose if I was in your shoes I'd want a go at it myself. Oh, you can do it all right, there ain't no one knows that any better'n I do—but——"

A screech came back in hoarse smallness from the engine. It brought the brakeman out of his doze with a start, for he rose, grasping his lantern by the round wire handle, and walked to the door. "Summerville, Summerville!" he bellowed, and this cry brought the man with the paper to his feet. Also the little group of actors showed signs of animation, for they hurriedly shoved themselves into rain-coats and snatched their baggage from the racks. The man with the paper walked back to his seat, secured his grip, and was on the car-steps when the train came to a jolting halt.

"Hello, Billy Kimble!" exclaimed a long-coated figure as the traveller set his feet on the shining platform. "We thought you would give it up—night's so bad."

"Hello, Ed!" exclaimed Kimble in reply, as he grasped his friend's hand. "Not me; you don't know how I snatched at a chance for a vacation."

"Let's get out of this!" exclaimed Towers. "Come on," and he led the way to a waiting automobile. When they had left the station and were splashing down the bright pathway of the lamps Kimble turned to his friend and asked:

"Is there a show here to-night?"

"I don't know—why, yes, I believe so. I think I saw the posters. Why?"

"I came up with the troupe," Kimble answered. "I'd like to go—that is, if you don't mind?" He smiled to himself in the darkness as he thought of the girl's eager voice and the flash of her white teeth.

"What!" shouted the other. "You don't mean that?"

"Certainly I do," Kimble answered.

"No! Not really; why, they're terrible things. They haven't any scenery, and it's nothing but a moving-picture theatre, and for heaven's sake don't be foolish. Besides I've learned a lot of new wrinkles at billiards I want to stump you on."

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"The billiards can wait," answered Kimble. "And to-morrow the strollers will have flown. I should like to go; so be a good boy and come along."

"You mean it? You're not joking, are you? Hang it, I can't see your face."

"Absolutely," was the answer. "I would like very much to see her work."

"*Her!* Oh, then, you're in love."

"No," laughed Kimble. "I'm not in love; what made you think that?"

"Well, the only reason I can conceive for any one wanting to sit through that show is because they're in love with some one in it. Or else they never saw a show before; but a great playwright like you——"

"Never mind the 'great' part of it," returned Kimble, laughing; but he knew he had carried his point.

That evening Kimble and his friend Towers entered the splendid door of the "movie" house and groped about in the darkness for a seat. "What's the name of the awful thing?" Towers asked when they were at last settled in their places.

"Didn't you notice when you came in?" replied Kimble, with a short laugh. "It's my play, 'The Windrows.'"

"You don't mean it! Can they afford to pay you for it?"

"Afford to pay! I guess not. They steal it."

"Can't you do something about it?" inquired Towers indignantly.

"Stop them, you mean? Not for worlds. I wouldn't miss seeing that girl play 'Nancy' for all the royalties I ever received for it. It ought to be a liberal education—on how it should *not* be done."

A series of films at last came to an end and the footlights blazed in front of the tiny stage. Kimble sat up expectantly and a moment later the curtain slowly and jerkingly rolled itself up on the long pole.

"Great," whispered Towers. "Is this supposed to be Nancy's studio?"

"It's supposed to be, but that's about all you can say for it. Notice the old hair-cloth sofa and the crayon-portrait easel. This is going to be rich."

The thin man, the girl's companion of the afternoon, appeared in the part of the young Westerner who had come to New York to study art. His studio was supposed to be across the hall and his entrance comes after a knock on the door, which he hesitatingly opens. In the New York production of the play this character was taken by Bert Lowland, and Mr. Lowland's entrance was something to sit up nights to see. Two friends of Nancy's enter, to discover Lowland lolling in an easy chair, a cigarette between his lips and one of Nancy's sketches in his hands. The visitors are old friends of Nancy's family and their sense of propriety is outraged at this familiarity between the two studios. This is the thread of the opening scene, but it was a thing hard to follow in that moving-picture theatre in Summerville.

Kimble groaned to himself as he heard the lines he had spent so many weary hours of toil on being hashed to pieces by these strolling players. The business of the thing three parts gone to the four winds, and with half the lines missing, he found himself wishing he had taken his friend's advice and remained at home with the billiards; but when the young girl with the dark-fringed eyes appeared on the stage in the guise of Nancy the atmosphere of the stuffy little theatre underwent a sudden change.

She came with a laugh and a skip, throwing her cheap muff and fur collar on the hair-cloth sofa with just the air Kimble had had in mind so many months before when the character first came into his head. She picked up the loose threads of the scene and set it on its feet; she covered the lack of the other actors; in fact, she was the scene, taking it up bodily and passing it across the line of electric globes exactly as she wanted the audience to receive it. Kimble forgot the cheap setting. The girl had turned the tiny stage into the studio in Paris, the studio where he had lived, the studio he had had in mind when he wrote the play. The skylight was overhead; the cries of the newsboys came in through the open pane—cries in French, in the French of the Quarter. He could almost hear the man next door singing, "Take me back to old New York—" as he always did after receiving a letter with an Ithaca postmark. Kimble knew the café was only around the corner, where he could go and be sure of

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meeting the old crowd—Americans and English, Italians from the South, Danes from the North—all good chaps, all in one school or another, all striving for the elusive art. He caught himself listening for the sound of pattering little feet on the bleak stairway. Babbette should——

"Hah!" exclaimed Kimble, bringing himself back from his dreams with a start. "What the deuce was I thinking of? That girl has fairly bewitched me. What do you think of her?" he added, turning to his friend.

"Blessed if I know," Towers answered. "I'm no judge, but it seems to me she gets away with it as well as that girl you put on in New York. What do you think?"

"I don't know," answered Kimble slowly. "I don't know." Then after a moment he burst out. "You know what I'm going to do, Ed? I'm going to offer her that part Miss Stevens had, and I'm going to do it right now, too—you wait here."

Kimble rose to his feet and walked down the aisle and through the door at the side which gave entrance to the stage.

"What chance have we to put anything good over on that crowd? They know we're bum."
—Page 449.

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The girl had turned the tiny stage into the studio in Paris, the studio where he had lived.—Page 450.

No one barred his way, though after the door had closed and he stood in the narrow wings several looked at him in surprise with a "what-do-you-want-back-here" expression, but Kimble had been on too many stages to be bothered by curious glances and he stepped up to the thin man who was watching Nancy from the back wings.

"I beg your pardon," Kimble began; "I have come around to present my card to the young lady taking the part of 'Nancy.'"

The tall man's usually good-natured face set into hard lines as he listened to Kimble's words. "Oh," he said under his breath; "you have, have you? I suppose you think that just because that girl's out there on the stage, you can——"

"Just one moment," Kimble interrupted. "I understand you; possibly you don't understand me. I have been more or less mixed up with stage people all my life; in fact, I wrote the play you are now stealing, 'The Windrows.'" He offered his card to the other and continued: "My name is Kimble, William R. Kimble."

The tall man looked in blank wonder from the card to Kimble's smiling face; then, with a little gasp, he exclaimed: "My God—Mr. Kimble—you ain't goin' t' have us pinched, are you? Is that what you wanna see Beth about? It ain't her fault; don't lay the blame on her. She don't even know we're snitchin' 'The Windrows.' That's straight, if I'm to die for it. If you gotta take it out on some one, take it out on me."

"I said before, you didn't understand,"

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Kimble smiled. "I know as well as you that I could arrest you, but that wasn't my intention when I came around here. I wished to see the young lady, to have a talk with her—I was rather taken with her work."

The other continued to stare in wonder; then over his long face there passed an expression almost of fright. He reached out a hand and drew Kimble back into the shadow of the wall, at the same time exclaiming: "What'd you mean, Mr. Kimble? Tell me what you mean."

"Why," answered Kimble, surprised at the excitement in his listener's face, "what's so very odd in that? I said I was taken with her work and I thought I would see her. I might be able to——"

"I get you," said Jim, interrupting. "I know what you're goin' t' say. You're goin' t' offer her a job in New York—on the big stage—under you—ain't that it?"

"Something—" but again Jim interrupted.

"You're goin' t' take her out o' this life, this here dog's life, and put her where she'll be in line t' make a big name for herself. Where she'll be famous in a few years, that's it, ain't it? But say, Mr. Kimble—please—for the love of God—please go 'way and don't tell her nothin' like that. If you got some one you care

"You ain't goin' t' have us pinched, are you?"—Page 452.

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about, think how you feel toward her, an' go away—let her be where she is. Will you?"

"I'm afraid we don't understand each other very well," Kimble insisted. "I am—" but the other man would not let him finish.

"I know all about that, and I know Beth had the makin' of a top-liner in her little body; no one knows that any better'n me. But she's the only thing I got in this world that brings me any happiness. I've been cheated out o' everything else, everything—ever since I was a kid. Every man has a right to a little o' the bright side o' life—you're gettin' yours—every one's gettin' their's—all but me. You're a playwright; you know what sort o' life this one-night stand is. I've been at it ever since I was born, an' my mother before me—then a year ago Beth joined our crowd—she's one o' God's own angels, Mr. Kimble, I'm tellin' you that straight. She likes me a lot, and after a little more time I think she'd marry me—you don't know what Beth means to me. It's lonesome in a show like this, but since she came, why, every hotel dump we get into seems like home. She'd even turn a bum baggage-car into a Harlem flat—and now she's goin' away."

"Well, really," began Kimble, embarrassed at this outburst. "I'm sure my intentions were all for the best, and I must say, if you don't mind, I think you are rather selfish in your wishes. It seems to me that if I loved a girl the way you seem to care for this young lady I should wish her to have every chance in the world. I happened to sit behind you this evening coming up on the train, and I overheard her tell you that some day she wanted a chance to see what she could do. Now I'm offering that chance and you stand in the way. Do you think that's hardly fair to her?"

"Say, Mr. Kimble, have you ever been in love with a girl?" Jim asked.

"I don't see what that has to do with it. She is a girl who could make a name for herself if she had the opportunity. But I suppose I was a little forward in coming back here—in other words, it's none of my business, as you are no doubt saying to yourself. But one thing more—and then I will go—I should dislike very much having this thing hang over *my* head; it's quite a responsibility taking a girl's one chance away from her; but, as you said, or intimated, it's none of my business and I'm sorry I disturbed you."

Kimble nodded smilingly and turned again toward the door. Jim's tall, ungainly figure hunched forward as he watched the young man move away from him; just for an instant he hesitated, torn between the picture Kimble had drawn and his love for the little gray-eyed girl laughing so merrily out there before the footlights. In that moment of indecision centuries seemed to pass—all the misery, all the regret he was to live through because of that lost opportunity passed in review before his mental vision. He knew how empty would be his love, clouded and overcast by this black shadow—this secret which would be forever popping up between himself and his sweetheart. As he stood there, watching Kimble reach out his hand for the knob of the door, doubt grew in his breast—fear and regret—and with a half-articulate cry he rushed across the stage and grasped Kimble by the arm, whispering fiercely: "Wait!"

"Well?" asked Kimble, half-turning.

"Don't—" began Jim. "I—I don't wanna have you go away thinkin' hard thoughts of me. I ain't as bad as it looks on the face o' it. I want you t' understand——"

"Oh, I understand," Kimble said; he still remained the disinterested outsider. He felt he had put something within the reach of this girl, something she would probably never have again, but if she chose to lose it, or if this man chose to lose it for her, it was, as he said, none of his business. "You needn't bother to explain; it's nothing to me, one way or the other."

"Yes, I know that—but I want t' think. You sprung this on me awful sudden. I guess I was struck all in a heap. I didn't know what I was sayin'. But I was wrong. It never would be fair to her. Will you wait till she comes off? it'll only be a minute now."

"Just as you say," Kimble answered. "But are you sure you know what you want this time?"

"I guess so," said Jim slowly. "When a feller is put up against questions like this one, that he has to decide all in a

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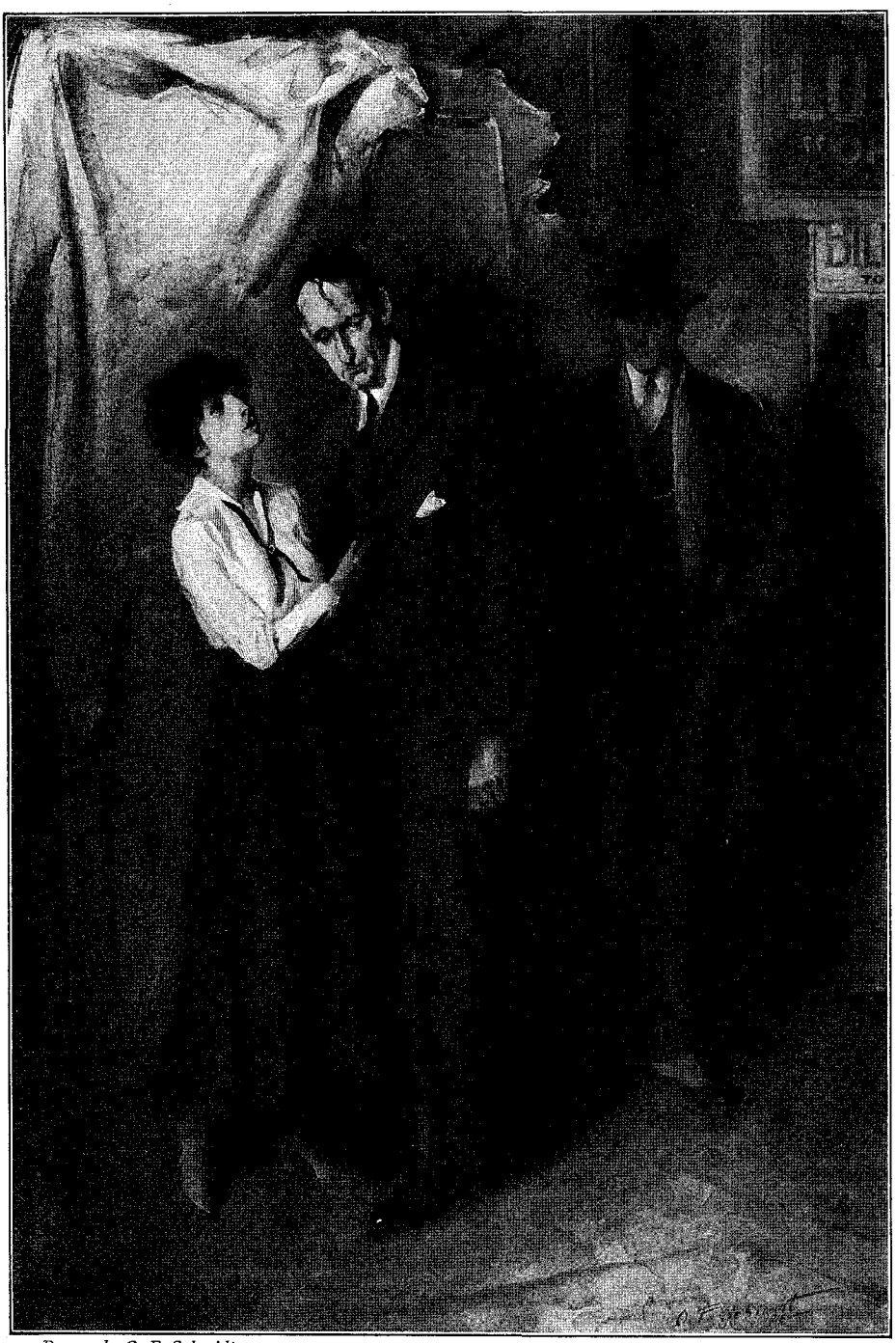

Drawn by O. F. Schmidt.

"I know how it'll be: . . . you'll forget there ever was such a feller as me in the world."—Page 456.

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minute, then the only time he is sure is when it's too late, and at that he wakes up to find he was probably wrong. You wait and tell her what you told me; she's the one who has the say in this matter, not me."

"This is Mr. Kimble, Beth," Jim explained a few minutes later. "He's the man who wrote the show we're—we're playin'. He's got somethin' he wants t' say to you, and when he gets through I'm goin' t' tell you what I said when he sprung it on me. Go ahead, Mr. Kimble." Jim's voice was intensely serious and the girl looked from one to the other with startled eyes.

"Why," began Kimble, "I was out front to-night, and I liked your work. I liked it so much, in fact, that I came around to offer you a part in my New York show. I don't think it could be 'Nancy'—not quite yet, but some day——"

"Oh!" exclaimed Beth, drawing her breath in a lost gasp; then she turned to Jim with shining eyes. "Is it really so? Does he mean it? Does he mean that I'm going to get a chance at last? It has come—is that what he means?"

"It's all straight, little girl," Jim answered slowly. "I knew you were goin' t' get it some day. It was the one thing I lived in dread of. Now it's come, and when he sprung it on me I was low enough to ask him to clear out without seein' you. I didn't want you to go."

"Why didn't you want me to go, Jim?" asked the girl in wonder. "You didn't want me to go? Why, Jim?"

"'Cause, Beth—'cause—I—I've been awful happy since I've known you. The life ain't been hard at all, with you on the train, and you all the time with the show. It's been the only bit of happiness I've ever had, and I tried to hang onto it; Mr. Kimble'll tell you I did."

"Why, Jim?" asked the girl again, searching his face with her eyes—"why didn't you want me to go?"

"'Cause, Beth, I love you; that's why," Jim answered huskily. "I know how it'll be: you'll get down there with the big fellers, and you'll forget there ever was such a feller as me in the world. I know it was mean and little of me, but I couldn't help it. I was only tryin' t' keep you—'cause I love you."

The girl's gray eyes were clouded with tears as she reached out her hands and took Jim's bony fist in her grasp. "Don't worry, Jim. I'm not goin' very far away, not if you want me to stay. 'Cause, Jim—I—I love you too," and she hid her face against the astonished man's coat.

"Beth," Jim whispered intently, "you don't know what you're sayin'. You don't understand. He's offerin' you the chance you've always wanted, and you're lettin' it slide. Don't do that, little girl. Think! You just gotta think now."

"I'm thinkin'," Beth laughed. "Only I'm a little too happy to think very clear yet. This is the chance I've wanted, only I never knew it before. I'd rather have you, Jim, than be the top-liner of all the world."

"Do you mean it, Beth?" Jim asked. He looked at Kimble and asked: "Do you think she means it, Mr. Kimble?"

"Well, I don't know. But I should say that she did; at any rate she certainly gives every appearance of meaning it."

"Thank you, Mr. Kimble," Beth laughed happily. "Thank you for the chance, even if I didn't take it. But you understand how it is—I couldn't leave Jim. If he could go it would be different, but without him—why, New York would be the lonesomest place on the map."

"I don't know whether I'm doin' right, Mr. Kimble, in lettin' her stay," Jim said, his face beaming. "It's like I said before—we never know when we're doin' right until it's too late, but this time I'm goin' t' take a chance."

"And I too, Jim," answered Kimble, after a fleeting instant of thought. "Chances usually cost money, only this time I don't think I'm making a mistake. I'm going to take you both down to New York with me, and for your little friend's sake I'm going to teach you something about acting if it's the last thing I ever do. I don't have to teach her; she knows already."

"Then—then Beth don't lose her chance!" Jim exclaimed.

"Not if I can help it," answered Kimble, with a short laugh. "You have my card; be down as soon as you can get away, and now, if I may suggest it," he added with a slight smile, "I think you're needed out front; the show seems to have come to a halt."

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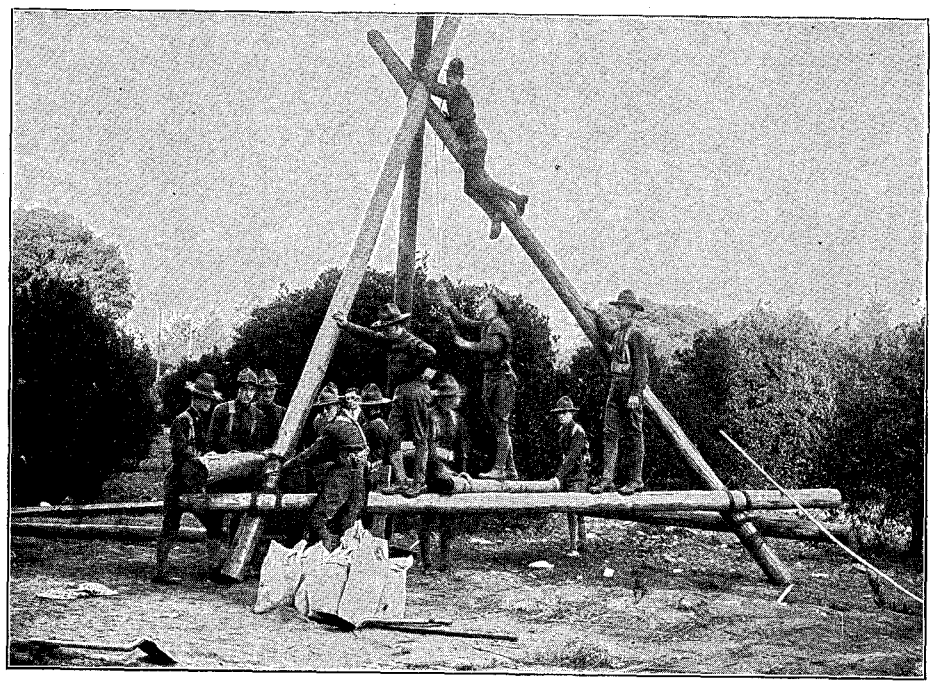
COLLEGE ACTIVITIES IN WAR-TIME



Construction of stiff-leg derrick, Throop College of Technology, Pasadena, Cal.

From a photograph, copyright, Harvard Illustrated.

Harvard R. O. T. C. in bayonet practice at Barre, Mass.

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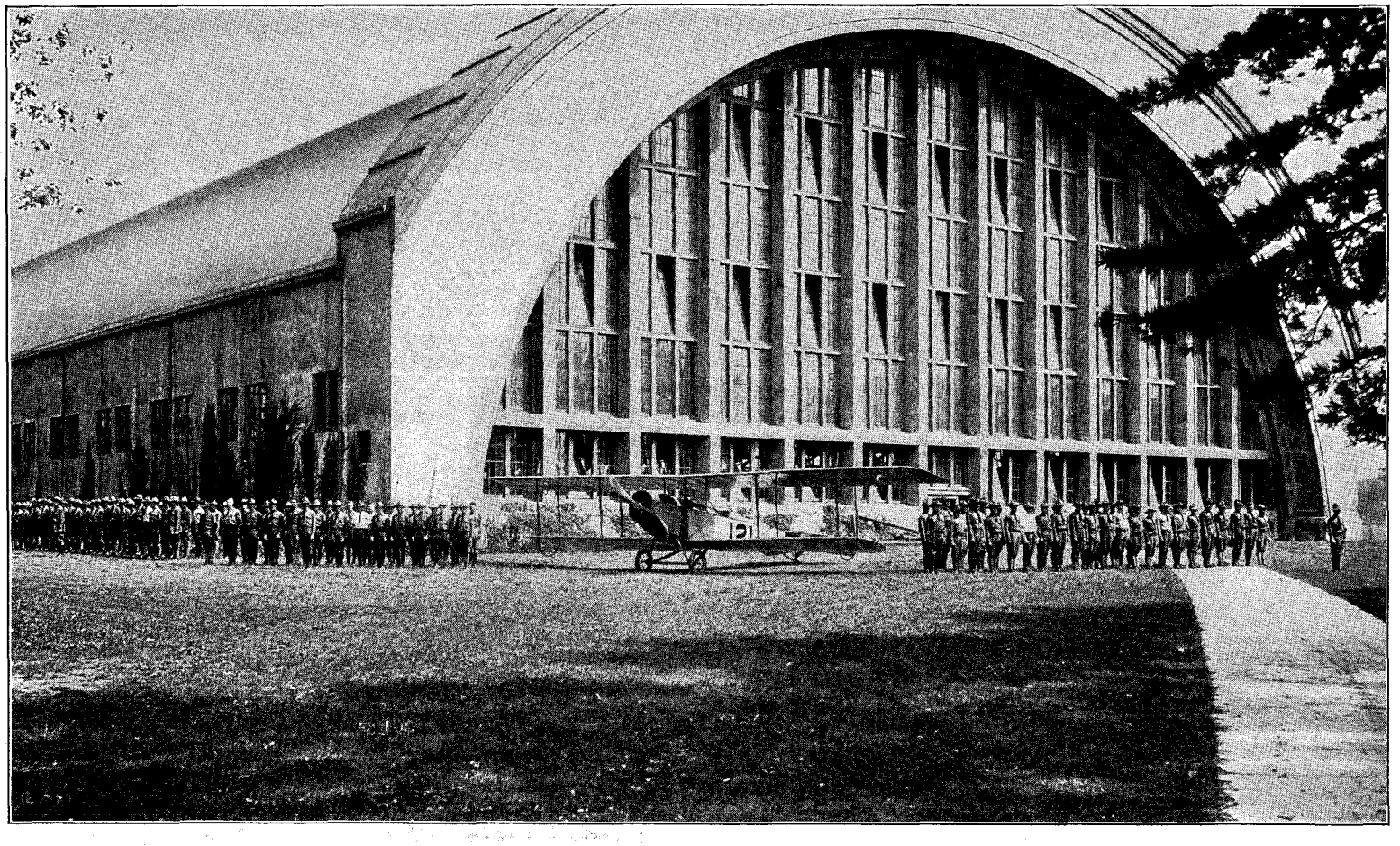

School of Military Aeronautics, University of Illinois.

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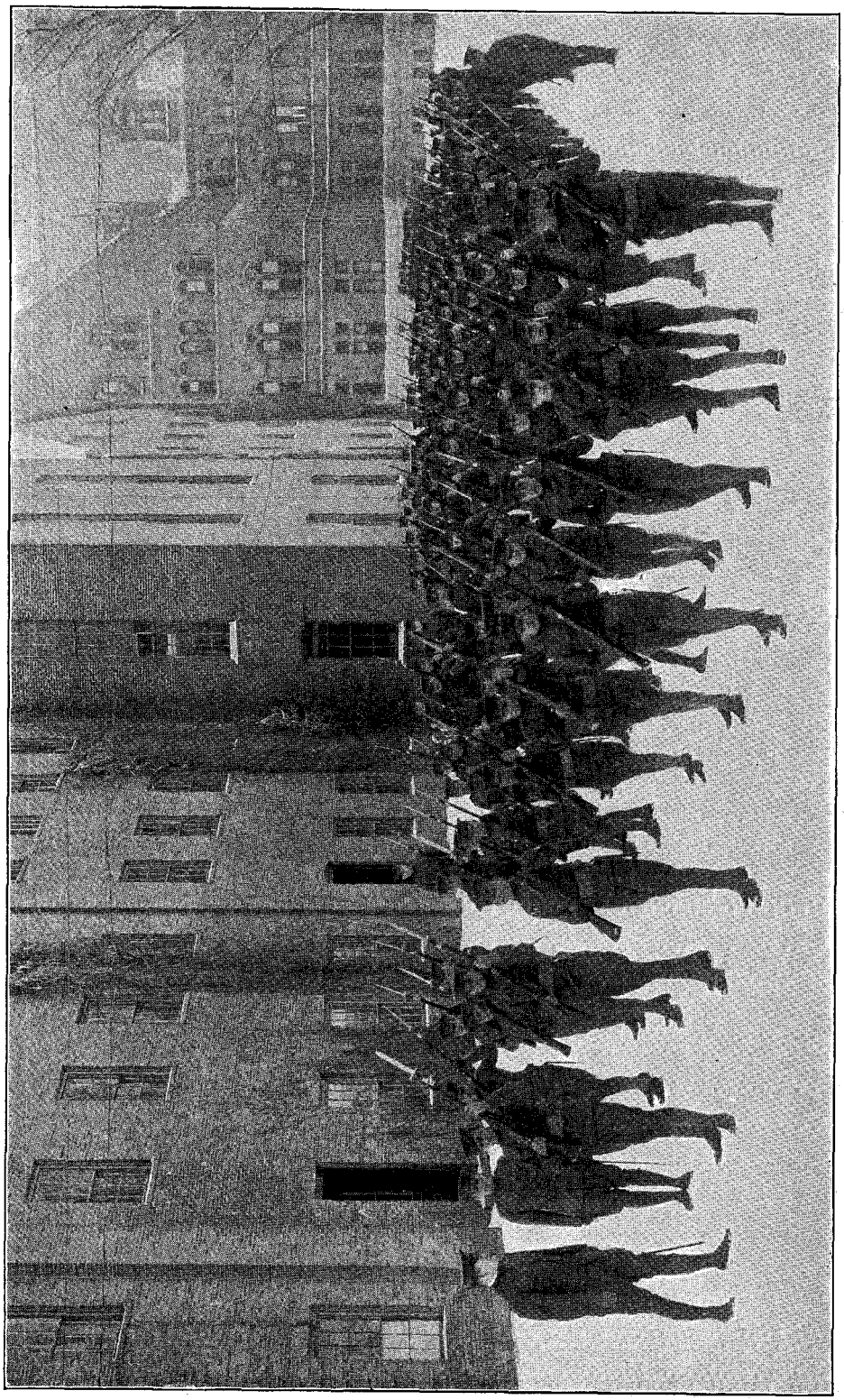

University of Vermont, company drill.

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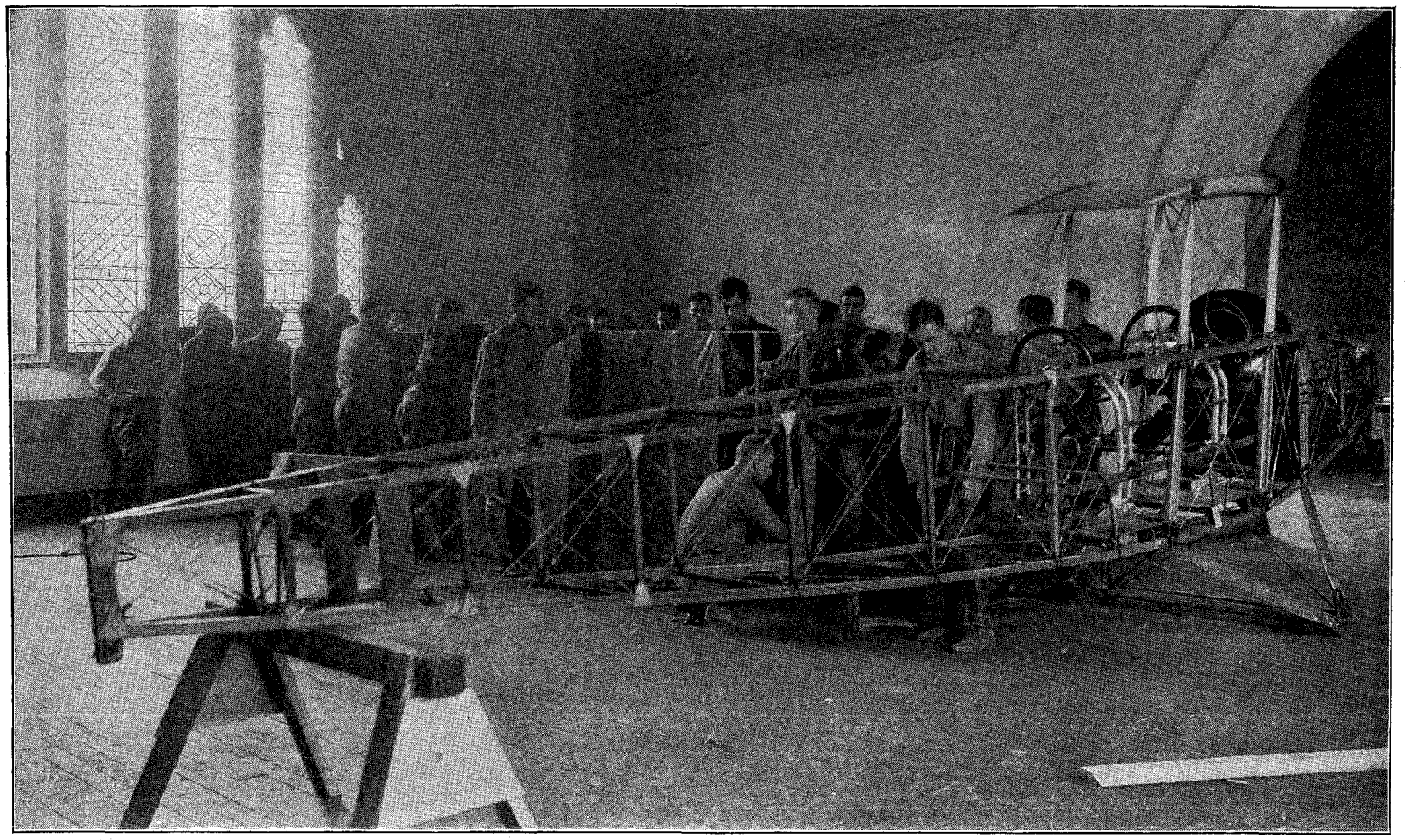

From a photograph by O. J. Turner.

The Princeton School of Military Aeronautics.

Students assembling parts of aeroplane. All of the men in this group are now "over there," some in Italy, some in France.

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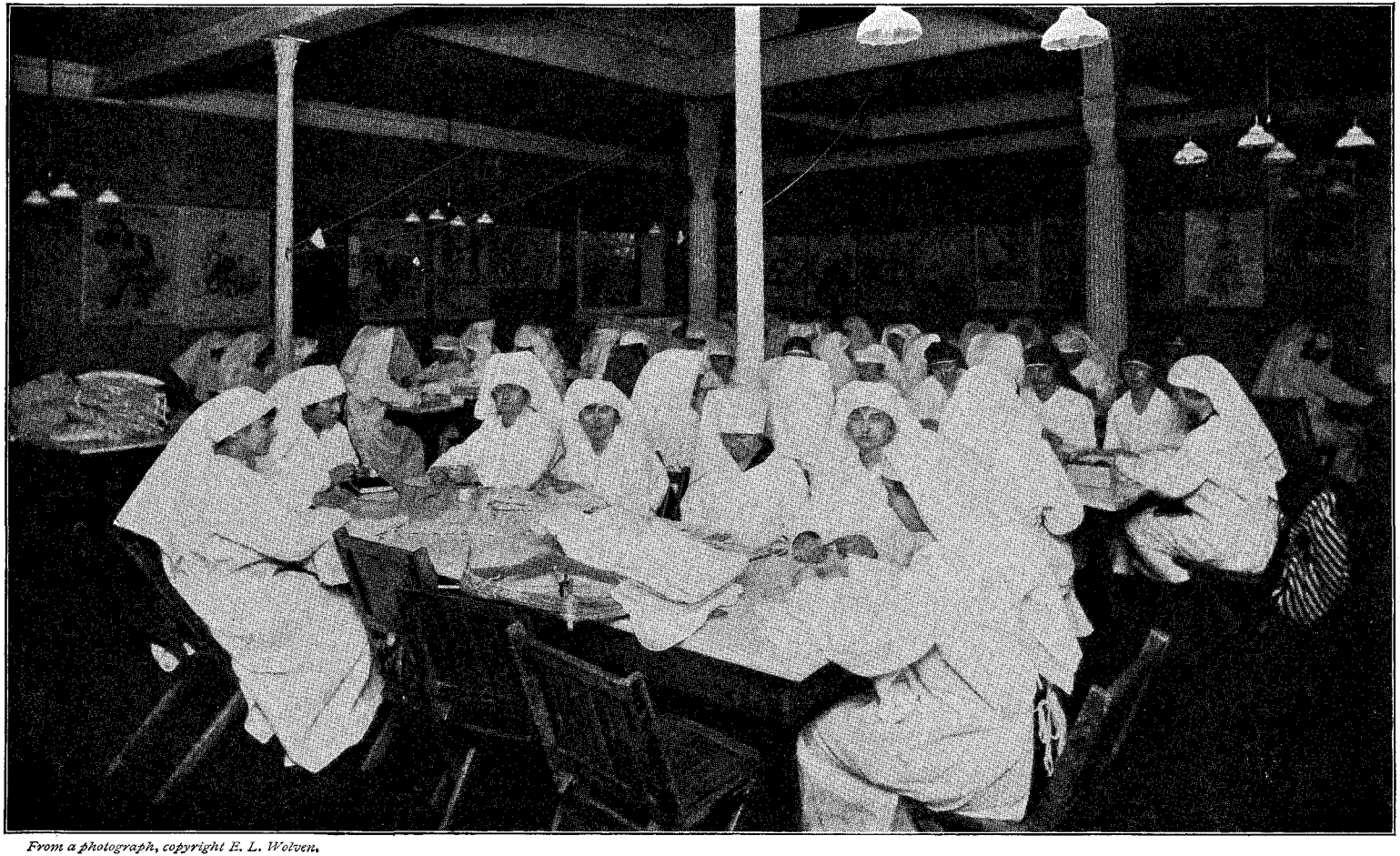

From a photograph, copyright E. L. Wolven.

Students in the Red Cross work-room at Vassar College.

Working in hourly shifts, they turn out thousands of articles each month.

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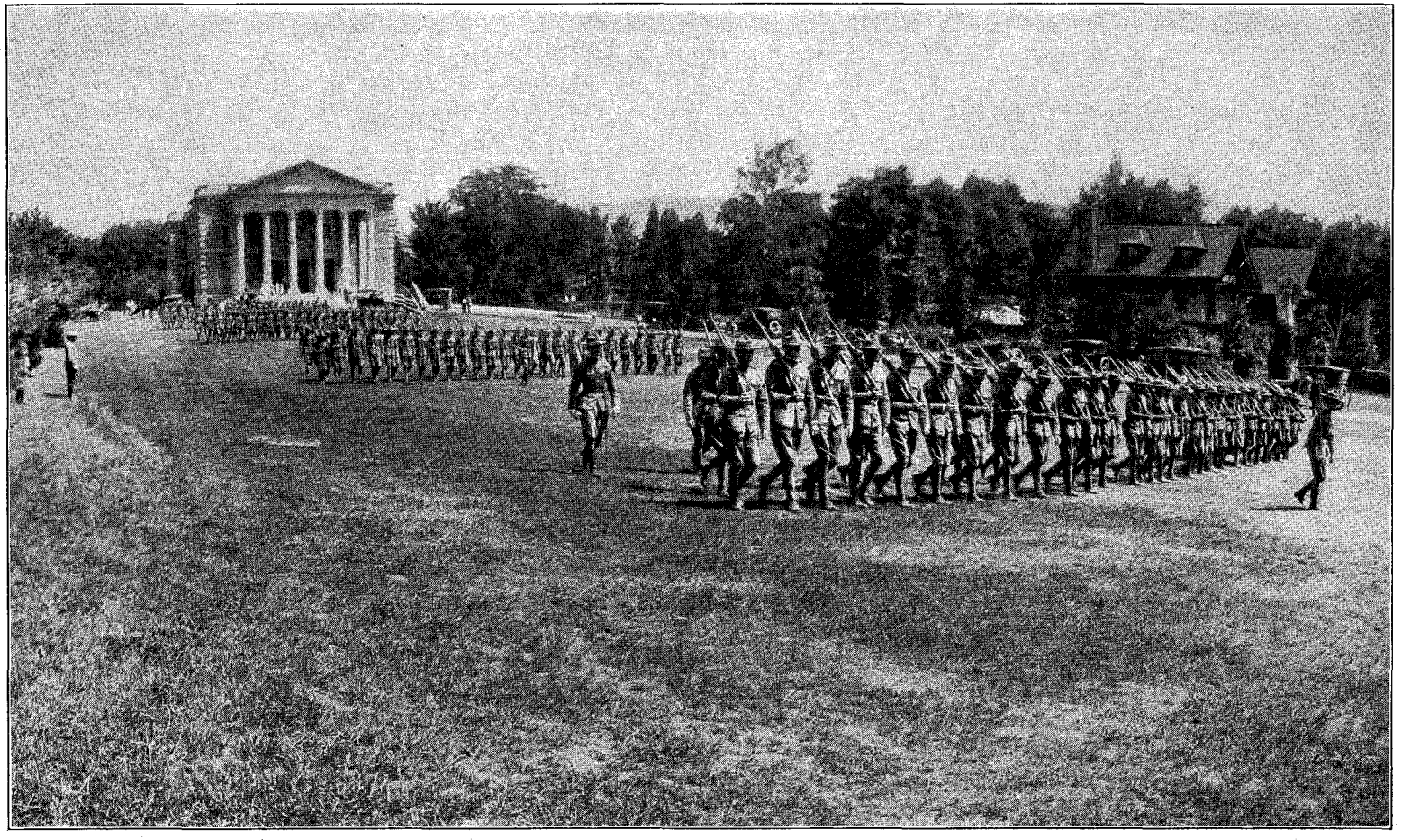

Williams College, summer of 1917.

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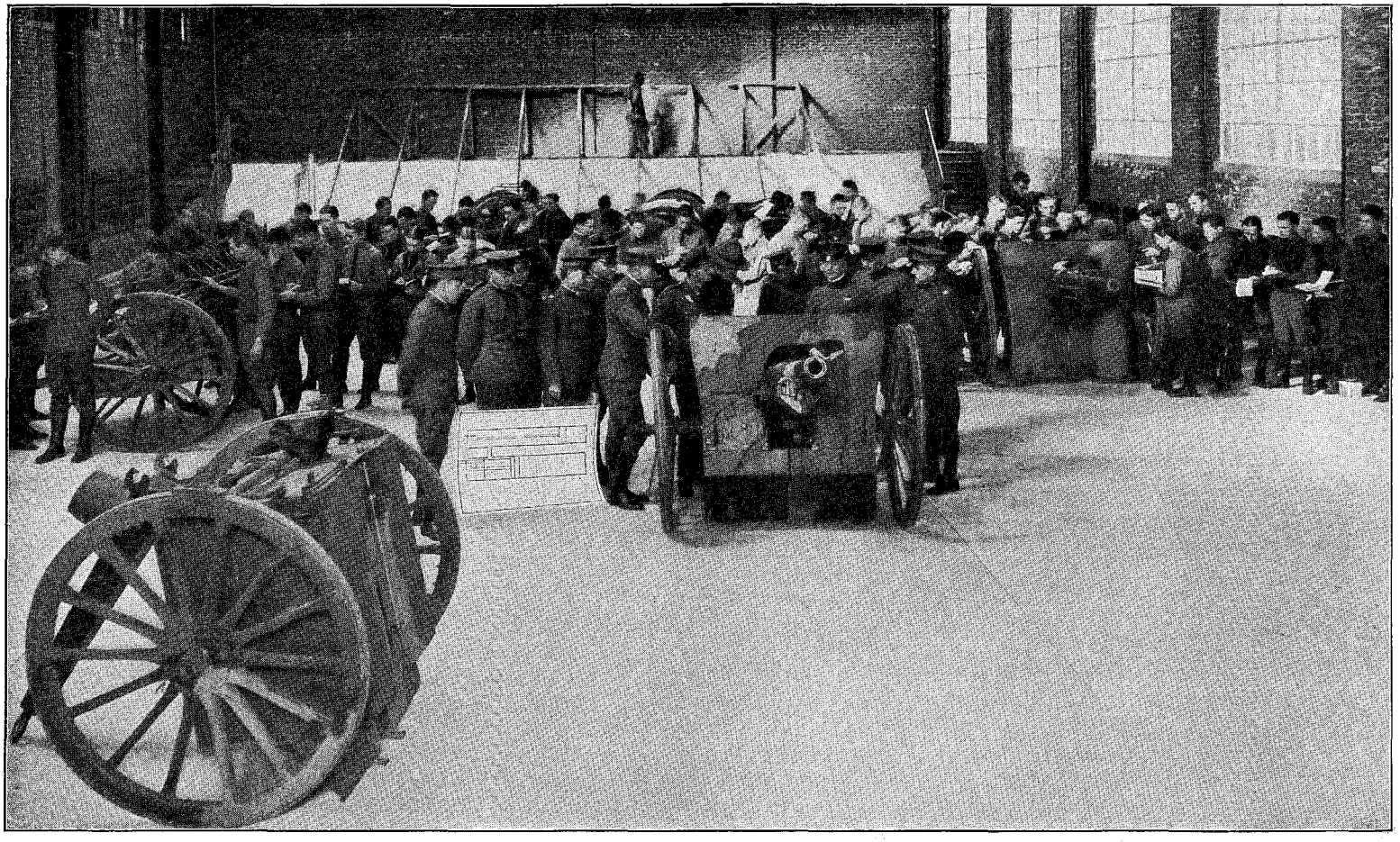

Yale battery and army officers in the new Yale Artillery Hall.

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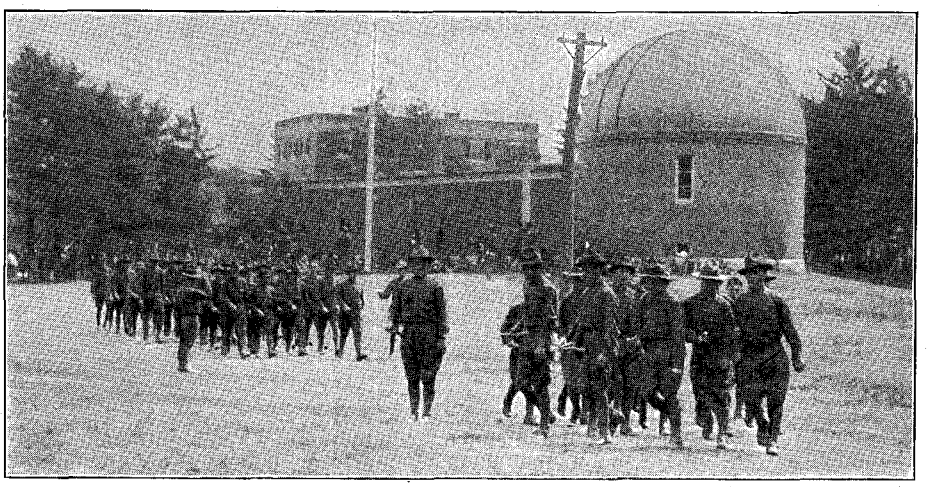
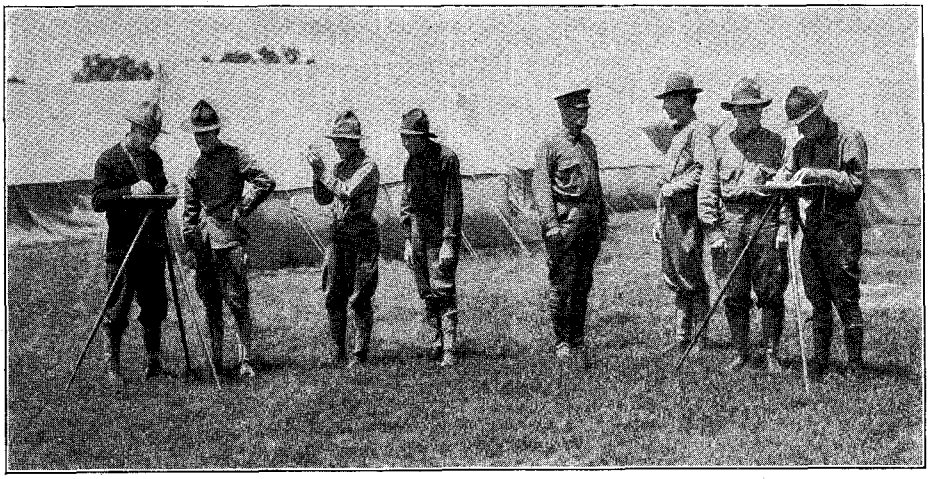


First Maine Heavy Field Artillery. Guard relief near the Observatory, Bowdoin College.

Oklahoma Agricultural and Mechanical College.



Topographical work at Iowa State College.

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A SIBERIAN EXILE'S STORY

HIS EXPERIENCES IN THE REVOLUTION; AND HIS HOPES FOR THE FUTURE OF HIS COUNTRY

BY ELIZABETH MINER KING

ONE of the first things the Council of Workmen's and Soldiers' Delegates of Russia took into consideration soon after the revolution was the cultivation of an international *entente cordiale*. It sent Jacob D. Baum, a young Revolutionist who had been a life exile in Siberia, and at one time sentenced to "hard labor" at the famous prison of Alexandrovsk, to London, and from London to the United States, where he was accredited to the Russian embassy. He was here several months interpreting conditions, transacting his business, and conferring with prominent Russians. He left in January, just at the time when the Council itself and the Constituent Assembly were rapidly changing hands, and is now back in Petrograd, presumably becoming acquainted with his new "bosses" and giving them his observations.

Mr. Baum was exiled at Irkutsk, Siberia, one of the principal exile centres as well as an important military district, where there were many prominent political prisoners, some of whom later were members of the provisional government and otherwise active in revolutionary affairs. He was in Irkutsk when they first heard the news of the revolt. He knew what the exiles did in their homes and on the streets during those days when four thousand miles away in Petrograd things were happening of which for days they were only allowed to surmise—and dream on of the future of Russia, which was to be an elysium of democracy.

Mr. Baum was a boy fifteen years of age when he was arrested the first time for taking part in revolutionary propaganda along with other boys and girls. School children became men and women overnight! Even before he was fifteen, he said, he read revolutionary literature. He was arrested five times in all under several different names. Each time heavier restrictions were imposed, until his last sentence was for lifelong exile—at twenty years of age. He is twenty-five now and has fulfilled several important missions in different countries of Europe.

Before the revolution Mr. Baum was in the little village of Gnamenka, Siberia, where he had been sent from the "hard-labor" prison of Alexandrovsk. In Gnamenka the exiles lived together like brothers and sisters— But let him tell it:

THE EXILE'S STORY

I DECIDED to leave Gnamenka and obtained a position in Irkutsk in the publishing-house of Siten, who helped me get a passport from the Governor-General. Siten, the greatest house of its kind in Russia, where the large newspapers and magazines are published, has branches and bookstores all over the country. I was working in the Irkutsk branch on February 28, the day the revolution began. (By the Russian calendar which is thirteen days behind our own.) School-teachers were coming in to talk over the text-books for the next year. Exiles were dropping in to discuss the book news of the day. The momentous questions of the new Russian fairy-stories and new editions of "Little Lord Fauntleroy" and of Miss Alcott's "Little Men" and "Little Women," of which Russian children never tire, were being thrashed over. There is not a wealth of books for children in Russia as there is in America. New days are coming for Russian children.

We were about to disperse when an exile came in with a telegram in his hand, sent to another revolutionist by his mother in Petrograd. The telegram read:

My dear child, your dreams are fulfilled. Soon you will be home.

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Our friend was Bakrilov, a young man twenty-two years old, who founded a revolutionary organization in one of the Petrograd high schools when he was a boy and was exiled along with six young fellows. Bakrilov is now in Petrograd, and has been private secretary to "Babooshka" Breshkovsky.

We were all startled by the telegram. There were wild guesses made there in the dusk of the book-shop. Some thought there had been a successful revolution. Some were so skeptical that they laughed at the conjecture. "Don't be misled," they said. "'Tis but another hoax. A joke on you. Preposterous!" they cried. I remember one old man, an exile, who came up to me after hearing about the telegram and said that he was going to ask Nicholas to give him back his five years of hard labor. "All wasted!" he said.

I went over to see my friend, A. R. Gotz, the well-known editor of the *Siberia*, the daily newspaper. Gotz was an exiled revolutionist with a life-term, and had served eight years at hard labor. "The usual news telegrams are not coming through," he said, "but I have something better!" I looked over his shoulder and read a telegram from his home:

We await you. Come as soon as possible.

Great was the excitement when the contents of the messages spread around. Every exile's house was full of anxious inquirers. As the doors were opened to admit us we saw comrades who had arrived before.

"Have you any news?" they called out. "Come in. Well, sit down and tell us what you know."

Bakrilov, in the meantime, had gone to one of the regiments in Irkutsk, gathered the soldiers around him, and begun to exhort them not to go against the people if his surmises that a revolution was impending were verified. Officers discovered Bakrilov at work and closed in. He escaped unhurt, but nearly lost his life for his pains.

Those who got out on the streets early the next morning found the city posted with a proclamation from the governor. The lamp-posts were covered with notices to the effect that all gatherings in the streets or in the meeting-halls were prohibited. As we came up the main street, soldiers were everywhere—a sympathetic guard surrounded by knots of people.

In the afternoon we happened to be in the office of the Union of Cities and Towns, still searching for news. A railway telegrapher, a revolutionist, came running in, saying excitedly that there were many official telegrams at the railway telegraph-office. He had brought one from the Minister of Communication and Transportation. Here, then, was the first official news! In a second we were all reading the despatch.

"Railway men," it read, "in agreement with the Duma, on such and such a day, I captured with the armed revolutionary forces the Ministry of Communication and Transportation, and give the following order:

"The old regime, which brought our country and its transportation to complete ruin, by an uprising and revolt of the people has fallen. In the capital there is a revolution. In the name of our country I call upon you to fulfil your duty. Each man must remain at his post, sacrificing himself, so that the country will be saved. The danger is great. I am your comrade by trade, an engineer.

(*Signed*) BUBLIKOFF,
Deputy of the Duma."

A great light spread over the faces of the group. Runners took the news. It went like wild-fire through the city. "In the name of our country!" the telegram said. *Our country.* Before it had always been "in the name of the Czar." *In the name of our country*, we repeated. It electrified us.

We commandeered all the typewriters, distributed copies of the telegram, and set out to obtain other typewriters. How many typewriters have you? we called out in the business offices. In a few hours the city was saturated with the manifold copies.

The message caused great astonishment, especially the signature of Bublikoff. Bublikoff was not a famous revolutionist. We did not know him as a worker among us. He was one of the progressive members of the Duma. So it was not clear what kind of a new government had been founded.

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That night arrangements were made for a general meeting of representatives of all the revolutionary and progressive organizations around Irkutsk, to be held in the city hall on the next evening. In many cases the revolutionary groups had anticipated our notice; had met and elected representatives so as to be ready, benefiting from their experience in 1905. Preliminary organization was going on at the same time in the different barracks of the regiment around the city. We knew that we would have part of the army with us. But what units and how many?

About one hundred and fifty representatives—lawyers, physicians, school-teachers, and others—came to the meeting. Tseretelli, then in exile in Irkutsk, was made chairman. Editor Gotz was vice-chairman. The meeting had hardly convened when Captain Gowk, from one of the regiments, appeared and asked Chairman Tseretelli for the floor.

"I have come to declare that my regiment will not go against the people," he said in loud tones. "We are ready to support the revolution. Our regiment has formed a small military committee. If I have permission, armed forces from the regiment will protect this gathering." He departed, and within half an hour returned with an armed guard. The meeting went on. With Captain Gowk, other officers, soldiers, and exiles, our own Military Committee was formed to aid the revolution. Here was an exile who had been a military expert. He was put in charge. Tasks were assigned to other specialists among us.

Presently Captain Gowk came in from the conference-room adjoining and asked permission of Tseretelli further to protect the meeting by a guard of artillery. His Military Committee had received word of the doubtful allegiance of one of the regiments. Before we could turn around, it seemed, this whole "doubtful" regiment came marching to the hall. They sent in a big burly peasant from their number, who stood up before us, a giant with a greater beard.

"The regiment has learned that your Military Committee is doubtful about our allegiance," he said. "Bad men and liars have spread such news. I declare in the name of our country that the regiment will not go against the people. We are ready to fight for the protection of the new government!"

With that we heard the rumble of the increased guard of artillery, and rushing to the window, saw a heavy barricade of guns banked around the building.

To get a better view, I went out on a little balcony overhanging the front portico. Below me were a mass of soldiers and the guns shaping up ominously in the night.

Suddenly from up the street a cab drawn by two highly equipped horses came dashing toward the hall. The door of the cab flew open and a colonel from an Irkutsk regiment stepped out. He was fitted out in all his gold braid and made a business of clanking his armament. Putting his face in front of the officer of the guard, he shouted:

"Who ordered you to come here?"

"I am on guard duty. Go away!" replied the officer.

"But I am your commander," the colonel continued lordly.

"You are not my commander," parleyed the officer of the guard. "My commander is in there (pointing to the hall), the chairman of the revolutionary committee!"

The colonel stood rigid for a second. Near him was one of the artillery guns. With a leap he was upon it.

"Hear my orders!" he bellowed to the soldiers.

"Comrades, soldiers!" interrupted the officer of the guard, shouting louder than the colonel, "by the appointment of the Military Committee of the Revolutionary Government, *I* am your commander. Hear *my* orders! Arrest!"

The soldiers raised their guns and, closing in, hauled down the colonel, handling him roughly. His life was in danger.

Officers from the meeting who had been watching the scene from the steps overlooking the crowd now rushed in.

"Hold! Hold!" they called. "Let us not be examples of the old régime. Arrest him and take him quietly into the hall."

The meeting went on all night. There were immense problems to be discussed. We knew practically nothing of the policies and progress of the revolutionary movement in other sections. We had to

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decide independently upon our own course. Committees worked rapidly. Men were running in and out. Sudden lulls of intense realization would come—then excited, vociferous discussion. Late in the night representatives of the Cossacks came.

At three o'clock in the morning we heard a knock upon the door. The guard reported that a gentleman who declared himself to be the District Attorney asked permission to come in, as he had a message for Chairman Tseretelli. "Let him in then," we said.

The District Attorney walked to the platform, turned, and faced us. He spoke slowly:

"I have just received an order from the Minister of Justice, Kerensky, a member of the new government which has been founded by the Duma and the people of Petrograd, to release all political and religious prisoners at once. In view of events, I have decided to recognize the new government and ask you for help."

A great silence fell upon us.

"Have you anything more to say?" asked Tseretelli.

"No," said the District Attorney, and thereupon was led to an anteroom where lawyers and others were sent to help him. He was a powerful man in the district.

As soon as he was out of the way, the tenseness of the moment was over. Exiles arose. Shouted. Clapped. Cried.

Tseretelli held up his hand to stay the sway of emotion or turn it into quieter channels.

And then he made a speech that will never be forgotten in Russia.

"This is the assurance that the hopes of our lives are fulfilled," he said. "I ask you not to lose yourselves. The revolution has begun. It must be finished!"

As he ceased speaking, the District Attorney came in again.

"Mr. Chairman," he said, "the political and religious prisoners are now sleeping in and around the city. Shall I awake them and release them to-night, or shall I reserve the news until morning?"

Before Tseretelli had a chance to reply, the delegates called out, bursting like bombs one after the other:

"Awake them! Awake them! They will not object." The message was flashed around Irkutsk. The whole city woke up!

I stayed in Siberia twenty-eight days after that helping the returning exiles; a committee had been formed to assist them. The new Minister of Transportation and Communication ordered that all the eighty thousand exiles be given free passage back to their homes, and that everything possible be done to aid them. Special trains were furnished for all who were in Siberia. For the life-term exiles from the Alexandrovsk "hard-labor" prison, a long train was sent to Irkutsk. When these men came down to entrain, the city turned out to meet them with an honor guard of military cadets. The men from Alexandrovsk heard ringing cheers. They smiled faintly. They were asleep with joy and dreaming the greatest dream of their lives.

Two other special trains were sent from Moscow. Every car was decorated on the outside with red flags at the corners, and with posters. On each coach was hung a long sign, printed in large letters:

WE ARE GOING TO SIBERIA TO BRING HOME FIGHTERS FOR RUSSIA'S LIBERTY!

Decorations made by the children and art students in the schools of Moscow were on the inside of each car. In every corner through the long trains were "Welcome!" banners and greetings. These trains were sent by the Zemstvos and came directly from the fighting front with their entire crews. They had been in service as hospital-trains and coaches for the transportation of officers, and were entirely redecorated. Even the dishes for the dining-coaches were new.

There were two hundred and twenty exiles on the train which carried me home. We pulled out of Irkutsk about nine o'clock in the evening, with men, women, and little children shouting "God Speed!" Then began a long trip in short lengths during which we were fêted and saluted all day and all night. We were played out of bed at three and four o'clock in the morning by bands at towns and cities, blaring forth the "Marseillaise" and revolutionary hymns. At every stop the train was surrounded by a military guard of honor, people and music—at not one single station at which the train stopped in the six hundred miles, was this ceremony lacking. No one, not even

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the Czar, had received such homage from the countryside.

We reached one town one night at two o'clock. The people had been waiting for us at the station for five hours. There had to be speeches of welcome from them, and answers from our side. "Shall we ever get any sleep?" we asked. I think it was here that the populace first requested us to drop off several of our party so that they could entertain them for a few days. Had we accepted such frequent invitations, the train would have arrived in Moscow empty.

Peasants came to meet us at another station with cakes they had baked. A clergyman in a little village gathered his people around him at our train and offered a prayer for health and safety. It was then pitch-dark. Only the flaming torches held by the men revealed the shapes of the rejoicing peasants and the shepherding figure of the clergyman in their midst.

It was ten o'clock that night and the—what you call joy-riding—was killing us even though our train was luxurious and long. In our party were Zgeloff, one of the exiled members of the second Duma, who in private life had been a factory worker. And Schmiloff, the well-known novelist and correspondent. Schmiloff later published a series of articles in the *Russkie Viedomosty* of Moscow, "the daily of the Moscow professors." Twelve exiles on my train had received death penalties which had been changed to sentences of life imprisonment or exile. I remember one of our pastimes consisted in taking a census of the aggregate number of years our numerous sentences represented.

Soon we were near enough to be approaching the homes of some of those on board. Who will be the first to go? Ah, *you?* Lucky man. Good-by! Good-by! The village would take him into its arms. Then the next would drop off. And the next. We left one exile when it seemed as if the peasants from all the villages around had congregated to welcome him home, which was an exaggerated conception because it happened to be one of the numerous national holidays which the peasants still were keeping.

When we finally arrived in Moscow we were met by the Moscow authorities. Many of the exiles went directly to their homes near by as fast as transportation could carry them. Others had friends in the city who ran to greet us. Those who stayed immediately placed themselves at the disposition of the local revolutionary council. The same thing happened at Rostov and at Petrograd, at whatever point was home. Prominent exiles went on to fill important posts.

Irkutsk in a sense was a supply-station for the provisional revolutionary government. In Irkutsk there had been Tseretelli, the Caucasian, mentioned above as the chairman of the first mass-meeting in Irkutsk, who went home to Petrograd, after serving six years at hard labor, to become the new Minister of Posts and Telegraphs and a Vice-Chairman of the All-Russian Council. He was a member of the second Duma of 1907, and was exiled with others for his work as a leader of the Duma faction of the Social Democratic party.

Saltikoff, another exiled member of the second Duma, was one of the Irkutsk group, who later was given an undersecretaryship of the Department of the Interior of the new government. Then there was Tagchoglo, at one time under a death penalty and later a life exile. Tagchoglo has been in Odessa as a prominent member of the local council. And the famous Editor Gotz, one of the founders and a member of the central executive committee of the Social Revolutionary party, who returned to take active part in the new republic.

What has happened since looked from America like a mighty churning of wheels within wheels. It has not been caused by disagreement over fundamental principles of Russian democracy, but because of the impatience of groups who objected to the manner of obtaining the institution of these principles. The less restrained cried for sweeping changes "at once." The more far-sighted said, "as soon as possible."

All Russia is looking to but one future—pure democracy. The rebirth of the nation has been attended by difficulties which might well seem almost insurmountable in view of the mechanical problem alone. Consider the enormous territory Russia covers; her segregated peoples; her depreciation through long

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endurance of devitalizing autocracy. The World War added to this made a combined situation almost beyond human power to encompass. The prolongation of the war would have sucked the breath of the new government.

Although order has been coming slowly —a complete upheaval of a great body or movement is bound to settle slowly—a Constituent Assembly, in some form, and the Council of Workmen's and Soldiers' Delegates gradually will reduce the difficulties.

The future for Russia is full of possibilities for great social reforms—reforms which particularly will do much for the peasants and workers. In the main, they are: full democratic suffrage with equal opportunities for both men and women; promises of labor protection—new laws in the interest of abolition of child labor, employment of women, wages and hours; government control, and ownership in some instances, of industries; new policies of non-capitalistic land-tenure; religious independence; education for the masses; more equitable taxation; better commerce, national and international.

The heart of Russia has been touched by this programme of reorganization. Take the land problem. If the Social Revolutionists do not change their demands, which is unlikely on this fundamental point, land will be nationalized. The extensive private estates, some of them covering several villages, the land now belonging to the church, and that which now is in possession of the government, all will become national property to be apportioned among workers who will benefit from it according to their labor. Possibly the Constituent Assembly, or a like body, will decide that the land shall not be confiscated in all cases, but paid for in small amounts.

In the new order the peasants no longer are beholden to the Church as a state obligation. The Romanoff Government owned the Church, body and soul. Now it is free. The religious sects which were persecuted, from now on will have more influence, and this will be good in nearly every instance. The position of the old Church to-day, as the result of the domination of the Czar's government, is that of an almost powerless political institution. The peasants hate the clergy because a great part of them for many years have had to preach "Love the Czar!" On the other hand, there were some who were liberal and intelligent, men who preached real Christianity—they were persecuted. I remember one clergyman in Gnamenka who had been sentenced to eight years at hard labor for taking part in revolutionist propaganda. However, as a class the ecclesiastics preached "Love the Czar!" as an alternative to being unchurched, until it became a second nature to them and kept them from taking a class part in the revolutionary movement. But they did not dare to declare openly against the revolution because the peasants would have made short work of them. Theirs was an unenviable position in which it was exceedingly difficult to compromise.

There was less excuse for the tardy declaration of the clergy in favor of the revolution than for other classes. The clergy had the advantage of at least some education. The masses of the people were unable to read and write. To them there were no such things as vague theories of government which had no daily application to their own problems. They knew their own day's doings and nothing else. The future education in Russia will be a story of adult schools, of kindergartens for children of grammar-school age, of classes for big boys and big girls of peasants and workers who never before have had the chance to study.

Education has been as small and autocratic as the form of government itself. The Russian intellectuals, few, indeed, in comparison with the mass, were better educated than in any other country in the world. Before the revolution Russia's educational prestige stopped there, and thence dwindled into nothingness. To-day peasants and workers are crying out for education. There are not enough schools for them. Teachers have been underpaid, but have been of a high type who worked for other things than money. They have been one of the most progressive intellectual and political elements in the villages, and were oppressed by political police and a bad school system.

Russia has had three types of schools: The public school, where for four years children learned to read and write. Children who were fortunate enough to gain

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admission to these schools were fortunate again if they finished with ability to accomplish reading and writing. These were known as the "one-class schools." In them only part of the school population could be accommodated. There would be one school for a large district, an area over which it would be impossible for children to travel to and fro every day. I have known of cases where there was but one public school for a great many villages. Another department of the public school, but a little higher, was called the "two-class school." Both were free.

The second type was the city school, where some high-school subjects were taught. Then came the high schools, with eight classes in a seven-year course, which no poor child could attend because of the fee for tuition, two hundred rubles a year. The universities, the highest institutions, were entirely too few, only ten in all Russia. The new education will bring three times the present number of universities within ten years. For some time different cities, societies, and groups have made known their desire to establish universities at their own expense. In every case the Romanoff government stamped out any such movement. High schools, too, probably will be free for every child who has the necessary preliminary training. There will be public schools enough to provide a seat for every child. Teachers will be paid decent wages. They have been getting only about sixty rubles a month.

Russian teachers and school children now have been relieved of the duty of observing a succession of Romanoff holidays which constantly interrupted the school year. The schools were closed on the birth, marriage, and death anniversaries of all the Romanoffs of present and past generations, besides on the ordinary religious holidays. During the month of May, which happened to have been chosen by the Romanoff family as a good time for numerous marriages and births, there were fourteen working days, the remainder were holidays. Some of these were the holidays of the father of Nicholas, which he ordered kept. For clerks in commercial houses who were paid by the month, this was a convenient arrangement whereby they worked part of the month and drew a full month's pay. For merchants and business men, it was a constant source of aggravation, because they were watched carefully and fined for violations.

There will be a new order of holidays in Russia. The anniversary of the birth of a royal daughter some hundred years ago will be a plain working and school day. In addition to the main religious holidays, it is likely that the 27th of February will be named as the first national holiday, Russia's Independence Day. There also probably will be a holiday declared to commemorate the funeral day of the victims of the revolution, ten days after the outbreak. That memorable day when every man, woman, and child in Petrograd was in the streets, solemn-eyed and still, walking slowly, keeping pace with the funeral cortège of the martyrs for Russian liberty. There was such voluntary order and decorum in that dense crowd as the funeral processions passed that it was possible to walk without the slightest touch of the elbow. No one jostled; no one pushed. All were erect in silent mourning.

It was a moment when Russia's future seemed assured, a moment which revealed the real people upon whom the nation of the future will build. Notwithstanding internal differences of opinion, the Russian masses are just as impressed with their responsibility to the new order as they were with the solemnity of that moment. They are bound that the world shall see the change in the national face. I know that the government established by the new Congress in the course of events will reorganize the diplomatic service so that it will represent the new country. To represent successfully a great democracy it is necessary to do more than smile just right. The old diplomacy is dead.

Russia must have straightforward businesslike dealings with the nations of the world. The opportunities for the development of Russian commerce, for the benefit of both herself and the world, are enormous. Russia has a wealth of natural resources. The needs of her people, especially of the peasants and workers, will constantly increase. Quantities of new industrial machinery will be needed. New transportation equipment will be imperative, as will farm-machinery and

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the necessaries for the development of mining properties and for the marketing of the products from Russia's rich forests.

International commerce with Russia will be increased greatly. There will be much to get out and much to get in. It is not clear now which country will have the largest share of Russian trade. The United States would be the first country were it not for location. It is obvious that on account of geographical position, Germany has the advantage in trade possibilities.

But the methods of the past will not be those of the future. The new republic does not want industrial progress as it is exemplified in other countries. We do not want to start with a house of Morgan. The laws of the democracy will prevent such accumulated capital. Nor will they allow the country to be under the thumb of a gigantic privately owned railway system, though Russia sadly needs railway development. There will be new carriers and improved service, but under government supervision.

What a work! The mere organization is enough to last the present generation, and keep it unceasingly busy. The new government hardly has begun. It hardly has outlined itself. Its shell, so to speak, could be summed up for the layman as follows:

The All-Russian Constituent Assembly, or a similarly constituted Congress, which will be the fundamental lawmaking body and centre of government. It has seven hundred delegates elected by the people. A committee of the Provisional government consisting of professors of law in Russian universities has been formulating a new electoral law for Russia which shall embody the most progressive policies known in the world. On the committee were also representatives of all nationalities in the republic, all political parties, all the departments of the government. With the advice of this committee, the central body will decide whether there will be one or two houses. I am inclined now to think there will be but one house. And it will determine, too, whether there shall be a President of the republic.

It seems as if there were to be three principal political parties in Russia. First, the party of the workers—the Social Democrats. Second, the peasants' party—the Social Revolutionists; they are going to be the strongest for a long time. Third, the Liberal party, built up among the Constitutional Democrats in the cities. To-day this is a party of Russian intellectuals, doctors, engineers, and officers, although it is supported by commercial interests. I believe it will have a change of face and become the party also of the merchants and capitalists.

There also must be mentioned a faction of reactionaries which may exist in the future. Such a constituted faction now is impossible, of course. Its place, when it does come, certainly will be small.

It may be that Russia will be a federated republic. Where there is a majority of one nationality in a province there is likely to be national autonomy, nevertheless, securing the rights of the minority, closely allied with the central government in the interest of a united democracy. A solidly united Russia will have more influence for liberty and justice in the world than a divided country could exercise. It is in the interest of world democracy that Russia shall be kept together.

The Russian people, not yet spoiled by the street civilization of great cities, will foster and develop a healthy instinct. The national mind is clear now, and the new government will not make vodka free for alcoholism. The old régime imposed an excessive tax upon vodka, an ineffectual part of the mad system of taxation hung about the necks of the people, which will go.

But the Russian revolution will do far more good than merely selfishly lightening personal burdens in Russia. We can speak of it in world terms. Its power will be felt all over the globe; we already have seen the effect of the Russian revolution of 1905 even upon such nations as China and Turkey. The finer the development of the social structure of Russia, the nearer we come to an internationalism which does not destroy in the least our constituted nationalities, but wipes away the barriers between nations, brings them into agreement upon common matters of fundamental interest to humanity, and gives them opportunity for real development.

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ETERNAL YOUTH

By Wilbur Daniel Steele

ILLUSTRATIONS BY C. LEROY BALDRIDGE

"Smart lad, to slip betimes away . . ."—*Shropshire Lad.*

HE must have stolen a sip at the Fountain, for he was the same Bill, never a day older. How feeble and life-worn we looked beside him! Just to see him swinging across the campus now in his old football sweater was enough to bring back the magic of a driven field, the sweet reek of moleskins and mud and sweat, the whirl, the crush, the sudden staggering recoil, the prayer choking in the throat, the far-away, rocking thunder of the West Stand, commanding miracles. How he shamed us! With what a clear-eyed youth did he dispose of our little foibles and dignities and senses of failure! No, no—Bill Hollander would never be an Old Grad!

Not that the rest of us were old! Hower may perhaps have turned thirty. Day before yesterday, a hundred or a thousand miles away about our business, heaven knows we had been youngsters with all of life before us. But here, hemmed in by ruthless, undergraduate eyes, we became suddenly conscious of the fact that Pughe had a beard and a baby, Hower a touch of gray, Tellman the beginnings of a figure, and myself a way of thinking things over.

We had come up to riot, throwing care away. On the trains we had slapped backs and tripped legs; at the station a crowd of us had resurrected "Bend the Knee," a little frightened at the sound of our own forgotten voices. They had told us we owned the college, and we had believed them—for a moment. By afternoon we knew it wasn't so. Some of us took decently to earth in our fraternity-houses; some caught cars to town and got out of the way; Pughe and I found sanctuary on the west steps of the Hall, where no one came now that classes were done for the year, and watched the sun go down behind the Gym.

A golden life encompassed us without touching us. There was a song somewhere—three or four voices in harmony and a hint of strings. Bright-colored groups moved here and there beneath the young maples, busy, glad, expectant. We were both, I think, a little appalled. When a group of Senior girls passed not far from us, carrying paper plates and Japanese lanterns to the Gymnasium and conversing in serious, retarded voices, we edged closer to each other on the step with a quite instinctive gesture. The bell in the chapel tower began to ring, gathering up the ends of day, deep, sweet, solemn. There was no bell when Pughe and I were undergraduates, no tower, no chapel. The college was growing out of reason, along with the West.

Pughe lighted his pipe.

"How'd you like to be back again?" I asked, after a long silence. He didn't answer. By and by, though, I heard him sigh.

"Life is the devil, Burt."

"Oh, shut up!" I said.

A young fellow came around the corner, whistling and swinging a bundle of books at the end of a strap. He was one of the gangling, sallow sort—all heart and eyes—the sheet-anchor of Sophomore committees. Bringing up at sight of us, he cocked his head and his little cap. We imagined him marvelling at us, as animals a bit outlandish and incredible. He wasn't, at all.

"Alumni?"

"Kind of," I hedged.

Pughe took his pipe out of his mouth and used it to point with.

"Tell me," he said. "Who's that fellow down there? I mean the one at the foot of the Gym steps in the white sweater talking with those girls—see? The big fellow."

I wondered what he was up to; catching his eye, however, I said nothing. The Sophomore stared at him for a moment, and then at me, his lower lip drooping.

"Don't you *know?*" he said.

Laying his books on the step below us and sitting on them, he nursed a pointed knee. Color touched his cheeks.

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"Don't you know *Bill? Hollander?* All-Western tackle? Three years running? Bill Hollander? Why—*that's Bill Hollander!*"

Pughe scratched the bald spot on his chin with the pipe-stem and gave me a dry, sidewise glance of the eye.

"I've heard the name," he nodded. After a moment he added with a note of dismissal: "Thanks! Thanks awfully!"

The youngster tucked his books under an arm and moved off on his long legs, looking back at us in doubt. At the corner he hesitated, ran a finger around his collar, and returned—hungrily.

"It's funny you don't know Bill. I always supposed—I— Well, it's like this: we think a good deal of Bill, here in college. He's got the spirit! The kind— Well, the kind that never says 'die.' He's worked his way through—ten years of it, Bachelor, Master, and to-morrow night he gets his Ph.D. And in all that time, I guess, Bill has never made an enemy. That's the kind of a fellow Bill is. . . ."

It was like playing a fish, almost painful. He got up to go, and then sat down again, wrapping his knees tighter in his arms.

"They tell a story of Bill, back in the dark ages—the Thanksgiving game in Nineteen Blank? Nineteen *Blank??*" His eyes begged us to brighten at mention of that year. "First time the college ever beat 'State'???"

Pughe knocked the heel out of his pipe—and it was none of my business.

"Well, *anyway!*" the youngster went on with a savage patience; "they'd scored a safety on us early in the first half, and after that there was nothing doing either way. *Some* game! I've read the clippings they've got in the Gym. Well, and then with only about a minute to play in the last half, two to nothing against us, and our ball on their fifty-yard line, Bill dropped back from tackle to try for a 'Princeton.' Think of it! The fifty-yard line! *And Bill had never kicked before!*"

The fellow was on his feet now, bending slightly over us, his little cap crushed in one hand and the long, trembling forefinger of the other describing symbolic rings of some sort around the button. The sun went down, and the whole western sky was colored a luminous green. The green gave back from everything to everything, a curiously epic light.

"What happened?" asked Pughe.

"Well—the quarterback *fumbled the pass! Killed the kick!* That would 've been enough for most fellows, wouldn't it? Not Bill! It just shows what Bill is. He scooped that ball off the ground on the run—and by that time the whole 'State' eleven was on top of him. And they say—fellows that were there then—that Bill Hollander carried the whole darn 'State' eleven on his back, fifty yards, for a touchdown! *Touchdown! He carried the whole darn—'State'—eleven——*"

He had tears in his eyes, actually; big, round, green, epic tears.

"You *must* have heard of it!" he cried, passionately.

Pughe nodded a ruminative head.

"I have, yes. I remember now about the quarterback who fumbled the pass. He was that kind—good enough, you know—except for that fatal tendency to fumble in a pinch. Even after he left college—all his life. His name was Pughe."

I let the Sophomore get out of sight and hearing before I spoke.

"Teddy Pughe, you're low, you're stinking, and you're a worm!"

"Forever," he answered, "and forever. Amen!"

Bill ran us to earth in the Phi Zeta house after dinner—Pughe, Tellman, and myself—huddled in a Freshman's room, trying to keep from under foot of those who were dressing "up." They were everywhere. It seemed futile to compete with them. Tellman had been talking, off and on, about getting up a whist-game, but somehow or other we just sat.

It was like a wind when Bill came in.

"*What!*" he yelled. "*What!*"

He had a great, deep voice, with a laugh at the bottom of it.

"*Not dressed yet!*"

We eyed one another. Tellman made a sheepish attempt at defense.

"Well, Bill, we— It's like this, Bill; we were thinking we would turn up at the Gym a little later—maybe—for a spell."

Bill towered over us, pounding the table. His face was flushed. He used his right hand like a cheer-leader, beating his words in.

"You fellows make me sick to my

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stomach! Do you know what this is, to-night? Say! Do you know what it means to your college? Your Alma Mater? Say! Do you realize that the Senior fellows of half the high schools in this State will be in your Gym to-night—*looking 'round?* Say! What's the matter, what's the matter? Why, there was a time when you three fellows— Oh, you ought to be ashamed, you—you *big, fat boobs!* . . . Now there's Jinny Hower; why can't you be more like Hower? He's got a *little* spirit left. He's going to take Lucy Whitehouse over to the Gym to-night. And who the devil's Lucy Whitehouse? Oh, nobody, nobody! Little girl from Springs High School; not much any way. *But!*—Lucy Whitehouse's brother just happens to be the lad that put the Springs on the football map last fall. Runs the hundred 'flat'; weighs a hundred and eighty-five and just beginning to grow. Now! Look at me, all of you! *Do you want that boy to go up to—'STATE'?"*

There was a silence. Pughe took his hands out of his pocket and put them back again. His voice was uncertain and vaguely wistful.

"You're wrong, Bill. You're off your trolley, Bill, if you think for a minute—I tell you, I've got as much spirit as the next man. And I'm——"

Bill reached up suddenly and ripped a pennant from the wall, pins and all.

"Look at this!" he cried, holding it across his breast. "Have you got one of these in your room at home, to-day? Say!"

"I *had* one—on the parlor table—till the kid tipped the ink-well over. I'm going to get another. I must remember. I must remember."

Bill shook his two fists at us, his face breaking up in that old grin that made us love him, world without end.

"On your feet, you good-for-nothing bums. Pipe up! All together now: "*Hullabaloo-baloo-baloo—R A H!*——"

It was a bit embarrassing to see the half-clad youths peeping in at us through the door with their startled eyes.

We were taken, finally, and deposited in the middle of the floor at the Gymnasium. A bewildering, vast swirl of color and music and youth laid hands on us, unresisting. We said to ourselves: "See here! The only fool is the man who's afraid to be a fool. We owe something to our college. Besides, how many, many, very pretty girls there are left in the world—and look at us! Possibly we are not quite so trim, quite so chipper, as some of these undergraduate chaps, but after all is said and done—in the *long run*—character must tell! Moreover—to-morrow we die!"

So we were caught up and taken out of ourselves. For my part, I danced a waltz with a brown-haired, brown-eyed girl who watched me all the while, kindly, across a profound abyss, and immediately afterward I found myself alone, somehow, in the open air of the north balcony, which looks down on the car-tracks. Or rather, not quite alone, for Jinny Hower was there before me, standing the faintest bit pigeon-toed, his eyes lugubrious, his fingers plucking petals from an imaginary daisy.

"She loves me," he repeated solemnly. "She loves me not."

And presently, in one manner or another, Pughe and Tellman were with us. Pughe explained it.

"It's precisely," he said, "like 'panning dirt.' You take it out of the creek and put it in a pan and shake it round and round, and cuss, and sweat like a bay steer, and by and by you've got all the nice, light, young pebbles dancing around on top and enjoying life, and all the old gold jostling and bumbling around the bottom. It's too heavy to keep in the swim, you see—and *too damned valuable!* This is all perfectly scientific."

Ruth Barway came into the balcony—and our lives, like a wind of comfort. We shook her hands, both of them; I'm afraid we rather overdid it—she looked queer and a little red, and the corners of her eyes seemed shiny for a moment. Dear me! I kissed that girl one time—I believe it was on our Sophomore hayride. And Pughe was engaged to her all one Junior semester. Wonderful, wonderful girl, really! With all her gayety, her dancing feet, her sympathy that got her into so many scrapes with the office, she stood second in the honor lists at graduation. And I think all of us, if it *had* to be somebody else, were glad it was Bill that the lightning struck.

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It gave me a funny, hollow feeling now when I found her keeping hold of my hand. Pughe, on the other side of her, looked odd, too. Tellman and Hower drifted away, arm in arm, and after a little were to be seen, out through the trees, standing shoulder to shoulder and gazing idiotically at a campus lamp.

It was Ruth who broke the long silence.

"Here we are, holding hands. Oh, good boys, I can't tell you how—how—" The subject seemed exhausted.

The music inside had stopped; the dancers were still. I could see a bright streak of them through the nearest window, standing with their faces all one way and lifted a little. In the corner next to the window were two youngsters of the high-school Senior age—a boy and a girl. Not tremendously important in the scheme of the universe, there was still enough in the little *vignette* to centre an idle attention. She was gazing up at him, all unconscious of other eyes, and for the moment her face was transfigured with that strange bloom which comes to trouble youth with a formless, blind, white sweetness—a new-born something reaching out for the moon. He was not paying her in kind. His face was turned with all the other attentive faces, and yet, at the selfsame moment, it was touched with the selfsame light, a kind of promiscuous and impersonal adoration, reaching out vaguely for another moon. . . . I craned my head to discover what it was all about, and found Bill Hollander mounted on a chair in the centre of them, his right arm lifted, his eyes shining with the accumulation of all that mute applause.

I told the others: "Bill's making a speech. We ought to hear."

Ruth stayed me with an almost imperceptible drag of her hand. Then, quickly, as if she had not meant to seem to do that, she turned her face to Pughe.

"Oh, Teddy, Teddy! There's a hundred and one things I want to know. Let me see. . . . You and Hilda didn't hit it off, after all?"

"No."

"You're married, though. I think I heard——?"

"Yes. I married the cashier at the Excelsior Dining Room in Kansas City. She's a star, Ruth; a fighter from the ground up—and she's crazy about me. And—you didn't happen to know, Ruth—I've got a *little* Bill at my house?"

She gave my hand a squeeze, and shifted to me with a suspicious quickness.

"And you, Burt?"

"I? Oh, I don't know. So-so! But look here, what have you been doing with *your*self, Ruth? Come!"

"I?" she murmured. There was an indefinable hesitation about it, as though she had not been ready for the question. She looked at Pughe and then at me with the queerest smile, that went into the raw of one's heart and twisted around.

"Why—I've been waiting—for Bill."

It was hard to know just what to say. Pughe hedged by asking if he might smoke.

"Yes, yes, yes!" she begged him.

And just then Bill himself came out to claim her, breathing and laughing with pleasure at the applause behind. He stopped at sight of Pughe's cigar.

"Douse that, you darn fool!"

"Wh-what's that?" Pughe looked all at sea for an instant, and then the red crept up from beneath his beard.

"Douse it, I tell you! Don't you know the Chancellor's got a dead bead on you through that window there? Use your head!"

"Oh—yes. Oh—yes—yes—that's so."

He dropped the weed on the floor and crushed it very slowly under a heel. Then he turned away and, resting his elbows on the railing, looked for a long while at the little lights of town.

Commencement was over, the collegiate year officially dead and buried, and the night growing late. And still we continued to sit, Pughe and I, empty-handed, empty-headed, on the steps of Memorial Entrance. The night was faintly chill, and radiant with stars that the lowlands never see. The earth carried us around. I began to muse out loud, after so long a time of silence.

"I think the Chancellor rather outdid himself there to-night—about Bill. Good Bill. He certainly ended in a blaze of glory. 'William Harold Hollander: Doctor of Philosophy!' Think!"

Pughe didn't look at me. After a moment I heard him repeating under his breath: "William Harold Hollander: Doctor of Philosophy! Think!" And

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then, somehow, I wished that I hadn't spoken.

The last owl-car droned up the hill to whistle "Bend the Knee," and broke off at the third bar. After that he stood for a long while staring up the cement

"Bill Hollander carried the whole darn 'State' eleven on his back, fifty yards, for a touchdown!"
—Page 474.

from town and stopped in front of us to let Bill down.

"Hullo!" he said. At sound of his voice I had a feeling that something was gone.

We sat on. Bill drifted about near us, here and there. Once he commenced walk to where the Hall bulked dim in the starlight, an indefinable something amiss in the set of his shoulders.

"Ted," he said. "It's funny you haven't been over to the old room this trip."

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Pughe got to his feet.

"Let's go now. What do you say?"

The Brick Dormitory had been new when Bill and Pughe shared the room in their Sophomore year. Now, so soon, the place had become just a little worn and marred, a little dismal, a little inconvenient—and beloved. Tradition, or a thing which passes for tradition, grows with a weed's swiftness in the West, by force of circumstance.

It was a bit embarrassing to see the half-clad youths peeping in at us. —Page 475.

Bill's roommate, a tow-haired Freshman, was in bed when we came in. He slept on his back, with his mouth open and one bare arm crossed under his head. Perhaps it was the starkness of the hour, or perhaps it was the way the light fell, but one was struck with a sense of curious pathos. His trunk was open at the foot of the bed, all neatly packed—a Bible, three worn and perhaps historic baseballs, a sheaf of photographs, face down, a Civil War revolver, a green cap with crimson numerals, and a metal sign inscribed with the legend: "Gentlemen's Coat Room at the Right."

Bill sat looking at it. His face seemed a trace less fresh than we were used to; it may have been the eyes. I don't know. I know I had a sudden, awful feeling that he ought to be in bed there too, with his eyes closed, his mouth open, one bare arm under his head, and his spirit away in the green fields—and that Pughe and I ought *not* to be there.

When I glanced across at Pughe, perched stiffly on the edge of the Morris-chair, I hated him. I hated him because he had struggled in obscure places, because he had wrung his heart for bread and butter and coal, because he had eaten dirt, because he had known betrayal and defeat. He had no right to come into this chamber of desperate youth with those two lines on his face, graven from the corners of his eyes to the corners

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of his lips, and that beard of his, showing through in two spots under the mouth, as though he could not afford a better one. Away with him—and me!

It was he, of the three, who broke the ice.

"Well, Bill! All set now, eh?"

Bill passed a hand over his eyes.

"I guess so. It's taken time, I know; more time than as if I hadn't had to work my own way. But it'll pay in the long run. I'm *dead sure* it'll pay—fellows."

"You've said it, Old Scout!" I slapped my knee, and he gave me a look to treasure.

"Yes, I know it will. I've got a hunch a man ought not to start himself out with anything less than everything, if he can possibly manage. I—I— Maybe you remember, fellows—I had a try at the other thing. That year we graduated I went to St. Louis, where I've got a second cousin in the printing business. I thought I might like the printing business, and anyway he was the only relative I had. He gave me a job. Do you know what it was? Well, it was going around to offices and shops peddling wall-cards. They ran like this: 'In God We Trust—All Others Cash'; 'This Is Our Busy Day'; 'The Clock Ticks—We Don't'; and so on. I didn't sell many. The thing shaped up to me like this. 'See here, Bill,' said I, 'if this is what you do with an A.B., why, you want something better than an A.B., that's all.' I left the printing business flat, and came back here for a Master's. It took me two years to make it, working evenings down at Perilli's Pool Parlor on Thirteenth Street. And in between times I did a lot for the teams, coaching, if I do say it. Those two years, if you remember, we cleaned up the 'Interstate' in football, and stood first once and second once in Track. Anyhow, I got my Master's degree, and I went back to St. Louis, to my cousin's. 'Well,' I said, 'What can you do for me now?' 'Give you a job,' said he. 'What?' said I. 'Selling wall-cards, to begin,' said he. . . . I worked my way to Chicago. I knew there was a Kappa Kappa there in real estate—you may have heard of him—Storrow, '97? I took a position with him, and it looked

I danced a waltz with a brown-haired, brown-eyed girl who watched me . . . across a profound abyss.—Page 475.

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good at first sight, till it turned out about one jump from an office-boy. That would hardly do, would it?"

The half-question hung in the air, unanswered. The Freshman was beginning to snore. Bill went on, still staring at vacancy.

"I said to myself: 'Bill, no matter how hard it is, or how long it takes, you've got to go the limit. You've got to prepare yourself to step into any job there is in the world. It's crowded around the bottom; the only place there's lots of room is at the top.'"

"And so," said Pughe, "you came back for the Doctor's."

Bill nodded slowly.

"And you've got it."

Bill nodded again, without looking at us.

"And now? Anything in view? Anything 'special'?"

Bill waved an uncertain hand.

"Oh—yes—a few things. Only I'm not going it blind this time. I'll take my time. You never go after the *best* jobs; did you know that? The *best* jobs go after *you*. I'll sit tight a spell and have a look at things. And anyway—I—I've kind of half-promised to help get things started off right in the Fall. You know we lost eight 'Varsity' men by graduation this year, and that means practically a whole green team coming in. I—I——"

He got to his feet suddenly and stood with one hand gripping the back of the chair, and his chest thrown out.

"See here, fellows. The old college has done a pile for me, first and last. It seems as if I ought to be willing to sacrifice a little something for the college. Am I right?"

He stood there, cornered, at the end of his rope, begging a dole of applause. I was a coward; I nodded. Pughe's mouth was as hard as nails.

"And then, Bill? After the football season—what?"

Bill's face was the color of the soiled blanket on the bed behind him.

"*God, Ted!* Haven't I—told you? Haven't I just been telling you?"

Dropping down suddenly into the chair, he pressed his forehead hard between his palms and laughed unsteadily.

"I'm all in, fellows—if you don't mind. It's been a hard day. I ought to be in bed, honest!"

We took our hats and went. Bill followed us to the door to shake our hands. He had a big grip and a way of enveloping one in a warm cloud of good will. Even after we had started off along the dark corridor he called me back to tell me something he had forgotten, he said. It was minutes before I joined Pughe on the steps outside. He looked sick, and his voice was brutal.

"How much did he let you down for, this time?"

"Not a red cent. It wasn't that."

"Burt," he said—and I saw his teeth—"you're a liar. And so is Hower—and Tellman, and the rest of the gang! White-livered liars!"

I asked him to come on and turn in.

"Not me," he said. "I'm going for a walk."

I fell in step with him. We walked at a big pace, straight away between the last houses and out over the empty plain, careless of cactus, yucca spines, and gopher holes. Some forgotten land concern had plotted and graded the area, failed, and left the raw gutters to fill with weeds; and when we pulled up at length for breath we stood in the midst of a stillborn city of buffalo grass, windless and vacant under the stars.

"After all," I burst out, "it's *something* to work one's way!"

"Don't look at me like that!" Pughe protested fiercely. "You know that I love Bill better than any one else does, always have, probably always shall. And that's precisely why *I* can ask *you* a question which *you* couldn't ask *me*. How hard—how really, deep-down, cruel *hard* do you think it is for a Bill Hollander, a two-time football captain, two-time track captain, once baseball captain—to 'work his way through college'? I don't particularly want you to answer."

I didn't. I shifted ground.

"The trouble with Bill," I said, "is that he aims too high. He'll never be content with anything less than the best in himself."

Pughe took hold of my arm.

"The trouble with *you* is that you're as scared to look straight at Bill as Bill is himself. You feed yourself on the same dope Bill feeds himself; you try to be-

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lieve it was first the Master's degree and then the Doctor's degree that brought Bill back to college. And deep down in your heart you know it was simply because he couldn't stand up to the game we all have to play—to be nobody, lost in the ruck. He had to come back here for the food and drink he lives on—you know what it is—'Old Bill! Hooray!'"

We stood at the crossing of a nameless street and a nameless avenue, surrounded by the ghosts of things that had never dared to be.

"'Dope!'" Pughe mused in bitterness. "And now the 'joint' is closed forever."

"'You're wrong," I protested weakly. He shook me off.

"You remember how he said that *'God, Ted!'*? Last year they had a drug-crusade in Chicago and clamped the lid on all the fly-by-night drug-stores where the poor little people got their stuff. Maybe you read of it and of what a mess of crazy shadows they had on their hands in a day or so. I was in a doctor's office the third day and the inner door happened to be open for a second. All I saw was a hand—a young fellow's hand, too—knotted in the air like a blue claw. And all I heard was *'God, Doctor!'* Just like that."

Ruth Barway came into the balcony—and our lives, like a wind of comfort.—Page 475.

We walked back in silence, and more slowly than we had come. From the steps at Mrs. Green's, where we were staying, we could see the Brick Dormitory through a rift in the maples, sleeping with one eye open. Bill hadn't gone to bed yet.

We saw him but an instant next morning at the crowded station, clapped his hand, called him names, waved him tremendous farewells from the windows. Then college let go of us, with an ease that left us a little disconcerted, a little self-conscious in the presence of our colored hat-bands. I took mine off before long and slipped it in my bag. Pughe did the same and for a while we sat and looked, each out of his own window, at the plain, already brown with summer.

"How far are you going?" I asked at the end of a half-hour or so.

"Three Wells," he told me. "I change south."

After another blank he went on in a dry, musing tone:

"I meet a man at seven-thirty sharp at the Claremont House in the Cherokee Nation, to-morrow night, and I find out whether it's 'make' or 'break.' Great game, isn't it, Burt—living? Better'n football."

We kept away from Bill. His name

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was not mentioned between us till we parted at Three Wells late that afternoon. And even then it hung off till the bell was ringing and the wheels grinding on the rails. Pughe ran along and hopped up on the step below me, his nose all wrinkles.

"The trouble with Bill," he panted, "is that he doesn't know what—*real fun —is*. You know——"

I waved him to get off before it was too late, and when he did let go he went heels over head in the desert dust. Craning out in the cinders, I saw him pick himself up, slap his clothes, take off his hat, and wave it after the train. And so I left him with his "game," very small and brown, along with the huddle of small brown houses and tanks and freight-cars, and the brooding immensity of sky and earth—crabbed, "scrapping," playing, altogether human—and not altogether unheroic.

I heard from Pughe that fall. The script of the address was strange to me; it was the first letter I had ever received at that hand, as I doubt not it will be the last. I can't say how long it had been on the road; by the mess of redirections on the envelope, it had pursued me through Omaha and Evanston, Pittsburgh, Boston, plodding and relentless, to catch me up in the gray Fish Exchange on South Boston water-front. Lying in my hand, unopened, it gave me a vague, momentary feeling of helplessness. Even when I had broken it and, thumbing to the last page, discovered the tight subscription, "Yours, Pughe," the helplessness was still there, tinged with a curious sense of embarrassment, as if at finding myself an unwitting intruder in a haunted room.

He began: "I suppose you know by this time that I was wrong."

He supposed I knew that he was wrong about—what? It sounded the faintest bit adrift; for an instant I wondered if Pughe had been having a drop, that he should take his pen in hand to address me out of the sky, and begin with that unsettling assumption. But, after all, it might have been something in the papers —the Western papers—he had written me at Omaha. . . . I read on.

"I guess we're most of us wrong, Burt, most of the time. I tell you, it almost makes you believe in Predestination sometimes—like this. It almost seems as if there must have been a pattern, all worked out quite perfectly, to the end, by the artist and filed away somewhere, marked 'Bill's Life.' The trouble with *us* is, we get so little of a thing at a time we don't know what it's all driving at. We thought it was going to be an Epic. We had our ears all made up for an Epic, and we grumbled and said it was rotten because it didn't sound like the Iliad. Why the devil *should* it sound like the Iliad? Why shouldn't it sound like the Ode to the West Wind, if that's what he was put down on this footstool to do? Of course, now that we get the end, we get the rest of it. And let me tell you, Burt, if any of *us* do as well with the Iliad as Bill did with the West Wind, why—well—there'll be two works of art in the Class of Nineteen-Blank, that's all.

"Did you happen to know that Bill got the kid off the track with time to burn —that the car would never have gotten him if he hadn't reached back for the doll? A 'grand-stand play'? Yes, surely. But you see what I mean now? How the last note strikes the key for the whole piece and pulls it together into something? That it shouldn't have been the *kid* Bill gave up his life for—but the precious *doll!* And the piece rounds out to the end without a break, quite perfect in its way.

"No, not quite perfect. He ought not to have chewed himself the way he did, remember, that last night. That was off the key, unnecessary, and careless. And we ought to have given him his applause when he stood up there saying, 'We who are about to die salute you!' even if we didn't know that was what it was, nor he.

"I had to write you all this, somehow or other, Burt, and get it off my chest. I guess you'll understand.

"Just one thing more— Well, never mind. Be good.

"Yours,
"PUGHE."

The letter lay quiet in my hand. My eyes went out of the big window over the water and remained at large there for

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a while, a little blank. A huge, rusty freighter, deep with cargo, swam down the channel toward the waters of the open sea, her errand and her port of destination wrapped in a kind of mystery. One knew simply that she would pass through calms and storms, and, in all likelihood, arrive.

And, even as I watched, a white sail bore across her bows, brave as a cracking whip. It was a "cup" sloop, tuning up for the Marblehead trials—a snowy, singing thing across the blue. I wished that Pughe might see. It was better than the Iliad and the West Wind.

He had written "over" at the foot of the page. On the inside I found a postscript.

"I wasn't going to tell you this, but I don't see why I shouldn't. For the life of me, Burt, I can't see why we shouldn't all of us say it, or sing it, or look it. Ruth Barway is wonderful. I ran across her at the Springs last week. She was in black, naturally. Why do I say 'naturally'? Her eyes weren't in black, Burt. They were shining all the while she talked with me—it was just as if I could hear them saying it out loud:

"'Hallelujah! God is good!'

"P."

"It seems as if I ought to be willing to sacrifice a little something for the college."—Page 480.

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INSANE ART

By Allan McLane Hamilton

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS

THE interest manifested not long ago in the case of an insane artist of ability and originality, and in behalf of his daughter, herself also an artist, shows how public sympathy and appreciation vary in company with the mutations of public taste. Both of these persons are, or were at one time, inmates of asylums and, though said to be harmless enough, are victims nevertheless of a chronic degenerative mental disease—that is to say, a form that is probably incurable, and attended as a rule by a slow involution of all the mental processes which ends in permanent weakness. The father lived for years in great destitution, producing extraordinary landscapes that were carried about by him from one dealer to another, and ultimately disposed of for trivial sums, until his disease necessitated the commitment to an institution. There, I learn, he produced paintings which were in the manner of his early work, but indicative of the mental decay which has taken place. The good people who have since come to his aid, most of whom naturally know nothing of psychiatry, declare, however, that he may again paint good pictures, and that "his genius will assert itself" now that he no longer has the environment of an asylum.

The general awakening to the alleged beauties of impressionism has been such that the paintings of this well-known artist, that had been previously acquired by shrewd dealers and collectors for a song, have brought enormous sums, and the neglected insane man has become famous. How much his early success depended upon the influence of his long-standing psychosis, and how much upon a peculiar faculty of visualization of a characteristically original kind, is a matter of speculation; certain it is that, as in literature and music, the constitutional make-up is connected with brilliant though often unconventional efforts, and the study of the productions of the admittedly insane not only show a correlation of these, as, for instance, in the case of William Blake, who was a poet as well as a painter, but they have actually inspired the crude work of the cubists, whose method of expression is through a kind of geometrical treatment which we meet every day in the asylums. This is not by them looked upon as a pathological manifestation, but usually is only ridiculed.

To appreciate properly the genesis of pictorial art it is necessary for a moment to consider those elementary forms of rude expression common to children and savages, and often found among the actually insane. As this is written I have before me specimens of this rough portrayal of the human figure, and one is immediately impressed by the treatment in all which is purely symbolic. The drawings of a child of eight consist of a head alone, with the ends of the superior and inferior extremities inserted where the neck should be, and there is a profile with both eyes placed upon one side of the face. The drawings of several insane patients are equally unconventional, and the reproductions of the frescos of certain cliff-dwellers, the distorted pictures made by Australian bushmen and African savages, as well as the historical decorations upon the teepees of the North American Indians, are all suggestive without being strictly realistic. It has been said that the earliest pictorial art consisted in the recording of events and teaching, so this probably accounts for the dominance of symbolism at the expense of realism, while later the office of art was mostly to please. Persistent suggestions are conveyed by the rude aboriginal graphic remains, and the same simple kind of idealism that characterizes the output of the child, the lunatic, the savage, and some criminals is indicative of the existence of

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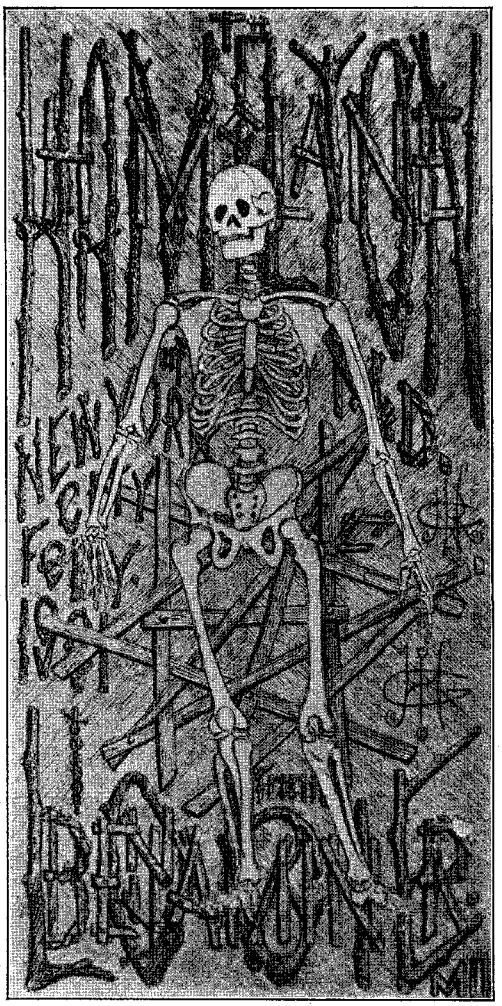
lowly organized concepts, or those that are the result of a disease, and in this connection it is interesting to study the growth of art. Undoubtedly much of the decorative or quasi-archaic effects of some early painters is the outgrowth of this kind of embryonic indulgence in form and color which lasted until the later development beginning with Bellini and Leonardo da Vinci, when proper proportion and perspective, and the observance of the relations of light and shade took the place of purely decorative and absolutely flat treatment.



The lunatic, as a rule, sees that which he believes he sees and not that which he really sees.—Page 490.

Intricate elaboration in a patient of the author's.

At this time, and later, realistic and "naturalistic" art had many exponents, especially among the Flemish painters—the brothers Van Eyck and later Rembrandt, Franz Hals, Van Dyck, and others, being conscientious realists, whose pictures to-day and forever will delight as much as they have always done, and in measure sternly rebuke the purely idealistic work of recent painters, whose chief aim seems sometimes to be the pursuance of a scientific color theory and the attainment of a more or less sensual effect.

At the risk of going over well-trodden ground, I shall refer to the popular conception of realism and idealism, or impressionism.

While in the past and by many to-day the first term is used to characterize that kind of art which faithfully reproduces actual form and color, it has a more modern meaning. With many, including Manet, "realism" meant that the painter, instead of depicting all the details of a subject, which one does not consciously see in viewing a scene in its entirety, dignifies the central object perceived, with careful treatment and faithful reproduction, leaving the rest to the imagination, or merely suggesting them. Many of the censorious realists of the present time have even criticised the early work of Turner, who crowded his canvases with widely spread details, each one being given prominence, while his "effects" were localized. His latest work, however, was without this alleged artistic defect.

The true realisms of such men as Wilkie, Frith, and Horsley, who delighted to depict crowds, race-courses, humble interiors, and railroad-stations, has at all times pleased the British public. Their pictures satisfied this portion of the community just as exquisitely colored photographs would, for wealth of detail and homely and familiar incident were recognized by every one, and appealed par-

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ticularly to the bucolic taste. Such paintings have always found a place in the Christmas supplements of the illustrated papers, or have been reproduced by chromo-lithography. The work of these men is to-day in no way looked upon as high art, especially by the illuminati and those who delight in subtle impressions of form and color, and even suggested action. The form of education that has taught the average individual how to understand and enjoy the music of Wagner, Richard Strauss, and Debussy, as well as other latter-day impressionistic composers, is at this time developing a critical taste in pictorial art as well as that which is purely intellectual. After all, it cannot be said in any great measure to be effective, although there are real or pretended enthusiasts who are eager and ready to find beauty revealed in daring "color schemes" and startling disposal of great smudges of bright paint. Drawing is in fact neglected, and their attitude is summed up by a critic who says: "It is the boast of impressionists that they worship character rather than beauty or æsthetic idealism. As such, the appreciation of impressionism does not demand genius or culture, but rather temperament, the sense of *joie-de-vivre.*"

From time to time in the past century or two there have been periods like this when art has sought to escape from the conventional fitness of mere delineation, and this was apparent in the work of Mabuse, Delacroix, and Delaroche, as well as in that done during the Romantic movement. Claude Lorrain, Poussin, Watteau, and others were seceders from old traditions, as were Crome, Gainsborough, Turner and later painters of whom there are many to-day. How much these spasmodic *accès* have hurt the solid naturalistic work as seen in the masterpieces, especially of the Van Eycks, Holbein the Elder, Rembrandt, Van Dyck, and Chardin, is a matter of doubtful speculation, but some think it has not and never will.

Again, the striving for effect at the expense of drawing is seen in the much admired productions of recent idealists, for a well-proportioned and beautiful figure is a rarity, and in the extreme pictures there is something too often reminiscent of the orthopedic clinic. The influence of idealism in art must of course be connected with individualism and faculty acuity, for if we are to accept the definition that has been given there is much more than the mere transmission of an impression transferred to canvas. It is necessary that we should dwell upon the various factors that enter into idealism, and the mental transformation of associated concepts into psycho-motor acts, and what else, after all, is there behind the brush of the painter? In fact, all the operations of the *psyche*, healthy and abnormal, must be gone into for the purpose of estimating the integrity of the facility of artistic reproduction.

The insistence upon the element of feeling in art is said to-day to be more general than ever before—"the idealist is one who gives form to incidents and scenes that have generated partly or wholly in his own mind. He may, and usually does, get the germ of the subject from something he sees, but the material is *gestated*, so to speak, and the result appears with more generalization and psychological import than its actual prototype possessed." It gives rise to a pleasurable affect that in turn may even start a higher grade of emotional activity, with actual sentiment. This kind of gestation may be rapid or of slower growth, and among those who do not actually and servilely copy and reproduce, a transient inspection of a scene may be sufficient to lighten up a visualizing function which is helped more or less by the natural ideational gift of the artist himself. Let us see how general is the ability to form any mental picture at all.

Sir Francis Galton, whose highly original researches in the recognition of human faculty are in every direction most valuable, conducted a series of experiments in visualizing. This was in 1880, long before modern impressionism developed. To determine the keenness and extent of visual idealization he distributed a series of cards to one hundred persons, each containing a number of questions. The recipients were well-known scientific men in Great Britain and France, who were asked as to their ability to recall the mental image of some such simple collection of objects and colors as those upon the breakfast-table and to subsequently record the picture.

In propounding the tests Galton proposed these questions as to:

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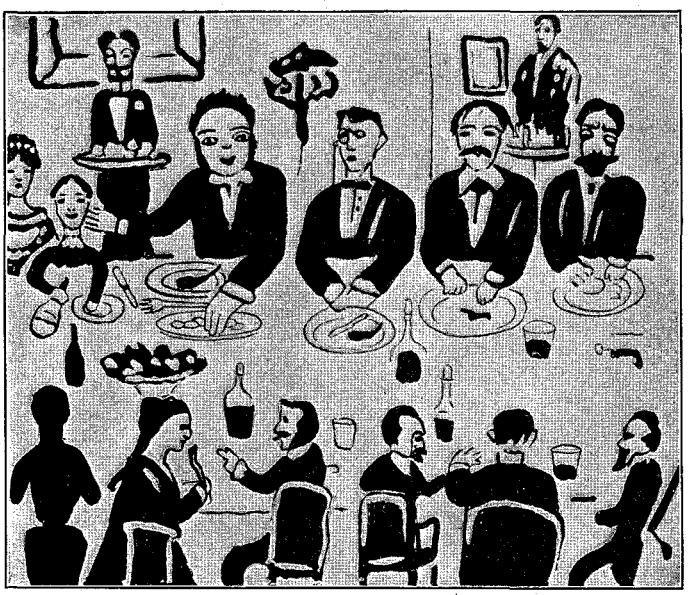
1. *Illumination.* Is the image dim or fairly clear? Is its brightness comparable with the actual scene?

2. *Definition.* Are all the objects pretty well defined at the same time, or is the place of the sharpest definition at any one moment more contracted than it is in the real scene?

3. *Coloring.* Are the colors of the objects quite distinct and natural?

ference in degree in the exercise of this power; so, after all, it can be seen how wide the capacity of the individual must be not only to interpret the object but to associate the residual concepts.*

The occasional keenness of mental imagery that must form the basis of impressionistic painting has also been proved by Galton, whose replies from artists were illuminating. "My imagery is so clear,"



There is often a tendency upon the part of patients suffering from general paresis to show . . . an alteration of the perspective.—Page 490.

One person in sixteen could visualize clearly, while the large majority could not recall the appearance of the objects with perfect ease and clearness. One distinguished subject replied to the interrogatory: "My powers are zero. To my consciousness there is almost no association with objective visual impressions. I recall the breakfast-table, but do not *see* it." Others had difficulty in idealizing the colors and form of the articles in use—"could not see them all at once"—others "could see no individual objects," and so on.

The ability to remember and record vivid dreams or graphically interpret visions is found among certain people, and there are many others who are quite unable to reproduce subconscious mental operations. William Blake was of the first order, and there must be a great difference in degree in the exercise of this power; so, after all, it can be seen how wide the capacity of the individual must be not only to interpret the object but to associate the residual concepts.*

said one, "that if I had been unable to draw I should have unhesitatingly said that I could draw from it," but the same man said that he found deficiencies and gaps when he tried to draw from his mental vision.

Now, further concerning the purely psychic production of a picture, we also are naturally called upon to investigate the operation of the *ego*, which is a highly complex belonging, and the part it plays both in the healthy and psychopathic individual in the interpretation of external natural objects. The relation of certain mental peculiarities with respect to graphic reproduction is much more general than is usually supposed. Even in art-

* It is said that Turner made frequent use of a practice analogous to that of looking for "fire-faces" in the burning coals; he was known to give colors to children to daub with and play on paper while he keenly watched for suggestions from accidental combinations.

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ists whose fame is widely admitted there is an evidence of mental unsoundness, such, for example, as Goya, William Blake, and later Whistler, the unevenness of whose work is either suggestive of a mild psychosis or a great degree of affectation which is not always agreeable; this is also seen in the output of the new schools which already find favor with a large number of people. Some of the paintings of the "luminists" or "chromatists," like Monet, who use only the pure colors of the spectrum and white, abandoning browns and black, may be honest enough, although it must not be forgotten that the standard of the integrity of concept formation may depend upon an original vicious color concept. When such pictures are not the result of mere pose they may be purely mechanical productions and founded upon scientific theories. Thus Martin and Seurat based their study of the use of colors upon the researches of Von Helmholtz. However objectionable the scheme may be of making art subservient to anything so arbitrary as physics, one has little sympathy with the abuse showered, some years ago, upon the chromatists by Max Nordau, who took the sensational view that those luminists who depended upon elemental spectral colors as their only pigments were color-blind! This conclusion is, of course, ridiculous, for no matter how startling may be the attainment of vivid effects, there is nothing in the work of the latter-day impressionists to show that they do not estimate the value of complementary colors and the use of all available pigments if they choose to utilize them. The real difficulty is that the ignorant followers of the school lose no chance to prostitute the use of a few crude colors for spectacular effect. Much of this is seen in the painting of the so-called "Pointellists," whose results, such as they are, depend upon the use of spots or points of color, a form of technic which does away with the more dignified and effective use of broad masses of paint.

Even the most indulgent criticism disapproves of pointellism, but this, however, is the method of Van Ryssellberghe, the Belgian painter, and Henri Martin, whose talent in other directions atones for this very unpleasant method of getting results. One critic who most emphatically condemns this form of treatment says: "The method is obviously alien to the spirit of art; it is charmless, devoid of character, too purely theoretical, and removed from inspiration."

When called upon to pass judgment upon the newest kind of alleged art, which is the outgrowth of an earlier kind of impression, we are appalled but really uninfluenced by the extravagant claims of its sponsors. C. R. Nevison, an English critic and defender of futurism says: "No picture should be a mere representation; a photograph can get a likeness of a person much better and much quicker than an artist. . . . By means of contrast, of abstract color, form, lines, planes, and dimensions which don't in the least imitate or represent natural forms, it is possible to create emotions (*sic*) infinitely more stimulating than those created by contemplating Nature," whereupon Chesterton observes: "With God all things are possible; by man it has not been done."

The explanation of the beauty of these pictures by their creators is that they appeal to the higher emotions and not to the intellect. It is difficult to conceive of a mind of such a kind in which there can be any substantial or normal stimulation by such means.

The emotions are, as has been said, originally *affects*—that is to say, conditions of feeling that later become developed into emotions when there is the participation of more or less intellectual function and the combination with associated ideas. The appeal of futurist painting may possibly be through an affect, but it never rises to the altitude of a real emotion unless in a person of low organization. The pleasure of a stroked cat is infinitely more subtle, and the crow of the young infant who has had a bright piece of metal dangled before its eyes is just as intense, free as it is from any evidence of intellectual concern.

It is not my purpose hastily to condemn the good faith of all cubists and futurists, but only to say that I believe most of them may be divided into three classes, viz., the ignorant, the dishonest or disingenuous, and the insane.

The painter who deludes himself with the false idea that his imaginary hodgepodge of lines, cubes, and meaningless figures means anything at all, is certainly

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the victim of a species of aberration, sane or the reverse, or has been subjected to pernicious suggestion.

It is well known that a few normal people associate numbers or musical notes with form and color, and certain odors and sounds will bring into consciousness the association of long-forgotten incidents and places, people and things, but to say that the "Nude Descending the Stairway" or the "King and Queen Surrounded by Nudes" reveals any meaning whatever, or recalls any previous impression or experience, is too much. It is therefore best to classify these people as impostors or actually insane.

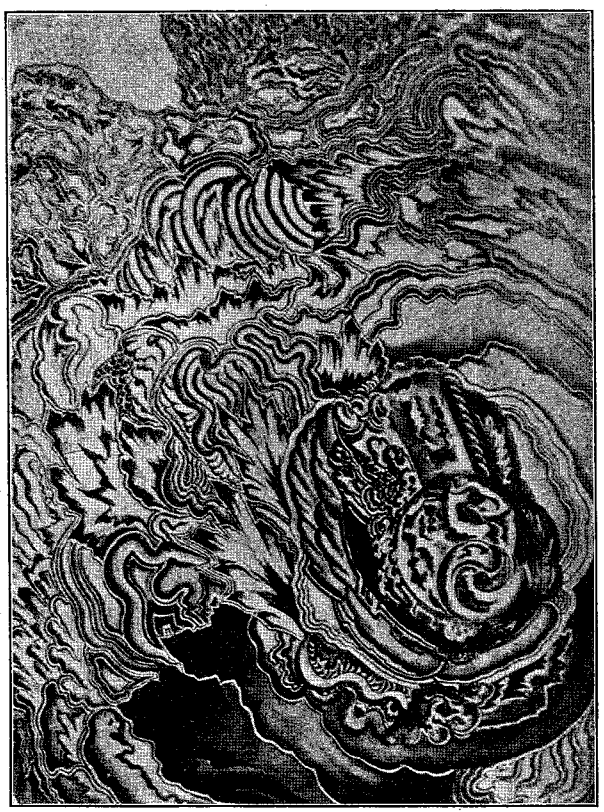
The majority of cubists are open to the suspicion of roguery. Some, like Matisse, have been good, prosperous painters in their day, but others are of decided mediocrity, who, unable to sell their very ordinary and conventional pictures, take up the new affectation for the sole purpose of making money. Such a one is said to be the best-known futurist in England, who laughs in his sleeve at those who for the first time buy his paintings.

Sometimes the mad cubist will enlist the service of an equally eccentric poet. Launay produced a large book with a vivid orange-colored cover, and in his preface said: "I love the art of to-day because I love light; all men loved light before they had invented fire." Then one G. Apollinaire wrote an introductory poem to this book, entitled "The Window," which is too long to reproduce, but ends with these lines:

"From red to green all the yellow kills itself,
Paris, Vancouver, Lyon at this time, New York
and the Antilles.
The window opens as an orange,
The beautiful fruit of light."

This is certainly reminiscent of the asylum and is delirious in conception.

The secret of successful cubism, accord-



The insane artists revert to geometrical forms, some of their attempts being the embodiment of the most approved kind of futurist work.—Page 490.

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ing to Gustave Courbet, is the recognition of the fact "that the object seen is spread all over the retina without control." He may be supposed to mean in other words that it is a subconscious perception. This writer goes farther and observes: "It is not suspected that the visible world does not become the real world, that the operation of the mind and the objects that impress it with most force are not always those of which the existence is most rich in plastic truth," whatever that may mean. Other exponents of the new art content themselves by calling it "Universal Dynamism."

The lunatic, as a rule, sees that which he believes he sees and not that which he really sees. We therefore have a predominance of disordered ideation which is uncertain and inconstant. If he has delusions these will permeate his work, even though in his saner life he has shown no vagaries. There may even exist what are known as autochthonous ideas which are not the result of ordinary suggestion, but implanted in his mind and which he attributes to persecutory or improper influences. It may be seen that delusion may account for much curious and fantastic art. The so-called "Mechanism of Adjustment" is interfered with and the subject may entertain false ideas that he does not hesitate to express. He may have what are to psychiatrists known as *endogenous* delusions; that is to say, they have a connection with actual personal experience and things, and are to a degree logical, while the *exogenous* have to do with outside matters and extraneous stimuli. This form is most likely to influence the painter who naturally misinterprets occurrences or the relation and aspect of actual things.

There is often a tendency upon the part of patients suffering from general paresis to show, as the result of some such false ideas, an alteration of the perspective, and I have seen a drawing of a dinner-party where the figures in the foreground were smaller than those at the other side of the table (page 487); so too the insane artists revert to geometrical forms, some of their attempts being the embodiment of the most approved kind of futurist work.

Réja, who has written knowingly upon insane art, says: "We often find this recourse to geometrical forms which in their very simplest aspect are an excellent prop to the incompetent. It so happens that this geometrical arrangement in its most sterile form is the foundation of all composition. The insane person inexperienced in the art of design refuses to commit himself to complex forms in which his awkwardness would be too flagrant, so he becomes a landscape-painter; symmetry would be too complex for him. He contents himself with perpetually repeating the same *motif*, which is very rudimentary and borrowed from geometry. Resigning himself to a more moderate ambition, he has adopted a simple ensemble that is not without decorative grace."

What is known as *stereotypy*, which under many forms of action is an expression of insanity, is here indicated, and is often mistaken for mere want of originality or "inspiration." Numerous tricks and repetitions of artistic treatment may be evidences of this kind of stereotypy.

Instances of eccentric or insane painters whose behavior in the light of our present knowledge was undoubtedly suggestive of a psychosis are common enough. No less an artist than El Greco was a psychopath, and one of his biographers said: "His works are tortured and quite modern in expression. He alternated his work, now doing a picture that was quite 'sane,' as the writers of to-day like to put it; again making a picture so wild as to puzzle the quiet Philip II and his court." He, like Whistler, who was another victim of mental instability, delighted in ill-advised lawsuits, and did unexpected and startling things. Both had the same quasi-delusional ideas of persecution and quarrelled continually, the latter writing a foolish book in which he attacked Ruskin.

William Blake, the great English painter and poet, who even to-day has his host of worshippers, was undoubtedly insane, although people who are ill-informed consider his frightful distortions and semi-delirious conceptions as very beautiful.

Without minimizing his deep religious feeling and sincere inspiration, one finds it impossible to take seriously such drawings as "The Whirlwind" or many of the illustrations of the "Gates of Paradise," or others that might be mentioned. The truth is, Blake often had wild hallucinations, believed he had actually seen God and a tree bright with angels at Peckham Rye. He led a peculiar life and undoubt-

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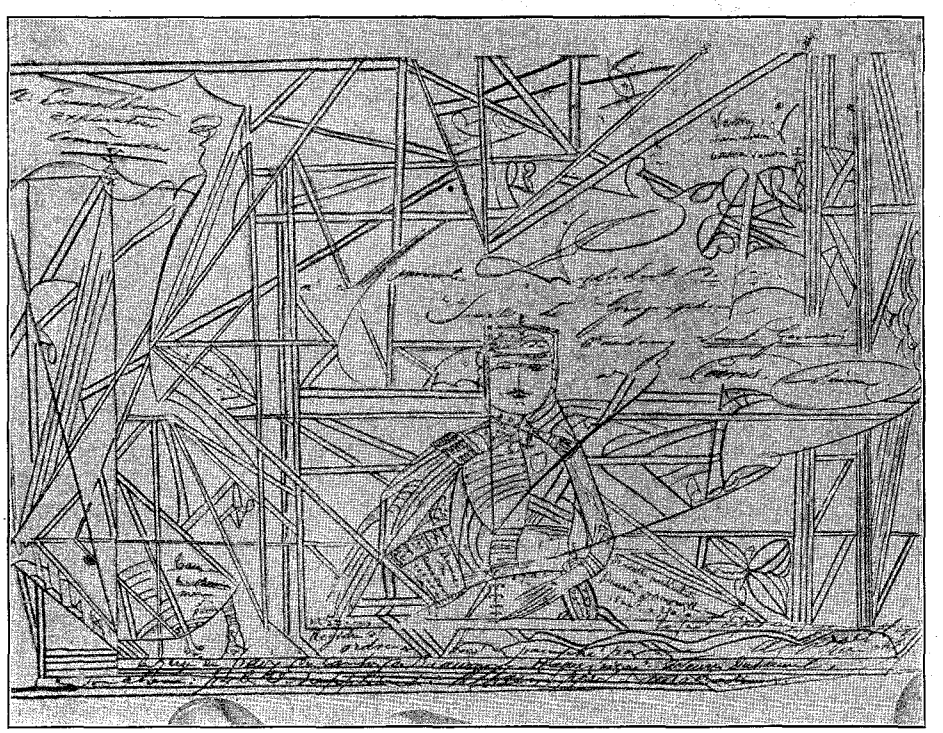
edly suffered from a chronic mental disorder, although sane enough to hold his ordinary relations with society.

One wonders what has been the fate of the Musée Wiertz since Brussels has been occupied by the Germans. Every tourist must remember the extraordinary imitation ruined castle built by the artist Antoine Joseph Wiertz, born in 1806, who



Geometric drawing of insane patient suggesting cubist production.
The insane person . . . contents himself with perpetually repeating the same *motif*.—Page 490.

was the craziest and yet, so far as ideals and occasional technic are concerned, is considered one of the greatest Belgian artists of his time. While evidently suffering from a relapse in his mental malady, he painted those fearsome pictures of the "Suicide," "Napoleon in Hell," and other horrors at which one looks through carefully arranged peep-holes or around corners. It is a distinctly crazy exhibition, yet at times he produced bold, artistic, and carefully executed paintings of heroic subjects. He often, it is said, entertained the vision of a luminous figure of a man wrapped in a cloak and wearing a Spanish hat. In his hand the phantom always carried a banner upon which glowed the word "Anvers." This he believed to be the spirit of Rubens. This hallucinatory influence therefore, which was a feature of Blake's insanity, was present in Wiertz, and is perhaps as common as any other form.

The latter never parted with his sensational pictures, reverencing and considering them to be too sacred for sale, but he lived by portrait-painting alone. That of his mother is in its way as pleasing as the wonderful and expressive portrait of a kindred subject by James McNeill Whistler. As one of his critics has said: "His technical powers were unequal to the rendering of his undoubtedly large and noble conceptions."

The drawings and paintings done by the insane are often valuable indices of the peculiar kind of mental disorder. Especially is this true of monomania (paranoia). Every asylum physician may collect if he chooses a great quantity of pictorial productions by its inmates. The stuff is often meaningless, but there are exceptions, and I can recall the work of a

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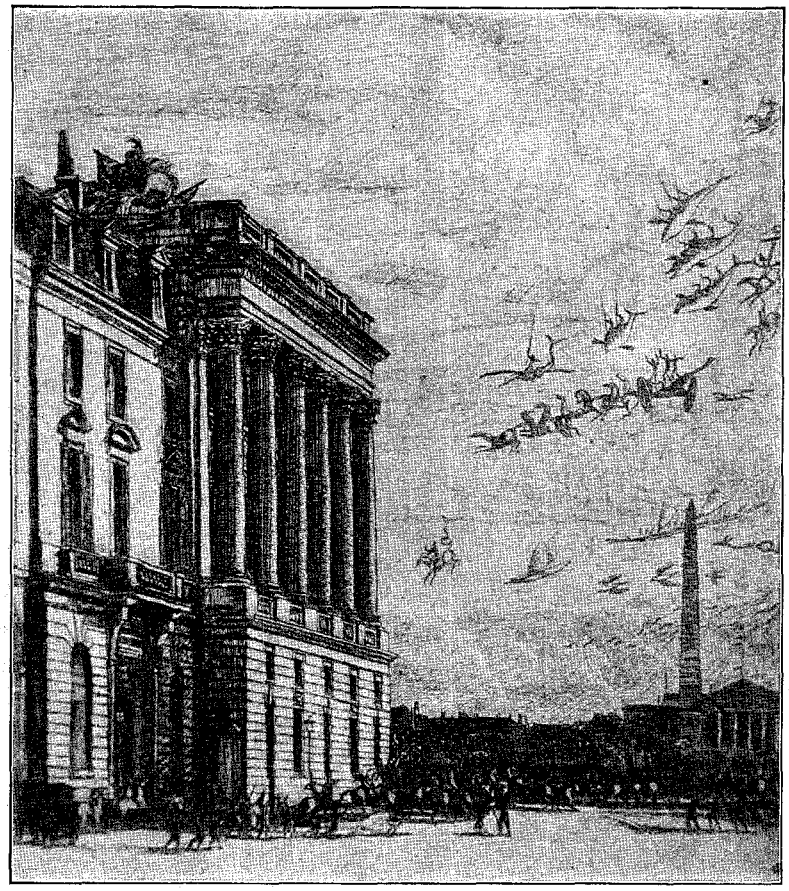

The drawings and paintings done by the insane are . . . valuable indices of the peculiar kind of mental disorder.—Page 491.

Etching by Charles Méryon showing delusion of paranoia.

patient of mine who had been a student under Gérôme, and was himself a clever artist. As the result of overwork and privation he developed a religious insanity which led him to don a monk's robe and shave the top of his head. During his stay in "Bloomingdale" he drew and colored the most marvellous mystic pictures, that were symbolic of religious subjects. Weird heads of divine personages were intertwined with leaves and flowers and framed in fantastic arabesques. Some of these figured in Lombroso's "Genius and Insanity." All of this man's delusions were systematized, and he too indulged in verse, some of which was really good.

A pitiful example is the case of the great Charles Méryon. Méryon, who during his life was impossible because of his tendency to quarrel with people who criticised but, nevertheless, were anxious to buy his pictures, died in great poverty because he would not realize upon his work. He suffered from color-blindness so that he could not paint, and turned his attention to etching. In 1858 he developed his insanity and was taken to the asylum at Charenton. He then suffered from melancholia with delusions of persecution. His charming treatment of architectural Paris is the highest kind of art, and he was always distinctly original in his choice of subjects. There are, however, one or two of his later pictures, executed after his paranoia developed, that are sadly comic. One shows the exterior of the Ministry of Marine, and in the sky, issuing from the windows, is a school of winged porpoises and queer chariots. These undoubtedly reflected the contents of his delusions.

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A RUNAWAY WOMAN

BY LOUIS DODGE

Author of "Bonnie May," "Children of the Desert," etc.

XI

BREAKFAST FOR TWO

"I'M certainly glad I met you," said Susan as they took their seats. She felt the inadequacy of the remark, but she wished to convince her companion that she was not unappreciative.

"They *do* look good, don't they? Well, just pitch in."

He selected the choicest fish and placed them within easy reach of her, and Susan was not unmindful of the attention. It had not been Herkimer's way, she reflected, to give the best to her. Still, she mused, in justice to him, her relationship with Herkimer represented something more than a chance encounter extending over a few hours.

Mann had turned around to see if the water had come to a boil when he was startled by an exclamation from his companion.

Susan had taken her first bite. Her eyes were wide and shining. "Oo-wee!" she said. "What kind of fish are they?"

Mann laughed loudly at her fervid look and tone. "Fresh," he said, "and the sooner they're eaten the better they are."

The direct rays of the sun had not reached them yet, but a blaze of glory fell beyond the brook, and long westward shadows lay beyond the distant trees. Birds, with the manner of women and children driven from their haunts in times of stress and excitement, approached curiously and chirped protestingly. The murmur of the stream held a note of gladness. Wreathes of wood smoke, like incense, drifted over the camp.

The two human beings at their breakfast were very much alone without being lonely, very much adrift without being forlorn.

Susan felt new vital impulses stir within her; she felt a quickened interest in her surroundings, in all things. "Would it be fair to ask questions?" she asked. She was holding a fish suspended close to her lips.

Mann turned around and dropped the coffee into the can. "Fair for me, or for you?" he asked.

"Well—both; but I suppose I was thinking of myself, mostly. I'd like to know where you came from."

Mann leaned forward and arranged the remaining fish with deliberation, and then gave his undivided attention, seemingly, to the task of removing a firm back-bone which emerged easily from the mealy white flesh surrounding it. "You know," he said, "there's a certain difficulty about talking of places, as a rule. Some people don't like to say where they came from, and most don't know where they're going, even when they think they do. Why not talk about where we are?" He swept the horizon with a hand which was still encumbered with fragments of a back-bone. "I think this is a grand spot—and that's the only thing that concerns us a whole lot just now."

He saw that she was regarding him with a kind of wondering admiration, and he yielded to the pleasantly taunting mood that was upon him. The fish-bones were held aloft as if they were a mitre, and Mann proclaimed grandiloquently:

"The glorious heritage of young manhood and young womanhood is ours. Let old people talk of the past, and children of the future. But we—we will gaze fondly upon to-day and its masterpieces."

Susan suspected that she was being ridiculed, or at least trifled with. "Don't tantalize me," she said. "I just wanted to know how you happened to be here." She added, with an effect of wishing to encourage him by her own frankness: "It

*** A summary of the preceding chapters of "A Runaway Woman" appears on page 4 of the Advertising pages.

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was nothing but foolishness that caused me to be here!"

Mann turned a watchful eye upon the coffee. "You see," he said, "if I didn't answer you the way I should have done, it was to spare your feelings. If you'll promise not to run or scream, I'll tell you my secret." He smiled tauntingly, yet not without friendliness.

Susan arose to the occasion; his whimsical mood had become infectious. "I won't run while there are any fish left," she said; and their laughter came together, the little joke establishing a frail bond between them.

"Well, you see, I really am a tramp." Instantly he raised his hand with a restraining gesture. "Not," he added, "an ordinary tramp. I don't belong to the Old Homestead type, you know. I don't wear rags in one act and stroll around the streets in evening dress in the next. I avoid both extremes, as all people of good taste do."

He paused and smiled at her—mischievously, Susan thought. She was irritated by her failure to understand him fully, yet she was pleased by his humorous and friendly face. Her sense of humor was sadly undeveloped, yet she did not accept all that he said quite literally.

"Then what kind of a tramp are you?" she asked.

"Well, it's like this," replied her companion. "You see, some tramps get to be what they are by going down-hill. I got to my proud position by climbing uphill."

Susan frowned and then looked at him appealingly. "Please talk so that a person can understand what you mean!" she begged.

"First let me tell you where I came from." And he told her.

"Why, the idea! That's where I came from, too. I lived in Pleasant Lane!"

Mann nodded. "Yes, I lived there nearly all my life and worked hard. And about once every year I had a sick-spell."

"It couldn't have been very healthy work," declared Susan. "What did you do?"

"In a broad sense it seems to me now that I didn't do anything. You wouldn't happen to know what an auditor is?"

Susan slowly shook her head.

"It's only a name. I worked in a railroad-office; and they called me an auditor, I suppose, because I had to listen to so much small talk that didn't interest me. And I seldom had a chance to get out into the open. But there, you're not interested. Besides, the coffee ought to be about ready."

"I'd like to hear you if you could make it plainer. It sounds as if you were making a speech. *Talk* it!"

Mann smiled again and removed the can from the rock and set it aside to settle. "I'll try to do better," he said. "Well, then, I found at the end of several years that I was in a fair way of becoming a chronic invalid. Then I stopped and asked myself what was the sense of going ahead, doing work I didn't care anything about, when I was getting less than nothing out of it. I hadn't any money to show for it. You know, if you make great sacrifices for what you earn, you let it go easily."

"I've always heard it was just the other way."

"Oh—the old saying! Yes, I've heard that. It was said by some envious person, probably. I've given you a much more correct statement of the case. And every year I had a sick-spell, each one a little more severe than the one before. It was something connected with the nerves, you understand. And then one day I came to my senses. I paid my last doctor's bill and ran away!"

"I think that was fine!" said Susan.

"Fine?"

"I mean your running away. You see, that's what I did, too."

Mann looked thoughtful. "Why did you run away?"

"I ran away from light housekeeping. But there, tell me about yourself first."

"I'm nearly to the starting-point, where a story always ends," responded Mann. "You see, I argued that since I didn't get anything out of my work but a living and an annual breakdown, I might better take to the road and dispense with the breakdown. I had an idea I could always get a bite to eat somewhere. When I get to be quite fit I suppose I'll persuade myself that I ought to go back and put on the harness again. But I don't want to think of that now. I'm en-

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joying myself too much. Of course I work occasionally—but you mustn't put that down against me. They make me. The main point is that the road is doing more for me than a regiment of doctors could. And so—that's really all there is to tell."

Susan regarded him thoughtfully, smiling faintly. "You do talk so funny!" she observed. She was thinking how different he was from the men she had known in Pleasant Lane, or the few she had encountered in the country.

"The fault of early training, I've no doubt," he said submissively.

"There, you will excuse me for saying that," she hastened to say. "You see, I'm interested. If you wouldn't mind telling me more—about what happened before you worked in the railroad-office. I shouldn't have said it was funny; I ought to have said it was like a wonderful story."

His brows lifted and he remained silent for a time.

"You're thinking I'm not polite," interpreted Susan. "But somehow it seems different, our being all alone, and so far away . . ."

"It really does," he declared cordially. "But, you see, I seem to have told everything worth telling."

Susan pondered. "I didn't know a man ever felt like running away, except from a woman maybe," she ventured. "And your coming to such a quiet spot! Why didn't you keep along the railroads, instead of getting way out among the country people?"

Her companion looked at her from under lowered lids. "Do you think there might be an advantage in that?" he asked.

"I don't know. I was thinking it seems pretty hard in the country."

"Well, you see I had to learn that. I used to think the cold suspicion of people along the railroads was the hardest thing there was to bear. But these country watch-dogs—bipeds as well as others—they *do* get on your nerves, don't they?" He reached over and touched her playfully on the knee.

"Don't do that," said Susan, almost casually. She removed his hand firmly yet dispassionately, as she might have rid herself of an unattractive plaything placed in her lap by a child. And Mann perceived that the spirit of *camaraderie* must be established slowly between this serious, mysterious creature and himself, if it were to be established at all.

Susan was less deeply embarrassed than her companion by the rebuke she had administered. She did not wish to seem unfriendly; she feared she had seemed prudish. Of course he hadn't meant anything.

"I'm going back to the railroad," she said, trying to assume a casual tone.

"But of course you know where you're going, whether you go across country or along the railroads. I mean——"

"Oh, no, I don't," declared Susan proudly. "I'm not going anywhere in particular. I'm just running away."

She did not perceive that Mann shot a startled, incredulous glance at her. For fully a minute he seemed to be wholly engrossed in the task of removing a fish-bone from his mouth. When he spoke, however, he said nothing about fish-bones.

"Just leading a life of leisure?" he asked.

The question, despite the speaker's effort to make it seem not too pointed, was disquieting to Susan. "Why shouldn't I be leading a life of leisure as well as you? No, I'm not leading a life of leisure. I've never been so tired out, one day after another, in all my life as I've been since I ran away."

"Of course, a woman always has to work harder than a man for the same thing," elaborated Mann.

Susan paid no attention. "But," she demanded, "if you left the city because you didn't like the way things were, why shouldn't I? Are men to have all the advantages?"

"There is no way of drinking the coffee," said her companion evasively, "except to drink it out of the coffee-pot. I hope you don't object." He lifted the can cautiously and set it down hastily, because it was still hot.

"I can drink it any way you can," declared Susan.

"Well, now, don't take it amiss, just because I was surprised. I don't know of any reason in the world why you shouldn't be travelling about without intending to go anywhere, just the same as I am.

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It's not—not usual, that's all." He felt that there was a great deal he might say, but for the moment he was content not to say it. He couldn't even surmise what sort of a woman she was. "Here, will you take the curse off the coffee?" he asked.

"Will I do what?"

"A way of saying, will you take the first drink? I don't know how good it is."

"It smells good." Susan's tone was entirely amiable. "Wait a minute."

She gathered leaves—a cushion for each hand—and cautiously lifted the can. She sipped warily. "It's about as hot as it can be," she announced, "but it's good. Try it."

Mann sipped, dispensing with the leaves. "I've drunk hotter—and worse," he said.

Susan was not disposed to permit the conversation to come back to her affairs, yet she perceived that common ground had been practically exhausted. "How did you happen to find the very spot where I had stopped?" she asked.

"Well, you see, I'm on my way to Horseshoe——"

"So am I," interrupted Susan.

"It sounds like confidence people," said Mann. "Well, I was on my way to Horseshoe, and I didn't know the pleasures and palaces were so sparsely distributed hereabouts." He turned his friendly smile toward her again; and then he yielded to the temptation to be grandiloquent. "I came through the forest at nightfall——"

"I heard you. You were singing."

"You heard me, and didn't hail me?"

"I didn't know who it was."

Mann meditated. "Good!" he said, his eyes brightening, "you're like the rest of them in some ways anyway. Well, I came through the forest and I heard two welcome sounds. First, there was the murmur of water. I realized that I needed a bath, and a drink, and that I should later want breakfast. And next I heard a horse whinnying."

"Oh, it was the horse!" Susan had not understood before.

"I jumped to the conclusion that campers must be near by. I investigated. I didn't find the campers but I found an ideal place to sleep. It's quite simple, isn't it?"

Susan took a sip of coffee, her eyes expressing deep satisfaction. "And weren't you frightened when you heard me speak?" she asked. Her eyes beamed as she passed the coffee to her companion.

The look reassured him; and again he assumed those airs and graces which evidently were his normal habiliments.

"Frightened? No, not quite that. Fear's a pretty strange thing. Some wise man ought to write a book about it. It's one of the great mysteries, really. A fellow named Emerson wrote an essay on 'Prudence' one time—but prudence is just a fence set up for children. Fear—there's something uncanny about that; something deep and strange. But there—your eyes! I see you're not interested."

"You talk like a man on the courthouse steps or somewhere," admitted Susan. "Anyway, it sounds good—like a song. Keep going, and maybe I'll know what it's about after a while. You didn't get frightened, then?"

He shot a look of suspicion at her—and was reassured. "No, I didn't get frightened," he said. "You can't tell what some people are going to get frightened at—nor why. The elephant is afraid of a mouse, which can't hurt it. The ant doesn't worry at all about a man's foot, which can stamp out a whole colony of ants unconsciously. One man will bulldoze a howling mob of desperadoes—and grin a sickly grin when a woman scolds. Another man will run away from a twelve-year-old boy—and go home and beat his wife. One man will calmly walk into a place where they will give him ten hours' work to do—yet he'll turn pale and run into a doorway if a horse steps sideways. Another man will laugh like a fiend when his horse tries to run away—yet he will wilt if you ask him to split a little wood. There are a lot of things I am afraid of——"

"You're not drinking your coffee," said Susan.

"—but there are three things that thrill my being through and through without making me afraid. One is a woman's voice; another is a star through the trees; another is a rose against a wall. The star

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might seem terrible, because of its distance. The rose must be watched, because of its thorns. A woman's voice ought to be paralyzing, because you never know what it means. And yet I love them all. No, I wasn't frightened."

"Here, drink," said Susan; and she held the can toward him.

XII

NATURE'S INN

"I FEEL as if I ought to get up and clear the things away—only there doesn't seem to be anything to clear away."

This was Susan's comment when breakfast was finished.

"But don't you see," said Mann, "that you've plucked the one perfect flower of the nomadic life? There's never anything to 'clear away' when you are tramping. Haven't you found it that way?"

"I can't say I have. And I don't call it tramping."

"That's just prejudice—against a word. Of course I've sometimes had to tussle with the woodpile afterward. But I find that mostly a sceptical world insists upon your performing that rite before rather than after the banquet is spread. Anyway, you've just lived through the one blissful experience of life on the road. Of course we worked for what we had; but we had only a fair amount of work to do. See? You may say we didn't have to pay the middleman. Great, isn't it?"

Susan looked at him thoughtfully, and again she smiled.

Mann took note of that slow, spontaneous smile. It made her really beautiful. "The thing to do now," he said, "is to find a suitable spot and go into a kind of trance. You know it's not advisable to think too much."

"I can't help thinking," said Susan naïvely.

"You're still inexperienced. A thoroughly trained tramp can sit by the hour without a fidget. Not because he is contented but because he has quit thinking."

Susan frowned. "I don't want to be that kind of a tramp," she said. "You see, I want to be just a traveller. I want to work my way and be respectable." She got up and moved a few steps away from him. For the time being the feeling of comradeship passed. "I think," she added, "we ought to try to help the poor horse before we rest any more."

"It's a lamentable handicap—your wanting to be respectable. That is really what caused the downfall of Eve—and it's been playing the mischief with people ever since. I don't forget the horse, but there really isn't anything we can do just now."

"If I were you I'd go somewhere and borrow a shovel, and come back and dig."

"Borrow a shovel?" He regarded her musingly. "Where do you suppose I'd find one? And if I found one, do the people hereabouts strike you as the sort of folk who'd lend it to me?"

"Well, you could buy one."

At this he flushed slightly. "My good woman," he confessed, "if solar systems were selling for five cents a dozen, I couldn't buy enough star-dust to trick out a young lightning-bug."

"You mean you really haven't got any money?"

He pulled the pocket of his coat inside out and looked at it abstractedly.

"Then I could give you the money," said Susan.

Mann shook his head. "I guess I've figured it wrong," he said. "I got the idea that you wanted to be one of us—to cut loose from the worry."

"Yes, I do. But how could I help worrying if I didn't have any money?"

"But, don't you see, you've got to be careless—not prudent? You are still swimming. You ought to learn to float."

She did not fully understand this metaphorical speech. "That's all right," she said impatiently, "but what about the poor horse?"

This brought an expression of genuine candor and seriousness to his eyes. "I don't want you to think I'm indifferent to the predicament of that poor beast," he said. "You see, it's simply impossible to do anything just now. I worked that out in my mind the first thing this morning. But I've thought out a solution. You see, we're close to a thoroughfare. Sooner or later travellers will pass this way. We can't expect any processions, but just a lone teamster. There must be one or two every day. When a wagon comes by

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the man in it will probably have a shovel. Anyway, he ought to have a bucket, and I suspect the horse needs water now more than anything else. It's pretty much in the position of our old friend Tantalus. Moreover, when that wagon comes by we might get a hand-out."

"Get what?"

"Food of some sort." He met her serious glance smilingly. "We could say we stopped here because of the horse, and that we ran out of supplies. Then if the fellow's got any heart at all, whoever he is, he'll give us food."

"What kind of food, I'd like to know?"

"Did you ever eat baked potatoes?—the kind you bake out in the open by burying them in the ashes?"

"I never did."

"Then you mustn't stir from this spot—you mustn't think of such a thing—until some one with potatoes comes along. People on the move, say."

"Well, I can't say I think much of just stopping. I think we ought to do something."

Her companion regarded her thoughtfully. "When you're on the road," he said finally, "you ought to try to enjoy the pleasures of such a life. Don't keep looking forward or back; just take what comes. Until the aforementioned traveller comes try to think what a beautiful spot we're in. Do try to take it easy."

Susan maintained a moody silence for a little while; and then she looked at the horse, which had played such a disproportionate part in her life already, and which, as she could not surmise, was to take its prominent place in the strange drama which lay just ahead of her.

The sun had arisen to a sufficient height to cast its rays upon the animal's back. Soon its head would no longer be in shadow. The day was becoming uncomfortably warm, and the helpless animal, as if it had caught Susan's eye and read her thought, extended a sniffing, eloquent muzzle.

"It *does* want water," she declared with feeling. "I think we ought to try to find a bucket right away."

Mann eyed her sternly. "You're undoing the work of months," he complained. "You belong hopelessly to society—and you remind me that I still belong to society. No, we can't take our ease in the presence of a living creature that needs aid."

He turned and regarded the horse accusingly; and then his eyes brightened. "Wait!" he exclaimed. "I've got a plan. It may not work, but it's worth trying."

He sat down on a ledge and began removing his shoes.

"What are you going to do?" faltered Susan.

"I'm going to water the horse. It would be a crime to introduce a bucket or a shovel to this sylvan solitude—but the horse shall have water."

He tugged at his shoe a little and then kicked it off. An instant later the sight of a bare foot—and then of another—filled Susan with a new embarrassment. Uncomfortably she moved away. When she glanced back, after a good, long interval, she perceived that Mann had rolled up his trousers in a way that made her cheeks burn. Yet she watched him intently when he began wading out into the stream. She was angry with herself for being guilty of a degree of false modesty which was quite ridiculous; and, besides that, it seemed to her that he might be placing himself in danger.

As he advanced, shrinking from contact with the sharp edges of stones in the bed of the stream, the water rose above his knees and then gradually to his waist.

"You're getting all wet!" exclaimed Susan.

"Yes," retorted Mann, "I inferred as much. I could almost have sworn to it." He spoke irritably—and so another bond was established between them: for the first cross word is much more tyrannous in its after demands, where a man and a woman are concerned, than a round dozen jokes or mutual services.

He moved forward. The bed of the stream still held. The water became shallower. The horse extended its muzzle to within arms' length of him.

Then he took off his hat and plunged it into the water.

The next instant he had gripped it by the rim so that it depended between his hands, and held it as far out as possible.

The horse understood. Without hesitation it began to drink eagerly from the hat.

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Susan stood in a pretty, womanly attitude, one hand clasped in another, and both pressed to her bosom. Rapture beamed in her eyes. A new strain of tenderness was awakened in her nature by the sight of the man administering to the helpless beast, and the horse eagerly accepting aid.

Then her expression changed to quick misgiving. "Not too much," she cried warningly. "It might hurt, just at first."

"I know," responded Mann. "But the hat doesn't hold much. I'll give him a few more sips. You know, I shouldn't want to go through this experience more than once or twice an hour."

He came lurching back to the bank, replacing his dripping hat on his head. And while he examined his feet with an eye for injuries he was quite startled by an unexpected noise—the jubilant whinnying of the horse.

"That means 'thank you,'" explained Susan; and she glanced at Mann's driping garments. "Do you suppose you'll catch your death of cold?"

"I appreciate the womanly solicitude," conceded Mann. "That's *your* way of saying 'thank you.' No, I won't take cold. I'm going to keep stirring until I get dry. Can you think of a first-class tramp being driven to a sadder extremity? The fact is—I've just thought of a scheme."

As far as possible he pressed the water from his trousers with his hands, and after a time he put his shoes on.

"What scheme?" asked Susan.

"I'm going to build a bath-house. We might as well enjoy a few luxuries as long as we stay here."

"I'm sure you needn't build a bath-house for me," declared Susan, abashed even by the suggestion of such a thing.

He smiled. "Well, for myself, then. It's not a professional thing to do, but it's a weakness of mine."

A moment later he had produced his knife and was strolling off down-stream.

Susan experienced a sudden desire for domestic duties—for the tasks which a woman can perform better than a man. She resented the fact that her companion could make himself useful in so many ways, while there was nothing at all that she could do.

Chancing upon the can in which the coffee had been made, she seized it with avidity and carried it to the brook, where she rinsed it out. Then she inverted it carefully on a clean ledge of rock. Next she unpacked and repacked her possessions. Then she pretended to sweep the hearth—the hearth being the ground around the rock on which breakfast had been prepared. Finally she crossed the stream and brought an armful of grass and spread it out on the ledge which Mann had occupied during the night. She took a shy pleasure in this. She did not feel at all certain that she should spend another night in this place, but she had to admit that there was no telling what would happen. In truth, she had more than half a mind to go on alone, without according her companion the courtesy of a farewell. She had an irksome feeling that destiny was manipulating her affairs too directly. She also had a subconscious realization that she could not continue her relations with this affable, whimsical stranger without being influenced by him in ways which would be wrong.

But to offset these circumstances there was the fact that she was obtaining an inkling, a gleam, of the thing called happiness. At least, her life had become a thing of surprises, and she was intensely interested. Moreover, something more than a vision of beauty had come to her. The spot where fate had brought her and Mann together was perfect in its sylvan quiet and repose. A firm, rocky floor extended along the base of the bluffs. Between this floor and the brook there was a gently declining bank. There was comparatively little vegetation near by; though the stream was deeply shaded by tall trees and a generous amount of underbrush. She caught glimpses, through the trees, of the narrow stretch of plain beyond the stream, where the sunlight fell in a golden flood, and where an occasional tree afforded variety to the landscape.

She did not connect the scene with the picture she had seen back in Pleasant Lane—the picture of the great trees, and a stream, and a wide expanse of field, and the church steeple in the distance. The picture had represented a place from which men and women were not perma-

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nently absent; while this harbor in the shadow of the bluffs seemed to belong to a world in which people had no place.

She would be in no hurry to proceed on her way, she concluded; and having reached this point in her meditation she gave way to a feeling of curiosity relative to her companion. She went in search of him.

Again she was amazed by his resourcefulness, his ingenuity. He had cut dozens of slender bushes, four or five feet tall, and had woven them in basket form into a tent-like structure which he had placed over a spot in the stream where the water ran clear over sand and stones.

"What do you think of it?" asked Mann. He was smiling happily, almost boyishly.

"I think it's perfectly charming," she said, with complete sincerity.

"Want to take a bath?"

She frowned. Why was he so direct—so indelicate? "I don't think I do," she said.

"Well, maybe you will after a while. Any time you want to the place is here for you."

"It was good of you to take so much pains," said Susan. She regretted that she had had to seem ungrateful and ungracious.

"And now," said Mann, "I think we'd better go back to the camp and think about dinner."

"And for dinner——?"

"I suppose it'll have to be fish again."

But even as he spoke he turned his ear intently toward the distant road. Susan followed his example.

Through the stillness came the unmistakable sound of wheels grinding over the rocky highway.

XIII

SUSAN IS PERSUADED

AGAIN it was a movers' outfit; again a man and a woman sat on the front seat; again the woman held a baby in her arms. And there was yet another point of similarity between this simple domestic drama *en route* and the other which Susan had witnessed on the road the day before—there were children precariously disposed among the household effects in the wagon.

The man proved to be of a neighborly disposition, and when he was told of a horse in distress he set aside all his other interests and was eager to be of service. Then, because it was nearly noon, he decided to stop for the midday meal; and in a short time the wagon stood on one side of the road, the horses were unhitched and feeding, and the family were making themselves at home in the "camp" of Mann and Susan.

"Where's your outfit?" inquired the man.

Susan blushed and looked appealingly at her companion.

"We haven't any," was Mann's simple rejoinder. "You see, we were only going as far as Horseshoe."

This explanation must have left much to be taken for granted; yet no more questions were asked, and the traveller suggested that they all have their dinner together.

"The trouble is," said Mann, quite unabashed, "we cleaned up everything we had this morning."

"That's the more reason for you to join us," was the matter-of-fact response. "We might let the women folks stir up a little something while we see about the horse."

There was much noisy, cheerful activity. The children were disposed to imagine they were entering upon an adventure. They had camped about the wagon, anywhere, previously, and there had been no outsiders.

The mother gave her little brood utensils and materials to carry to the camp; and Susan, desperately anxious not to seem useless, succeeded in making a very creditable fire around the rock. Then she discovered that there were potatoes to peel and she went to work with a will.

A limited number of dishes made their appearance, and there were wooden-handled knives and forks, which Susan washed in the brook. She also made a table-cloth of a newspaper which was produced from somewhere, and then she directed the children in the work of bringing rocks for seats. She was pleasantly excited; her manner was really unaffectedly gay.

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In the meantime the mover woman had relinquished the baby to a sedately responsible little girl of twelve or thirteen, and with an adeptness which was truly wonderful had set about preparing a meal. She accepted Susan's aid pleasantly, as if she regarded her only as a larger child; it was plain that she took all the responsibility upon herself.

After a while a great noise of shouting and splashing arose, and Susan looked just in time to see the horse, trembling and unsightly, scramble to firm ground near the treacherous pit in which it had been imprisoned.

"They've done it! They've done it!" she exclaimed repeatedly. She could scarcely bring her mind back to the task of getting ready for dinner.

She heard the men talking as they led the horse away somewhere down-stream. She noticed that the animal walked with a good deal of difficulty.

Later she heard Mann and his companion washing their hands in the stream near by; and when they approached the busy camp, talking comradewise, Susan asked eagerly: "Is it all right?"

Mann glanced at her pointedly. "She needs a little rest. That's about all. We'll put a halter on her and stake her out in the grass. And she's had a bath."

"I'll bring her a bucket of oats after a little," added the traveller. "She ought to be ready for the road by to-morrow."

The woman announced that dinner was ready then; and as she looked with approval at the work she had just finished she seemed so generous and kind a creature that Susan's heart went out to her. She wished she had asked her what her name was; yet she decided that she would not do so. It would be embarrassing to give her own name and Mann's, and to explain why they were together; and as yet nothing had been said about names.

There was a moment of confusion, of ceremoniousness, of restraint, as places at the "table" were taken. There was the delightful odor of food, mingled with thin clouds of wood smoke that rose and fell; there was the picture of towering rocks and of a world of green solitude.

Then the woman, quieting her brood with a glance, lifted a sweetly solemn face to her husband, and then to Mann and Susan. "Now let us enjoy what we have to eat," she said. "We're travellers in a strange place and we may never cross each other's paths again. But let us spend the hour together so that it will be a pleasant memory for all of us."

It was a very simple "grace before meat," but Susan felt a sudden rush of the emotions. There was a goodness and sweetness in the words which she felt was in a measure beyond her. She wished that something in her own nature might become visibly participant in this rite of gentleness and goodness. She was strangely troubled.

The woman's glance met Susan's and she flushed slightly. "I had to get it together the best I could," she said. "I hope we'll all enjoy it."

"I'm sure we shall," Susan hastened to say. "I was just thinking how kind and capable you are, and how little I was able to help."

"There, there!" was the woman's gentle reproof. She began to serve the dinner. "Do you like a strip of fat with your ham?" she asked Susan.

The dinner was altogether delightful. The dearest memory which Susan brought away from it was the manner in which a little boy, scarcely five years old, looked at her furtively from time to time, and smiled and blushed, as if he admired her too much for expression. Once she leaned toward him and put her hand on his back and called him by an endearing term; and it seemed to her that the touch of his warm little body had gladdened her, as if she had received a benediction.

Afterward there was much merry-making, during the cleaning-up process. The traveller made a trip to his wagon and brought oats for the horse; and unsolicited he set aside a small quantity of provisions. "You'll have to spend the night here," he said simply. "The mare will need that much time to get in shape."

Mann accepted the offering, but Susan saw that he hung his head as if in shame. She noted, too, that for the first time in her experience of him the ready source of his words failed. "Thank you," he said, humbly, and turned away that no one might read the expression in his eyes.

Toward one o'clock the little party moved on its way again. Mann and

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Susan stood by the road and watched them go, and waved more than one farewell. Then they returned silently to the camp.

By the fireplace, which had come to be a sort of anchorage, they paused. Susan pretended to be concerned about the mare, which was visible in the distance, munching contentedly. The stillness of the place was now profound, depressing.

It was Susan who spoke first. She touched a subject which, clearly, was in both their minds.

"*They* know where they're going," she said. "They've got a purpose. They're going somewhere, they're going to do something."

"I know," said Mann. He added reflectively: "My conscience is clear enough on that score. I fought all that out with myself long ago. But I don't remember that I've had to misrepresent things before, as I seem to have been guilty of doing in this case."

It was for Susan's sake that he had posed as something different from what he was; yet she remarked, in troubled tones: "I think, if I was a man, I wouldn't be a tramp."

He looked at her somewhat curiously, but without speaking.

She believed she could read what was in his mind. "A woman's got more provocation than a man," she declared.

"Well, that's one way of looking at it."

"I think it's the fair way." She leaned against the wall of stone, her arm stretched out along a mossy ledge. "A man's got his work to do and he can come and go the way he pleases. What he wants he can buy without asking for the money. A woman—my kind of woman—sits in one room, where she can smell everything from the moth-balls in the bureau to the onions in the pan. When she's cleaned up her room she can sit with her hands in her lap, or go out on the steps and gossip, or go to a motion-picture show—maybe. If she goes out on the street too much she's a bad lot—even in the daytime. She can't venture out at all at night. It's enough to drive her crazy."

Mann had sunk down on one of the deserted seats of stone, where he sat inertly, his arms wound about his knees. He had always assured himself that he had taken to the road in quest of health; but hadn't his running away been, in effect, a surrender? Hadn't he weakly deserted his work, his responsibilities?

"I don't know that I ever looked at it from the woman's standpoint," he admitted finally. "I've thought a long time that the greatest burden in life is to have to work at something you're not interested in until your energy is all gone—until you don't care much whether you live or die. I've never thought about the life you've outlined. There's something to be said about that, too—of course. I guess the moral is that life's not what it's cracked up to be for any of us."

He was silent a long time. Little by little there came to him a sense of the incongruity of advice to him from a woman who had committed a much greater offense against the rules of society than he had done—who had confessedly deserted both home and duties merely because they had become irksome to her. And yet he liked her the better because she had assumed that womanly rôle for the moment, and had rebuked him for his failures. She became a much more companionable creature, because of that proof of a tender conscience. He looked up at her at length with a lively realization of his deepening interest in her. He was really satisfied with his position, after all.

"Did you ever eat such ham?" he asked. His eyes were twinkling. "My goodness!" He sighed with vast contentment at the recollection. Presently he added: "Things might be a thousand times worse than they are, you know. We've had a good dinner, and there's enough in the pantry for to-night. And you've had luck with your mare. You can go on to-morrow." With a sudden change of tone he asked: "Where's your saddle and bridle?"

"There wasn't any," replied Susan.

His eyes narrowed. "Just riding with complete freedom?" he asked. "Giving her her head without any limitation at all?"

"I wasn't riding," said Susan.

His forehead became puckered. What *was* she doing, then? Here was another mystery, to be added to the more complex mystery which was the woman herself.

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But he decided to ask no more questions. He would wait until she cared to tell him voluntarily. "Well, let's enjoy ourselves," he suggested. He abandoned the rock and lay sidewise, at full length, on the ground, propping his head up on his hand. "Isn't this a grand spot?" he challenged. He tried to make his tone gay, even care-free.

"I think I'll pack up and go pretty soon," said Susan.

"But the mare can't travel to-day."

"She's all right now. I can just leave her. I don't see why it wouldn't be right for you to take her and sell her somewhere."

"But she isn't mine!"

Susan looked at him long and reflectively. "You're an honest man, aren't you?" she remarked slowly.

Something of his bantering tone returned. "That's the second time you've said things that might have injured me if you'd been overheard. You really ought to be more careful."

"If it hadn't been for you the poor thing might have died, anyway," insisted Susan, returning to the point.

"Oh, that was just chance. Just a lucky chance. To-morrow you can sell her yourself, when you get to Horseshoe—if you haven't got any more use for her. She's a beauty. She'd bring you a hundred dollars in a minute. That's fine for you, and things are already fine for me. We're going to have a good supper to-night, and a good breakfast in the morning. It's flying in the face of Providence to ask for more. I wouldn't think of going on before to-morrow, if I were you. You've said you wanted to be in the country. Well, you're there now. You won't be happy when you get to Horseshoe. I know what kind of a town it is. It's just got to the point where it talks about Progress. It's just got a new railroad. Think of the mental condition of its people as a consequence! And you know you've never used your nice bathhouse, and you've never eaten baked potatoes out of the ashes. There can't be anything more important in the world, just now. If you tell me again you're anxious to get to Horseshoe I shall think you are just a plain malcontent, not looking for freedom at all. I tell you, you'll hate the town when you see it. You'll think of the trees again, and the stream, and the fish. To-night when the sun sets we'll build a fire and put the potatoes in to bake, and catch some fish; and there will be lightning-bugs, when the dusk comes, and maybe a whippoorwill. Just think of it!" He looked at her and smiled. "And you don't know what's coming to you next—when you get to Horseshoe."

Susan was experiencing the exquisite, complicated joy of being tempted. Her mind became slightly confused, her pulses quickened. She looked at her companion with timidly appraising eyes. There was something mysterious about him, she thought—as if he were some famous person in disguise; or at least as if he were something quite different from what he professed to be. He seemed truly happy. That was one of the things she could not understand. He had confessed to running away, yet nothing seemed to depress him now. The way he had of smiling at her, without speaking, sometimes, made her imagine he knew some pleasant secret about her. There was mischief in the smile, too. Susan remembered how a little girl in Pleasant Lane had once smiled and smiled when she had slipped an apple into a blind beggar's pocket without his knowing it. That was the sort of smile Mann wore. She couldn't understand it at all.

An unbidden phrase entered her mind after a while. "He is a gentleman!" She wondered why she should have thought of such a thing. Herkimer had always contended that the word was simply silly. And from what Mann had told her she thought it highly improbable that he was a gentleman. Yet the phrase kept running through her mind.

To Susan a gentleman was one who kept himself clean and wore perfectly fitting clothes which were not in any way like the clothes you got for twelve or fifteen dollars, and who always did and said the right thing without stopping to think. He might be a grand rascal, so far as Susan's ideas extended; but these other qualifications he must certainly possess.

Her suspicion that Mann was a gentleman in a sort of disguise took quite definite form in her mind; it was definitely accepted as a fact. She realized that she

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felt toward him as she had never felt toward other men. It came to her that she never would have cared to lay a hand on any of the men she had known in Pleasant Lane, because she had somehow instinctively disliked them. As for Mann, she couldn't have touched him, comfortably, either; but this was because she was in some sense afraid of him, in awe of him.

She realized suddenly that she had been rudely staring at him and that he had been smiling at her as if in gentle reproof.

"I don't know why you want me to stay," she said, driven by embarrassment to utter the tactless words.

"Can you wonder at it? Think of the long road ahead of me. You see, there's a chance that I've gone into it for good and all. Perhaps I'll live on the road—and die on the road. Sometimes I'll have a companion, by chance; but I'll seldom have one who's still alive—who'll talk to me as you and I have talked. The tramps I meet will be men who have gone to sleep. While you—you're just waking up. You're not sidetracked yet, by a whole lot. Some little thing has gone wrong with you. Say it's a big thing, if you want to. But you're a woman—a nice woman, too. And sooner or later you'll go back and tackle the job again. You haven't been beaten. You haven't let go. And it's different with me. It was a big thing that went wrong with me. It was life itself. And I'll probably keep on running away year after year. When I get old and weak I'll never sit in a room in the city and watch people go by, and notice what they wear and how they walk and what they're carrying, and wonder where they're going. I'll lie down on a bank and finger the grasses and wait for the stars to come out or the sun to rise. You see, Mrs. Herkimer, I hate the grooves and the treadmill and the routine things. I don't mean I don't get awful lonesome sometimes. I do. That's why I want you to stay here as long as you will—at least while we've got everything in the world we need."

Susan felt her pulses throbbing strangely. Her companion's words had brought an entirely new sensation to her. No one had ever spoken to her before as he had spoken. She couldn't quite reconcile a softness and yet a kind of sternness in Mann's way of speaking. She couldn't think how to answer him.

"I think we'd better bring the mare over for a drink," she said, as an easy substitute for an actual reply to him.

"Of course! I'd almost forgotten." His face lit up swiftly. He felt sure, as he hurried away to carry out her suggestion, that he had gained his point—that she would stay over until the next day.

Susan, of the theoretically discerning sex, did not at all understand that Mann knew just what she would do. She wished she could think of some way of letting him know that she had decided to spend the night here by the stream, without frankly admitting that she had done so in response to his plea. She sat down on a projecting ledge of rock and waited for him. And hearing him singing cheerfully in the distance, her mind became at peace. She quite forgot that he was a tramp; she almost forgot that he was a gentleman. He was just a friendly companion.

The languorous heat affected her, and after a time she conceived the idea of climbing up to her ledge and lying down. She did so, and quite unintentionally she fell asleep.

It was Mann who awoke her, and when she looked out across the stream and the plain she saw that the sun was getting low in the sky. She felt strangely content.

"You'll have to stay now," he said. "It's getting late."

"Well—all right," she replied, trying to create the impression that she had just made up her mind, and that her decision was against her better judgment and inclination.

Mann turned away as if new responsibilities had descended upon him; and Susan knew nothing of the light which suddenly danced in his eyes.

(To be continued.)

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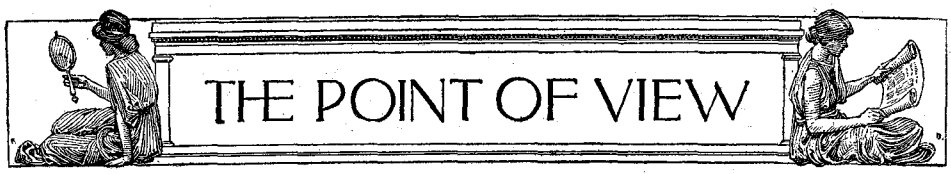

THE first requisite for a garden being the earth in which to grow it, we assumed a successful career as producers in the acquisition of somewhat over a hundred acres of land. Earth it proved to be, bearing rocks, though neither so many nor so pretty as the neighbors', trees fruited with worms' nests, hardhack, quack-grass, and plenty of water. But all this was not soil. The water was spread so impartially over the acres that among them all was discovered only one suitable to till. This is so remote from the house that visitors fail to descry it, but the woodchucks and deer could direct them; also the cattle, which observe that it is separated from the highway by a barbed-wire fence, and therefore enter by other portals with the wilder animals.

The Immortal Soil

In conceding that our rocks are not so abundant as the neighbors' I do not include stones. Of them we have just as many. After ploughing, what the garden called for was a wheelbarrow and a stone-boat, and as many of each as could be borrowed. We understood why the meadows and pastures in this region are picturesque with stone walls and purposeless, unrelated, mysterious-looking heaps like Druidical altars. Something rather high, long, and wide could have been built out of the by-products of our first ploughing; the providential leading was toward road construction and masonry rather than truck-gardening. The harrow produced so alarming a crop for the geologist that we grew hysterical about disturbing the earth, and when sowing-time came inserted the seeds in a gingerly fashion to guard against fresh petrological eruptions.

Our garden once ploughed, harrowed, and sufficiently quarried to give the seeds some idea which direction was that of least resistance, we respectfully approached the question of fertilization. Stable manure we knew to be an absolute necessity, but not to be had. The native farmer, owner of cattle, daily strews priceless manure broadcast over his fields, harrows it into his garden, and lets it dribble between the cracks of his old cart. But he never has any to sell. If he had, he would no more sell it, bless you! than he would part with an heirloom. Hence he can put an atmosphere into his garden that is denied the summer resident. In April, when winter is slinking away and your cooped-up mind leaps to the hills and pictures your garden wrenching itself from the grip of the frost, bits here and there softening in the sunshine, hungry for nourishment, fairly crying out for a chance, doesn't it seem as if you *must* snatch the broom from one of those feebly crawling old men, gather up every scrap in the street yourself, and send it off by parcel post to where it will do the most good? Instead, you write to a dealer, enclosing a large check, and he sends you a small bag of ill-smelling powder. It is somewhat too large for your safe-deposit box, so you keep a nervous eye upon it till such time as it is fitting to drop it into the garden, at wide intervals, with a teaspoon. One could not expect a genuine garden to spring from imitation soil. The poetry of vegetables, green pastures, hayfields, corn rustling from summer's lullaby, the wonderful silo which makes the whole year summer for the cattle, lies in manure. It is a glorification of "dust to dust"; earth harvest returned to earth to sprout afresh and be harvested again. No, commercial fertilizer has no soul.

Ours would have been a cheap, common, soulless garden if we had not been given a little sacred earth to spread on top of our unblessed substratum. It could not be made to stretch over any considerable area, no matter how thinly spread, but, as far as it went, we had a veneer of aristocratic soil. It came from a gentleman farmer—every good farmer is at heart a gentleman—who possessed soil many years older than his own ripe age; whose life had consisted in hoeing, raking, mixing, and loving it into the lightest, blackest, richest possible material, with secret potentialities unknown to one generation of raw young gardeners.

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It came by freight, two thousand pounds of it, and it had passed through a heavy rain. I regret that I was not present to hear the somewhat spicy comments upon it by the railway employees. I do recall the look on the face of the farmer who "hauled" our gift to us, after postponing the act of neighborliness until the weight of the bags had been materially reduced by drying. "You don't really *need* any water fetched to your land," he ventured.

What a rambling, beautiful tale that soil could have told of the gentle old man who had turned it over and over from his youth until that last time, when he cared to send it to us! Into it he had worked his love of earth; from it he had called virile plants like himself—blood-scarlet blossoms, hardy vegetables; starting each spring with the same old soil, adding seasoned loam, turning it again and again, letting it trickle between the teeth of his rake, dead to look at, but immortal. What if these secrets were whispered to our bare, stony, starved garden? How far was it responsible for what broke, as if by magic, through its crust? That first exquisite surprise of feathery green we never shall forget. And the excitement of a garden is perennial. The miracle never ceases to be miraculous. Never a morning when the fairies have not been there in the night!

ALL that is needed seriously to affect the language of a race is to bring the race into contact with a race speaking another language.

The War and English

The language of the Babylonians four thousand years before Christ was not the same as it became later under the influence of the conquering Syrians; the language of Greece was modified by the presence of numerous slaves of foreign races, by foreign commerce, and by the conquering Romans; the languages of all the barbaric tribes of Europe were more or less affected by the contact with the conquering Romans, and we have to-day Rumanian, French, and Spanish, not to mention others, mainly built up of the Roman language. So in England and America we have English which in distinct words is three-fifths or more of Latin or Greek origin, but in the number of words actually used on any given page is more than two-thirds Anglo-Saxon, even in the works of those who, like Johnson, used a pedantic language full of big words from the Latin.

If we look for the effects upon language of peaceful contact between races, we see the great number of words in English that have come from almost every race upon earth through learned intercourse, through trade, through travel, and from every form of contact between peoples of different languages. Thus, learning and commerce have given us a host of more or less common words of Oriental origin, as *algebra*, *arithmetic*, *bazaar*, *alcohol*, *azimuth*, *nadir*, *zenith*. In short, the language of a race expresses its experiences, reflections, and formulated notions. The sources of its names depend upon its experiences, its relations to other races. It may adopt a name because it has none of its own, and probably this is the usual reason; but the reason may be buried in obscurity. It may already have a name for a thing and because of some association, some freak of the moment, some suggestion of sound—no prophet or seer can tell or know what—it may adopt a new name in place of the old one, discarding that altogether or using it only in some other sense.

Thus, in England the word by which a parrot was known from the beginning of the fourteenth century, the days of Chaucer's youth, to the sixteenth century, the days of King Henry, was *pagagay* or *popinjay;* then *parrot* was taken up as the name of the same bird and *popinjay* became rare or figurative in use.

Now when we call a man a *parrot* we do so in order to suggest that he is a mimicker or repeater of words with no appreciation of their sense; but if we say that he is a *popinjay* we mean that he is a type of vanity and empty conceit, more in allusion to the bird's gaudy plumage than its senseless repetition of words. As for words which have been dropped and replaced by newer words, the dictionary is full of them, as *bird* (a young animal of any kind), *fay* (faith), *faitour* (cheat), *sad* (heavy—obsolete except in *sad iron*), *troth* (faith, belief).

To-day an intermixing of races is taking place in Europe of a magnitude such as has not before happened in the history of the world. The British have an army of perhaps five millions of men in France, where a large part of them are in daily contact with the French; and the army life of these men

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has thrown into continuous and intimate contact soldiers from all parts of the British Empire, though they are not mingled as indiscriminately as are the different races in the armies of the United States.

The French, on the other hand, have an army of some six millions of men who are brought together in daily life from all parts of France, and are largely in intimate contact with the British soldiers. There is similarly a small army of Belgians who are in intimate contact with both the French and British.

The armies of the United States in some important respects differ from all the others. Very many of the soldiers are foreigners who have immigrated into the United States from abroad—from England, France, Russia, Germany, Austria, Turkey, Spain, etc.—and many of these soldiers speak almost no English or only a broken English. I have talked with many young soldiers both in the volunteer forces and in the National (drafted) Army who spoke so brokenly that I could hardly understand them. All these men are put together with no discrimination as to race or language so that they have become almost entirely dependent upon English for their daily intercourse. That they must know, or learn to know it, in order to talk with their fellows, for it is the only universal, and is the official, language of the army. They must know it to understand or give orders; they must know it well to obtain advancement. The broad divisions of the country are maintained in that Southerners are generally organized in units by themselves, Westerners by themselves, etc.; but in all the foreign element is indiscriminately mingled with the native. All these men are, as rapidly as possible, being transported to France and billeted there, where French is daily—almost hourly—heard by them, and must be used by them to communicate with the natives. They are one and all intensively studying French, both here and abroad, and the amount of language progress that can be made in intensive study is astounding. This is also true, but probably to a less extent, of the British soldiers, toward whom the French seem to feel less camaraderie than toward the Americans.

There is a manifold significance in all this. The effect upon English is already slightly felt; but the future effects are certain to be great, how great none can now say. It will be ten years, a score of years, perhaps a generation, before a toll can be taken of the resulting changes in the English vocabulary, meanings, and pronunciation. The most obvious and immediate changes are the new words which are being taken bodily into English as a result of military usage and necessity. In this class are the many aeroplane words, such as *empennage* (the stabilizing planes of an aeroplane), *aileron* (a lateral balancing plane or surface of an aeroplane), *avion* (an aeroplane), *escadrille* (an aeroplane unit in the army), *ailette* (a part of the wing surface), *hangar* (a shed for aeroplanes), etc.; the words descriptive of military tactics or science, as *barrage* or *tir de barrage* (a form of defensive gun-fire), *liaison* (co-operation between the forces), *camouflage* (disguising, as by coloration), etc., terms of description, such as *poilu* (a French private), *Boche* (a German), *ace* (the French name for an aviator who has brought down five enemy aeroplanes within his own lines), etc.

These, however, are but a few which have immediately been bodily taken over into English because they are in constant use. But there will be later the words which arise from common colloquial use among the soldiers, the words used to express new sensations and ideas, and many of these will be twisted and tortured out of their correct pronunciation so that only the expert can guess at their origin.

Who could guess that the English Tommy's "*Wipers*" was *Ypres* (in Belgium pronounced ē'pr')? Who would know, without a considerable familiarity with French, that *napoo* in "he will *napoo* the rations" comes from the French "il n'y a pas," which the waitress said to the British soldier when, if she had known English, she would have said "there is no more," or, in homelier phrase, "it's all gone" or "none left"? Now *napoo* is soldiers' common slang for "it's all gone," "no," "to put an end to," "to die," "to stop."

Already French words are beginning to appear in the letters home of the American soldiers, as *blessé* (a wounded soldier), *repos* (repose, rest), etc.

What the outcome of it will be no one can tell. There is already among the British soldiers an immense vocabulary of slang or colloquialisms, driblets of which reach us

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now and then; and some have come to stay, I believe. A miscellaneous collection includes such words as *whizbang* (a smaller-calibre German shell noteworthy for its whiz on approach and its loud explosion), *zooming* (a sudden climbing of an aeroplane), *tin can* (a kind of fire projectile), *tank* (the armored land ship), *dud* (an unexploded shell), *cootie* (a louse), *swanking stick* (a swagger stick), *busy Bertha* (a large German shell), etc., each with its special meaning, and in many cases, as *tank* and *zooming*, widely adopted outside of army ranks.

One of the most prolific sources of new words in a language is an attempt to name new ideas. American soldiers in France will absorb many new ideas from their contact with the French and British; there will be many new shades of meanings for ideas denoted by old words. To express these the men will inevitably adopt French words or use English words with a new shade of meaning. I have not yet collected any examples of this; but it must take place, and one who watches the literature that follows the war will see many examples, if they are not observed before.

The most obvious effect upon the language of the American soldiers, however, will be the changes in pronunciation. Here we may not expect any radical changes, but very many which the phonetician of the next generation will note. I have no doubt that as a result there will be a tendency to make American pronunciation more uniform. The presence among us of large bodies of men to whom the sounds of our language are largely strange is already slowly affecting our vowels. There is a decided tendency to drop the old sound of *u* in such words as *tune*, *rude*, *lure*, *lute*, *lunar*, substituting the sound of *oo* in *boot* for the *iu* sound formerly given, and still essentially heard in *fury*. We no longer have even a remote approach to uniformity in using the old sound of *a* in *grass*, *path*, *glass*, *bath*, etc. In Boston they use chiefly this sound or the *a* of *father;* but elsewhere in this country you are likely to hear the *a* sounded the same in *bat* and *bath*, *grand* and *grass*, *pat* and *path*, etc. Long *o* before *r* in accented syllables, as in *four*, *snore*, *door*, *glory*, *mourning*, has become the same as the *o* in *orb* in the best British pronunciation and has shown a strong tendency to make the same change in the United States. In these and other cases of unsettled pronunciation the experiences of the soldiers will probably hasten changes which otherwise would be very slow.

The familiarity with the French will tend to give the Continental values of the vowels a boost, but this may be offset by the normalizing of the pronunciation of the hundreds of thousands of foreigners among us. The result probably will be that the next large dictionary of the English language will have to recognize as good English many pronunciations which are now considered local or taboo.

It would be foolish to attempt to predict what these changes will be; but it is safe to say that they are certain to be in a line of compromise between the different pronunciations of the men and the pronunciation of French. This change will be greater or less, of course, according to the size of our armies and the length of their stay in France.

We observe the same general, but sure, change here whenever a person moves to a part of the country which speaks a dialect differing from his own. He gradually loses his own peculiarities and replaces them with sounds more or less approximating those of the people among whom he lives. This we continually see in case of Northerners settling in the South, Southerners in the North, etc.

I have not attempted to touch upon the words coming to us from other lands than France, such as *Bolsheviki* or *Maximalists* (the radical branch of the socialists), *Cadets* (Constitutional Democrats), *Leninites* (followers of Nikolai Lenin), etc., from Russia. These are merely examples of our ordinary use of foreign words to express foreign ideas as they come to us in the history of the world; but such words are now brought to us in unusual numbers by reason of the World-War events.

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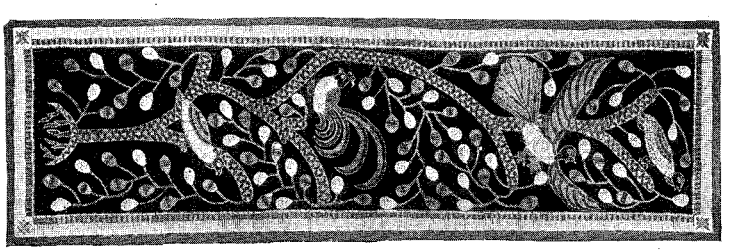
THE FIELD OF ART

JAVANESE BATIK DESIGNS

THE Museum of Natural History in New York has been doing everything possible to encourage American designers, since the war, by opening their constantly increasing collections at all hours to students and artists and by providing lectures and books and papers by experts on different countries famous for textiles and pottery. With this purpose in view it has recently bought and photographed specimens of Javanese Batik, as well as others that were loaned by the writer, and through the courtesy of Mr. Charles W. Mead, assistant curator, has given the photographs to illustrate this article. The photographs show the Batik designs with great exactness, except, of course, for lack of color. The depth of color in a fine piece of Batik is what makes it so entirely different from a "calico print," as it has been derisively and ignorantly called. This is very clearly shown in the photograph of the *slendang*, or scarf, an imitation by the Javanese of their own Batik, and in the other photographs of the genuine Batik specimens, especially in that of the fine old Surakarta (Solo) *sarong*.

Batik, the more usual form in English, is from the Malay word *batek*—stress on the first syllable—which means "to trace or paint, or design." This has been done through a hot wax dyeing process for centuries in Java on pieces of cotton cloth used for the national *sarongs* (or skirts) and the scarfs and head-kerchiefs, and so beautifully and artistically is it done by the native craftswomen that it has long been famous and admired and recently become a fad in New York. The real Batik patterns or designs as now made in Java are very much more practical and far more suitable than the present style of American imitation and adaptation, which really seems to be more Persian than Javanese, for use in almost every material manufactured in America today, such as cretonnes and other artistic materials for interior decoration, as well as in women's dress and even in certain articles of men's clothing, like neckties and bathrobes. Wall-paper and American-made rugs, especially those used for summer bungalows, are particularly suitable for the adaptation of Javanese Batik designs.

While the process of Batik dyeing is perhaps too expensive to make it worth while to the large manufacturers in America, because of the time and skill required, all the real Javanese designs and effects may be reproduced with almost perfect exactness, and very cheaply and rapidly, by the roller-machinery process now generally used for printing cretonnes and similar decorative and artistic materials. This has been done for years by both England and Holland, but exclusively for the Dutch East Indies and the Malay trade. They also sell in these fields immense amounts of woven plaid cottons, which are especially used by the natives of the Malay Peninsula. In both of these industries America could compete and would find a paying market, for Java alone, by the latest Dutch estimates, has a popula-



Panel of "The Tree of Life" and birds of paradise, a design used by the nobility.

Dark blue background, chestnut brown and cream design. A fine example of Jokjakarta from the Government Museum of Arts and Crafts, city of Jokjakarta.

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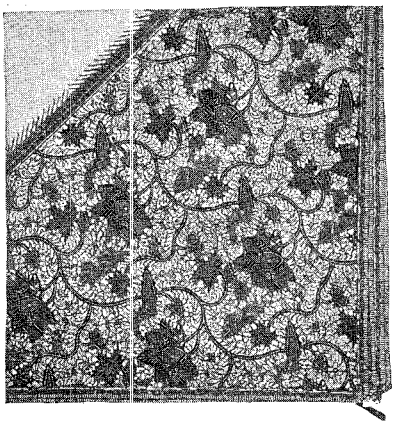
tion of forty million, which is rapidly increasing.

The Javanese women artists who make the Batik are often the most ignorant native women, but they have, however, inherited their skill for generations. They cover their material with an intricate, close, and delicate, yet at times bold, design of innumerable vines, flowers, animals, birds, fruits, and other natural objects, which are, however, conventionalized. They also often use many Buddhistic signs and symbols, and Chinese and Hindoo effects are also seen, but their coloring is chiefly and essentially Javanese, especially in the heart of the island, where the best Batik is done and is less influenced by foreign ideas. There are different special designs, often outlined in gold, which may only be worn by men of high or princely rank, such as those which represent scenes of hunting deer and other animals, reserved for the Sultan himself. I saw the women making these in a little shed-room of his palace in Jokjakarta, in central Java. They sat on their low bamboo seats before the pieces of cotton cloth that were being batiked for their royal master, which were thrown over low clothes-horses of bamboo, with a brazier for the hot wax by their side on the ground.

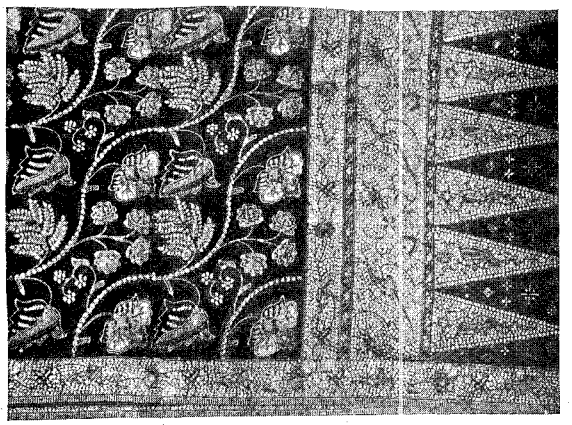


Kain-kapala, or head-kerchief, a good example of Jokjakarta *batik*.

Cream background and centre with cinnamon brown and black design of vines, flowers, and leaves.

But event he poorest and humblest Javanese will wear Batik *sarongs* and Batik *kain-kapalas* or *stengans* (native skirts and head-kerchiefs) which are so rich in coloring and so artistic in design that it is not strange that the Dutch have at last realized the beauty and art of this ancient handicraft and are doing everything they can to encourage it.

It takes weeks for even the most skilful native workers to complete a good piece of Batik. The first step is to soak the white cotton cambric, which is either of Dutch or English manufacture, in a bath of castor-oil. It is then taken out and washed, and the castor-oil bath is repeated at least half a dozen times with the best Batik until the cloth is softened and yellowed sufficiently to receive the dyes with best effect. The cloth is then cut into the desired sizes, the *sarongs*, or skirts, being about forty inches wide by seventy-three long, the head-kerchiefs about forty inches square, and the scarfs about twenty-two inches wide by eighty-five inches long. The main divisions or panels of the design are first roughly outlined in hot wax.



Batik sarong from Surabaya worn by lower class, typical pointed decoration in panel.

Background dark blue; flowers, vine, and other decorations chestnut brown.

The Javanese women now begin to fill in the design by "painting" it in with a queer little pipelike instrument called a *tjanting*. This is only a few inches long, and consists of a bamboo or metal handle with a small copper cup resting upon one flat end and a small, slender copper tube extending from the cup, like the spout of a doll's teapot. Very fine tubes are used for the minute designs. The cup of the *tjanting* holds the hot

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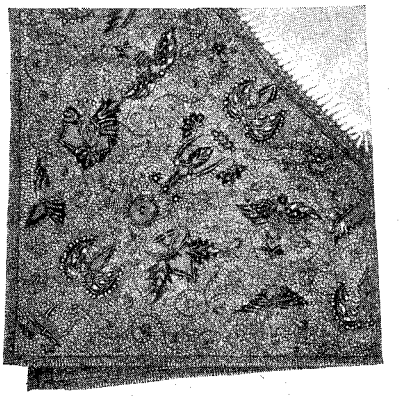
wax, which is constantly replenished from a pan kept hot over a charcoal brazier at the side of the Batik worker. The hot beeswax, of the purest quality, is forced through the tube, like icing, in a slender stream from this tiny spout, as the Javanese woman proceeds to cover with it those parts of the design that are not to receive the dye at the first dipping. For example, in a piece using blue and brown colors, all the parts that are to be dyed brown, say, are covered with the wax on one side of the cloth and then the other (both sides being exactly alike always); then the cloth is dipped in the blue dye. This process is repeated for the dyeing of the parts that are to be brown, when the parts that have just been dyed blue are in turn covered with the protective wax. The dyes must never be hot enough, however, to melt the wax, as the Batik would be ruined, but the cloth is washed in hot water after each dyeing to remove the wax by melting it off.



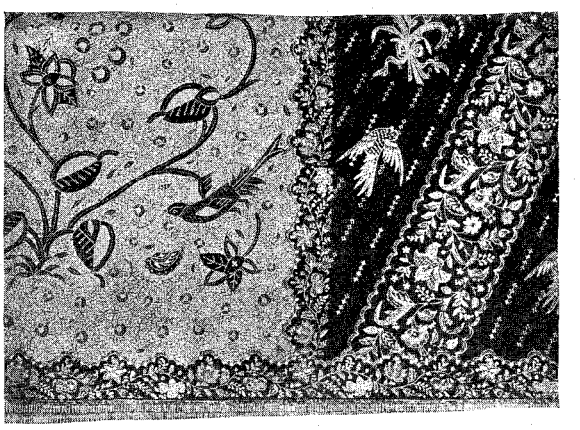
Kain-kapala or *stengan*, head-kerchief, of Jokjakarta *batik*.

White centre, cinnamon brown, black, and yellow design of butterflies, birds flying, pineapple and leaves, and scenes from *wajang* dancing-rite.

The dyes used in Batik are made from Javanese plants and fruits. The true Javanese dyes never fade even in the equatorial suns of that region.

The Javanese imitate their own Batik by making a rough block from a narrow strip of copper, with the design made of thinner strips of copper bent and twisted in this square into the required design. The square block, with a hammer-like handle, is plunged into the hot wax and then pressed upon the cloth, and this is repeated until the whole cloth is covered with the block-printed Batik. The wax smell, so distinctive of the genuine Batik, and even pieces of the wax itself, are left on the cloth, so that the natives themselves cannot always tell the difference.

It is not until one gets on board the Dutch boat leaving Singapore for Java that the beauty of the real Javanese Batik thrusts itself upon one's color sense. I shall never forget my first impression of its rich cinnamon-brown tones in the neat, trim, flat little turbans of the Javanese "boys," or *jongas*, as they are called. At first I did not like the turbans or the Batik except for the warm colors. They seemed a bit too natty, and the general design of the Javanese Batik was so hidden by the close, tight folds that it showed chiefly the small white and brown spots which made me think of the wings of the guinea-fowl. When I reached Java, however, and saw the slim yet delicately rounded figures of the young Javanese women, who wore so gracefully their native *sarongs*, and saw how the rich chestnut or cinnamon browns and the burnt oranges glowed against and harmonized with their clear, soft, *café-au-lait* skins, the Batik seemed to suit their beauty and the beauty of their country so marvellously that it is now impossible to dissociate in my mind



Old *sarong* from Surakarta (Solo); finest specimen of *batik* work and design.

Background blue-black; design of birds and lilies and other flowers in burnt orange.

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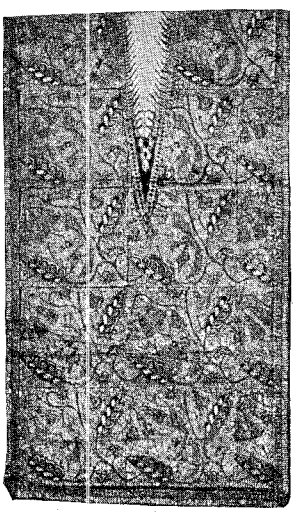
the charm of the Batik from the charm of the girls and of Java.

Later still, when visiting Buitenzorg, the residential capital in the Java hills, and looking out from our hotel-porch upon one of the loveliest valleys of the world, I watched all day, from earliest dawn to dewy eve, the slim, brown bodies of the Javanese women and children, wearing often only "the shadowed livery of the burnished sun," bathing and washing clothes in a swift-rushing stream that fled straight down from the great blue volcano in front of us, through groves and orchards of cocoanut and royal palms so dense that one had to look twice to see the dull, red-tiled roofs of the little bamboo houses clustering thickly underneath them.



Slendang, or scarf, of Javanese block-printed imitation *batik*.

Note the squares. Design typically Javanese. Long, diamond-shaped centre in buff, with brown border.

Before me lay, and shall always lie in my mind's eye, the Batik colors, which should be the royal colors of Java. There they were, in the blue of the sky and the mountain, the brown of the palm fruit and trunks, the brownish green of their leaves, the soft orange and red of the tiled roofs, and the paler brown of the straw-matted sides of their little houses, and blending with their *sarongs* drying in the sun and with the brown, crowding natives themselves in the most thickly populated land in the world. These simple folk took the colors they saw in nature and they made dyes from their native fruits and plants. The delicate, intricate designs were inspired by their parasitical vines that enwrap every tree; the larger figures were taken from their native flowers and fruits, their butterflies, moths, beetles, and birds, and their ancient symbols and dances, religious and national. The women of the country dreamed these visions, and, with the eternal patience of the East, painted them with delicate tracings of wax made by their native bees that had fed on the flowers they painted. If these child-like people on "some unsuspected isle in far-off seas" could invent or so greatly improve such a marvellous art, why should not we take our own magnificent country, our wonderful scenery, our fruits, our flowers, our birds, insects, and animals, and our men and women and our national symbols, and blend them into some original, beautiful national art or handicraft?

We are trying to do so now, though like a child we have to creep first. We have already begun to do more than that, judging from some original American-designed cretonnes made in Boston which were shown at a textile lecture at the New York Museum of Natural History. Batik should be one of the means to our end and should be studied well, if only to see how the natives make use of their native subjects and materials. The war has forced that necessity upon us, and we should make our opportunity out of our difficulty. We should make our own designs, use our own methods, and invent new materials, especially for clothes and interior decorations. These are necessities but may also be made things of beauty, and we should do it with as little unnecessary expenditure as possible in these times when millions of our men as well as of our treasure have to go for defense.

CAMILLA CANTEY SAMS.

NOTE ON THE FRONTISPIECE.—ANDERS L. ZORN: Himself of sturdy peasant stock and a native of Mora, Zorn has devoted not a little of his time and energy to the portrayal of the Dalecarlian lass, now in winter, now under the brief, bright skies of the northern summer. A consummate craftsman, he belongs not among the impressionists, but, like his colleagues, Besnard and Sorolla, with the academic luminists.

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THE FINANCIAL WORLD

WAR LOAN, AND "INFLATION"

BY ALEXANDER DANA NOYES

AT the opening of March, the Secretary of the Treasury announced that the campaign for the third Liberty loan of the United States would begin on April 6; the anniversary of our own declaration of war on Germany. The loan itself was to be issued three or four weeks later. The amount to be issued, the interest rate, and the date of maturity, could not then be stated.

The Third Liberty Loan

This was partly because, since each War Loan Act of Congress grants a stipulated total credit to the government, and since most of the credit granted last September had been used in the November war loan, another authorizing act was necessary for the April loan. But, more particularly, no change could be made in its important terms except after such new legislation; for a War Loan Act stipulates also what those terms shall be. The loan campaign is now near at hand; the loyalty and the financial power of the American people are again to be tested by it. That its results will once more bear witness to the spirit of the American people —especially in the prosperous West and South, whose new wealth was but slightly touched in the loan subscriptions of 1917 —no one seriously doubts.

WITH all of the strange and dramatic turns which have lately been occurring in the war itself—the exchange of views on terms of peace, in public speeches by statesmen of the various belligerent Powers; the efforts of Austria to get on a workable basis of negotiation and the balking of those efforts by the German Chancellor's speeches; the appearance of the American vanguard in the trenches; the invasion of Russia by the Germans and the surrender of the Bolshevik fanatics to the harsh terms submitted from Berlin—it has constantly been growing plainer that success in the war would still be a question of endurance. In this respect, no European statesman has failed to recognize, willingly or unwillingly, the immense importance of the American participation in the war.

The War a Question of Endurance

In the question of men, it will mean much; in the question of resources, financial and material, it may mean everything. An observant correspondent—summing up, from the view-point of financial Amsterdam, the events of 1917—lately stated that neutral Europe had at first agreed on the German submarine campaign as the event of foremost significance as a determining factor in the conflict, but that now the place of importance was unhesitatingly given to the action of the United States. The submarine war had turned out to be "a whip by which Germany was to scourge defiantly the whole civilized world. Provoking retaliatory policies by the United States—financial, economic, and military—on a scale anticipated by nobody in Europe, it had changed Germany's own situation radically for the worse." The moral effect on outside nations was recognized with a dull man's unconsciousness when the German Chancellor said last month, of President Wilson's description of the head of the German Government as "speaking to the court of the entire world," that "I must, as things stand to-day, decline this court as prejudiced."

BUT the question remained, with the United States as with the other belligerents: What would be the economic effect of much longer continuance of the prodigious financial strain? Three years ago, the common answer made to that question was, "Economic exhaustion."

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To-day it is apt to be "Inflation." Not the least notable incident of the past few months has been the awakening of such discussion as applied to the United States. It has been associated, very naturally, with the announcement of another very large war-loan operation by our government.

"Inflation" and War Loans

As to the question of the war finance itself, some curious considerations have surrounded it. When the present year began, it was commonly anticipated that another great war loan would be offered by our government during February or March. The plan was changed, however, and in the first week of February the Secretary of the Treasury announced that the loan would be deferred; the government's war expenses being meantime financed through sale to the banks, each fortnight, of $500,000,000 three months' certificates of indebtedness. This process would bring the government's short-term floating debt to some $3,000,000,000 by the middle of March—a very large sum for such indebtedness, though much less than the £1,115,000,000 similar floating debt of the British Exchequer at the end of 1916 (just before Great Britain's £1,000,000,000 war loan) or than the £1,000,000,000 which is even now outstanding.

In England's case, as in ours, the purpose of these short-time borrowings from the banks was to avert the necessity for too frequent "war-loan campaigns." Whenever a large war loan is placed with the general public, the government's floating debt is taken up with the proceeds of it. The borrowings from banks are therefore a purely temporary recourse. The reason officially assigned by the Secretary of the Treasury for deferring the date of our next war loan was, that he wished to put it off "until conditions will insure a wide distribution of the bonds throughout the country." This meant that he doubted if a canvass like those of last June and last November could be carried out with proper effectiveness in the dead of winter. But it is possible that there were other reasons.

One may very properly have been the wish to allow the income of our people, and therefore the sum of capital available for subscription, to accumulate during a longer period. Estimates as to what this accumulation actually is—say in a twelve-month period—are not much better than guesses, based on very insufficient data. But supposing, purely for the sake of the argument, that our people's total income were $12,000,000,000 per annum; then, evidently enough, postponement of the loan for two months longer would mean that $2,000,000,000 more funds or credits would be in hand than if the loan were issued now. The British Government, whose last two war loans were put out with such an interval between them as that from June of 1915 to January of 1917, frankly recognized the desirability of giving income every possible chance to accumulate.

Why the Third War Loan Was Put Off

IN our case, there was still another motive. Three months ago, the Secretary had intimated, in a general way, that $10,000,000,000 would have to be raised on war loans before the government's fiscal year ended, on June 30. This calculation, whose magnitude disquieted many experienced financiers—it was much more than any other belligerent state had ever raised in a full twelve months—was based on the estimate, in his annual report of last December, that the total public expenditure of the fiscal year would be $18,775,000,000; of which only $9,806,000,000 would probably be met through taxation and through loans already issued. But hardly had this estimate been put out, when the government's own statements of current expenditure began to indicate that his estimate of the fiscal year's expenditure would almost certainly turn out to be far in excess of actual results.

Up to the end of February the disbursements of the fiscal year, for our own war purposes and for advances to our Allies, were $7,300,000,000. That covered eight months of the twelve; yet the expenditure for that period was not 40 per cent of the treasury's $18,775,000,000 estimate for the entire fiscal year. The monthly rate of expenditure, it is true, had been increasing; from something like $650,000,000 last July it got up to $1,000,000,000 at the end of the year. But even allowing

(Continued on page 54, *following*)

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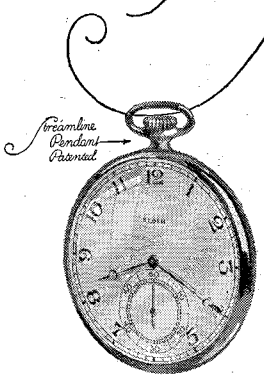

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Financial World continued from page 514

for continuous increase at the rate thus indicated, disbursements for the twelve-month period would be less than $13,000,000,000—as against the treasury's $18,775,000,000 estimate. The rate of expenditure, moreover, did not increase in January or February.

No doubt, it is possible that some exceptionally large payments will fall due in the next few months; in connection, say, with the shipbuilding programme. But the margin between the two figures is very large, and so long as the possibility existed that only half of the $10,000,000,000 bond issues predicted in December would be needed before next July, it was clearly advisable to defer, as long as might be, the announcement as to what would be the size of our next war loan. Accustomed as we have become to "thinking in billions," people take such huge variations in the estimates calmly enough. But five or six thousand million dollars are nevertheless much easier to raise in the investment market than ten thousand millions.

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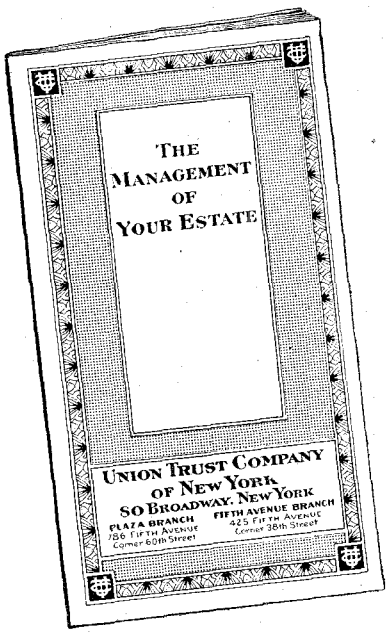

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THAT another very large war loan would be necessary in the comparatively near future, however, there could be no doubt; and that fact has all along given force to the controversy, which has existed ever since the United States went to war last April, as to whether the country had not entered on a career of "inflation," and as to whether our progress along that path was not being hastened by the successive war loans.

Credit Inflation and Currency Expansion

Both questions have elicited conflicting opinions among high authorities. The general public, seeing that prices of merchandise were generally at the highest point since our Civil War, has been inclined to accept "inflation" as the cause. But the trouble with the controversy, even as between the experts, is that discussion seems constantly to be conducted at cross purposes. What one controversialist means by "inflation" is often something altogether different from what another has in mind.

Sudden and extensive increase in loans of the banks, for instance, especially if long continued, will be described as "credit inflation," and existing conditions in that regard will be illustrated by the fact that bank loans in New York City increased $780,000,000 in 1917, and are larger by $2,000,000,000 now than on July 31, 1914; whereas the increase during 1913, the last full year of peace, was less than $30,000,000, and the increase during the ten years ending with 1913 only $420,000,000, or hardly one-fourth the increase of the three and a half past years.

But the term "inflation" is also, and more usually, employed as meaning abnormally rapid increase of the paper currency, especially when redemption of the currency in gold is no longer guaranteed. Abandonment of such redemption on demand leads to the separation of "gold prices" and "paper prices" from one another. Since the markets quote prices in terms of the money recognized by the government, it will in that case quote them in terms of paper values. And since irredeemable paper money will necessarily be itself worth less than gold, the prices quoted in it will be artificially higher than "gold prices."

Naturally, this difference will be accentuated by the amount of irredeemable currency put out; because the more there is issued, the less will be the prospect of early return to its redemption in gold. Into what condition the war was bringing the European currencies, everybody learned when suspension of gold payments on the Continent, in 1914, was followed by the doubling or trebling of note circulation of the State Banks within a year; by the issue

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of $1,900,000,000 paper notes of the German "loan bureaus," up to the end of 1917; by expansion of $2,760,000,000 in the Austrian currency; by increase in Russia's bank-note circulation from $1,300,000,000 in July, 1914, to $9,000,000,000 last autumn, with the revolutionary government putting out $250,000,000 a week until, in October, the Bolshevik authorities ceased making any public statements of the State Bank's condition or of its paper-money issues. Recent summaries of the outstanding paper money of the European belligerents (reckoning Russia's up to last October) gave a total somewhat exceeding $25,000,000,000, as compared with $3,500,000,000 in the month before the war began.

All this was paper inflation on a wholly unprecedented scale, and it unquestionably helped along the abnormal rise in prices. It was bound to affect the state of currency, credit, and prices, even in non-belligerent states—either because of unusual supplies of gold which went to those other countries or because of the influence on them of the inflated prices in belligerent markets. Average prices in England rose with great violence during our own Civil War inflation period; yet England was as far as possible from inflation of currency or prices.

It is true that, except to a very limited extent, the old expedient of direct fiat-money issues by the state (like those of our government in the Civil War, of France in the Revolution, and of the American colonies during and immediately after the War of Independence) had not been adopted in this war. Practically all these huge European issues of paper money have been notes of the several State Banks. But the gold reserve against the notes was not enlarged proportionately; in the case of Russia and Austria, it decreased. Gold redemption of the paper currency was wholly suspended. Since, moreover, the bulk of these bank-notes—especially in France and Austria and Russia—were issued to the government, in exchange for special government obligations, it was not unreasonable to conclude that the increased war debt was a direct factor in the war-time currency inflation.

The Abnormal Rise in Prices

NOW, in current discussion over the question of inflation in this country, it is often difficult to discover whether the inflation which is being talked about is inflation of bank credit or inflation of the currency. In either case, it is not at all easy to follow the course of the argument that our war loans are the cause of the inflation, and of the rising prices which have accompanied them. Nobody doubts the abnormal rise in prices; Bradstreet's "in-

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dex number" of commodity prices at New York, which was 8.708 on July 31, 1914, and 14.136 when the United States went to war last April, had risen to 17.963 at the opening of 1918. Since bank loans have increased, as we have seen, with great rapidity, and since outstanding Federal Reserve notes are now fully $1,000,000,000 above what they were a year ago, cause and effect might seem on the face of things to be convincing.

Since, also, our interest-bearing public debt was $5,800,000,000 greater at the end of 1917 than it was when we went to war, the argument seemed plausible that the war loans were the primary cause alike of credit inflation (if credit was "inflated"), of currency expansion, and of the rise in prices. Economists of high standing have urged on this specific ground that a larger proportion of our war expenditure be met through taxes and a smaller proportion through loans. The President himself, in his war address to Congress on April 2, advocated heavy taxation on the explicit ground that we ought to protect the people from "the very serious hardships and evils which would be likely to arise out of the inflation which would be produced by vast loans."

Yet the case is by no means as simple as this would appear to make it. Subscription to the war loans has undoubtedly added to the total sum of credits opened by banks to their customers. That was inevitable, when so many large subscribers applied for more of the bonds than their money in hand would pay for; borrowed at bank what was needed to make full payment, and reckoned on paying off the bank loans from their future accruing income. To say this, however, is not at all to admit that, by thus increasing the total of outstanding bank loans, the loan subscriptions helped along the advance in commodity prices.

Increase of bank loans may and often does have that effect, when producers or merchants or manufacturers, through access to the larger supplies of credit, are enabled to sell their goods with greater deliberation than before, or to hold them off the market. Yet even with such borrowers, increase in bank loans will often be effect, not cause, of the rise in prices. A merchant, let us say, habitually borrows the money to "carry" his merchandise from the time he buys it until he has sold it to his customers. He "carries" as much of it to-day as he did four years ago. But prices are twice as high as they were in 1914. There is surely no mystery over the fact that bank loans in his business should have doubled. The loan expansion would be effect, not cause. But the influence of bank loans

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used for subscription to the war bonds needs to be even more closely scrutinized.

War Loans Versus Taxes

IN so far as banks lend money to facilitate subscription to the war loans, the loans are not made to merchants or producers. The money obtained by the borrower is paid by him to the government. If we assume (as is reasonable) that there is some limit to the increase of bank loans under given circumstances, then it must follow that the more of such loans are used for subscription to the war bonds, the less will be left for the borrowing manufacturers and merchants.

It is often answered that the government itself is using the proceeds of the war loans to buy all sorts of material for the war, and that, therefore, borrowings by individuals from the banks, with a view to subscribing to the war loans, will indirectly have the same effect on the price of such material as borrowings by the manufacturers. This argument, however, overlooks entirely the fact that the government proposes in any case to buy just so much of war material. The question merely is, in what way the money to buy it shall be raised—by loans or by taxes.

No doubt, if all or most of the money for war expenditure were to be raised through taxes, a taxpayer might be forced to give up so great a part of his current income that he would have to curtail very heavily his individual expenditure; so that demand for commodities, and possibly also prices, would decline. This, however, would only mean that prices were lower because the people had grown poorer; their condition would hardly be improved by the expedient. Furthermore, there is not the least reason to suppose that a drastic increase in the income tax on very wealthy men (from whom the bulk of the income-tax revenue is now derived) would have even that result. A man with an income of half a million would not usually be compelled to reduce his personal expenditure because his income tax had been raised to 50 per cent.

High Prices and the Cost of Labor

IN short, it is doubtful if the heavy government war loans have any effect whatever on prices, except what would be produced without them. The fundamental cause for the abnormal rise in prices in this country is the immensely large consumption of goods in war; supplemented by the high transportation costs and the rising cost of labor. The high prices prevail, it should be observed, in neutral countries as well as in belligerents. The abnormal advance was as strikingly in evi-

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dence in this country a year ago as it is to-day.

When a really wide difference occurs between one and another country in the rise of prices, it is in cases where, as with Russia and Austria, governments have been recklessly profuse in forcing out depreciated paper. If our government were to issue its obligations (as the governments of France, Russia, and Austria have done, and presumably Germany also) as direct security for permanent borrowings from the banks, if it were to receive and circulate new banknotes as against the resultant credit, and if gold redemption of the notes were to be suspended, then we should doubtless be confronted with currency inflation, and as a direct result of war loans. The probable result would be, as it has been on the European continent, depreciation of the currency. But no such expedient having been adopted in the United States, nothing of the kind has happened. Whether it is possible that it should happen hereafter is another question.

At the end of February, outstanding notes of our Federal Reserve Banks had increased $1,011,000,000 over the same date in 1917. This certainly looked like abnormally rapid expansion. The government's statement of the total stock of money in this country —gold and silver coin, gold and silver certificates, United States and Federal Reserve notes—owned up to an increase of $1,200,000,000 in a year. But both statements are a bit misleading.

The Part Played by the Federal Reserve Banks

AVERY great part of the Federal Reserve notes, issued this past year, were taken by individual banks to replace, in their money holdings, the gold certificates delivered by them to the Reserve Banks. The Federal Reserve had requested that all gold money be thus turned over to it, so that it might be held as part of the lawful reserve against the Reserve Banks' liabilities. Through this process, something like $571,000,000 of gold money, which might have been used in hand-to-hand circulation, passed out of such circulation and into the Federal Reserve. So far as the money in general circulation was concerned, that much of the increase in outstanding Federal Reserve notes left matters just where they were before. So far as concerned the Reserve Banks themselves, they were that much better prepared to safeguard all their own liabilities, created from their "rediscounting operations."

As a matter of fact, its latest weekly report of February showed that the whole reserve system held, as against its deposit and note liabilities combined, a reserve of

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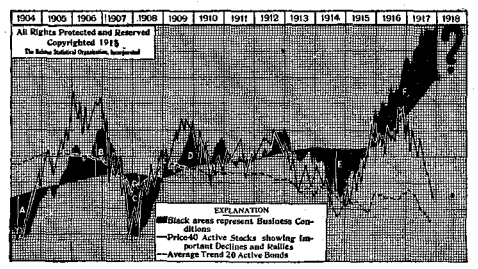
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(60)

A Book for Investors

In order that prospective investors may have full information relative to the methods which have enabled this Bank to handle many millions of dollars of Northwestern first mortgage farm loans without a dollar of loss during twenty-seven years of business, we have just published a booklet entitled:

"Mortgages on Money Making Farms"

A copy of this booklet together with our offerings of 5½% and 6% Minnesota, North Dakota and Montana First Mortgage Farm Loans will be sent upon request.

CAPITAL TRUST & SAVINGS BANK
Chartered 1890
Capital and Surplus $500,000.00
St. Paul, Minnesota.

Financial World, continued from page 61

nearly 64 per cent, whereas the law required only 40 per cent against the notes and 35 per cent against the deposits. The cause for the large increase in the outstanding notes, aside from the automatic exchange of them for gold, may at least in very large measure be found in the greatly increased activity of trade, the much higher prices of commodities, and the increase in wages. These three influences make absolutely necessary a larger total stock of actual cash for use by the paying teller of a bank, in the tills of tradesmen, in the payrolls of employers, and in the citizen's pocket-money.

But this is not the vital problem. If, at some future time, the deposit or note liabilities of the Federal Reserve were to increase in a very much faster ratio than the gold and "lawful money" held against them, we might presently approach a time when the percentage of reserve to such liabilities was down to the minimum prescribed by law. Even so, the Reserve Law itself provides the corrective machinery. But if borrowing from the banks by subscribers to the war loans were to increase portentously, and the banks were to "rediscount" all such loans and keep them rediscounted at the Federal Reserve, then a situation would confront us, not unlike that of Continental Europe. There would be two alternatives in meeting it. The Federal Reserve might itself restrict further operations through raising the rate for them or might at some point refuse them altogether. But it would also be possible through act of Congress to reduce, or to remove entirely, the provision for a minimum reserve of actual money against deposit credits and outstanding notes. Supposing this second recourse, our currency would be on the road to actual depreciation.

Strength of Our Banking Position

IS such an outcome probable? Not if prudence and foresight control the financial management of government and banks; and the Federal Reserve Board has thus far displayed exemplary skill and judgment in managing the situation. With the exception of Japan, ours is the only belligerent country in the world whose banking and currency system, after nearly a year of war conditions, remained in a stronger position than the law prescribed. It has remained in that position, notwithstanding constant prediction that it could not do so in the face of the war-time demands upon it. The margin for further large expansion of credits or of note circulation or of both, on the basis of existing gold reserves, is very great; for the twelve Reserve Banks hold to-day, in the aggregate, $725,000,000 more gold than

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is required by law as reserve against their note issues and their advances of credit combined.

This means that a further increase of something like $2,000,000,000 in loans or note issues would be theoretically possible, without falling below the legal minimum ratio of reserves and without adding to those reserves. No such increase is yet indicated. With all the large operations of the Reserve Banks during the past three years, the sum total of the two sorts of liabilities is only $2,700,000,000, and nearly two-thirds of that was offset, dollar for dollar, by gold turned over to the Federal Reserve. The United States is still far from being confronted with "inflation" of the old-time sort, meaning depreciation of the currency. But "inflation," in the sense of immensely expanded credits, due primarily to the purchases by the fighting governments in all the markets, exists in the United States as elsewhere in the world.

THE FARMER MUST BE FINANCED

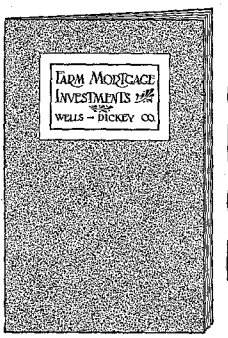
BY KINGMAN NOTT ROBINS

THE vital importance of the farmer and his product are, perhaps for the first time, popularly recognized in the United States. What the orderly processes of peace did not so clearly show, the imperative demands of war fully demonstrate, that the farmer supports the country—is the keystone of the arch of the national structure.

We are fully awake to the fact that "food is ammunition," that "food will win the war," that "the farmer mans the second-line trenches." As patriotic citizens we willingly co-operate in carrying out the requests of the food administration to conserve food. We are all interested in schemes to reduce the cost and waste of our methods of distribution and consumption of food. We gladly go without meat and wheat and sugar and fats that our allies may be supplied and our soldiers kept in the best of fighting trim. It is, indeed, fortunate that we have learned something of the lesson of conservation and frugality, so long empty phrases in the United States.

But—there is a distinct limit to the efficacy of conservation and saving. There must be production before there is anything to save and conserve. The waste of war creates a gap between goods produced and

Continued on page 64



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BECAUSE:—

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2. In all these years no client has sustained a loss of either principal or interest from investment in one of our farm mortgages.
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The Relation of Safety to Income

The safety of an investment is indicated by its promised income. The rate of interest a borrower pays is regulated largely by his security.

The highest income combined with *absolute safety* is what Fidelity Farm Mortgages offer.

You may secure a higher rate of interest, but you sacrifice safety. You may lose your entire principal by trying to get a high interest rate.

Our farm mortgages yield 5%, 5½% and 6%. Our booklet describing these investments free on request.

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INVESTING

This is the title of an illustrated, bound book of five chapters, now on the press, which will soon be ready for distribution. It will explain the essential character of agricultural finance and will present other facts of timely interest.

If you have funds to invest, or expect to have, you will find this book helpful. To obtain a gratis copy, write us on your business letterhead.

"Millions loaned; not a dollar's loss."

TEXAS MORTGAGE COMPANY

T. J. COLE, Prest.

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DALLAS, TEXAS

(Continued from page 63)

goods consumed that must be filled. To a certain degree the gap may be lessened by lessening consumption. Obviously this is only a partial remedy for deficiency and diminishes steadily in effectiveness as production declines. The only self-perpetuating, continuing, and really effective way to fill up the gap is to increase the productive efficiency of such elements of production as remain—of the people and the machinery and the land which are not engaged in actual fighting, or in the production of what are strictly munitions of war in the sense that they have no function in peace. Food and clothing and many other things are, in a sense, munitions or materials of war, but they also are useful in peace, and increase in their production is not only imperative during the war, but after the war as well, to offset the world's loss of goods through destruction and the diversion of so much of the world's energies from the production of peace to the destruction of war.

"It is a remarkable thing," says Mr. Samuel O. Dunn, in SCRIBNER'S for January, "that a nation with such a strong sense of economic values should have given so relatively large an amount of attention as ours has, since we entered the war, to the subject of saving in the use and fixing the price of the things that are consumed and so relatively small an amount of attention to the subject of maintaining and enlarging the amount of those things that are produced." Mr. Dunn has put his finger on a weak spot in our war policy.

Admitting that increase of production is the only effective means of supplying the needs and repairing the waste of war, we must distinguish between production of goods which are essential, such as food, clothing, machinery, etc., and goods which merely satisfy unessential desires in the consumer.

It is of great importance that the patriotic investor should realize that he has a distinct obligation resting on him to see that his investments are in essential enterprises. And his business judgment will support his patriotism, for only essential business is free of the menace of being deprived of its supplies of material and labor and of being denied transportation of its products.

To a great degree, the government is directing the investor's choice for him. The Liberty Bonds have first claim on the investor's available funds and his prospective savings until their full requirements are met. This is generally admitted by those most interested in essential financing of every kind, for the Liberty Bonds pro-

Continued on page 66

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IOWA FARM MORTGAGES rank first among desirable investments in the opinion of many investors of wide experience.

In the central part of this great agricultural state we have negotiated loans since 1896, succeeding a business established in 1869.

From month to month we shall tell you about the services we should like to render you. When you have funds to invest we hope you will investigate us.

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The Farm Mortgage as an Investment

Investor's Service Bureau
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597 Fifth Avenue New York

A pamphlet giving some reasons for the popularity of farm mortgages among experienced investors, will be sent upon receipt of 2c. postage, to any reader of SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

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In the 25 years we have been in business not a dollar has been lost by an investor through the purchase of our investments

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Do you desire to invest your funds in an enterprise vital to America's welfare, and the welfare of the world?

At the same time do you want to receive 6% interest, and be free from uneasiness by having your funds invested in securities free from all uncertainties?

Our first mortgages on Kansas farms will meet such requirements. Send for our booklet, "*Things You Ought to Know.*"

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BUY 6% MORTGAGES AND BONDS WITHOUT RISK

of losing a single penny of the money you invest, the same as your Banker and Insurance Company—buy from us. Our absolutely safe and secure investments will earn you 6%.

We loan money to farmers in the middle West and have done so for a quarter century—without a dollar's loss to anyone of our thousands of clients. You can have equal service whether you have $100 or $100,000 to invest.

No obligation is involved in having an explanation of our service. Let us tell you why it is different.

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Even when money is invested so as to yield a very high income the amount earned does not justify risking loss of the principal.

A rule practically without exception is to invest (1) so that the principal is safe and (2) so that the income is as great as safety will permit.

Investments in farm mortgages at 6% and city mortgages at 7% offered by us comform to this rule. During the 20 years that we have been in this business no client has sustained a loss.

"Safe Investments,"
a 16-page booklet, explains the essential features of safe and profitable investment. Write for this booklet.

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MORTGAGE LOANS AND INVESTMENTS
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6½% TEXAS 7%
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We attend to all details.
We take all responsibility.
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Your Investment Questions Answered

Twenty-five of the most frequently asked questions regarding investment in Georgia Farm Mortgages are answered in our new booklet. May we send you a copy?

6% Paid on Time Certificates

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ESTABLISHED 1887

DRAWER 366 SESSIONS STANDS FOR SAFETY MARIETTA, GA.

Continued from page 64

vide funds for the most urgent requirements for winning the war.

But it is equally obvious that certain activities of the country, although outside the scope of government financing, are hardly less important than government war business, and therefore demand to be financed if the war is to be won. Of these, transportation and farming are, perhaps, the largest and most important.

The government has already recognized this fact by taking over not only the control but probably the financing of the steam railways and by appropriating public moneys to finance farmers through the Federal Farm Land Banks.

To assure adequate financing of the farmers of the country, the government is not only supplying public funds, but has prevailed on the British Government to rescind its order withdrawing British investments from this country, so far as this order applied to investments in United States farm loans, thus putting this class of investments on a par with war loans in importance.

The farm finance situation, however, is not so quickly and readily disposed of as the railway problem, for the industry of farming is carried on by six million individual farmers and potential borrowers instead of by a limited number of great corporations whose interests may be pooled and whose needs may be taken care of as a unit. The six million farmers are now financed by several thousand agencies, ranging from the insurance companies and farm-mortgage banking-houses furnishing several millions of dollars each, to the individual lender furnishing, perhaps, a few hundred dollars. The Federal Farm Loan System, with government funds and subsidies behind it, has to date disbursed in loans an amount probably not exceeding $\frac{8}{10}$ of 1 per cent of the total outstanding farm-mortgage indebtedness of the country, and if the federal system has carried out the purposes of its framers, these loans, instead of supplanting this proportion of the existing loans in the country, have been used to increase production and to finance farmers not otherwise able to get funds, so that the government system is not an agency for relieving private agencies of their functions but is rather supplemental to them.

On the assumption, therefore, that the $4,000,000,000 of outstanding loans placed through private agencies must still depend on these agencies for their continuance, and on the further assumption that of this amount the average annual maturities are $800,000,000, it will be evident that in financing this $800,000,000 the various farm-loan agencies of the country have a real problem to solve in the public interest.

Continued on page 66c

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is the proven agricultural belt of Texas and the well developed sections of Oklahoma and Louisiana adjoining.

It is therefore under the close supervision of our general officers, which makes for efficiency in management and economy of operation, enabling us continuously to render the best service to our investors.

OUR RATES, 5½% to 6½%, attractive.

OUR ORGANIZATION, with 25 years' experience in the field in which we operate, highly efficient.

OUR CAPITAL, $1,000,000.00, giving ample assurance of continuing service.

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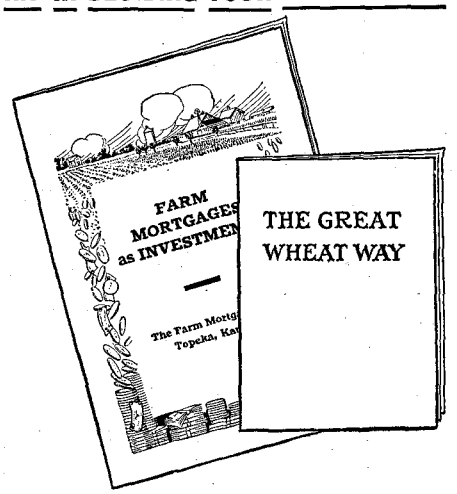
AID IN DECIDING YOUR INVESTMENTS



FARM MORTGAGES AS INVESTMENTS explains why our mortgages are safe and profitable.
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These booklets will aid you in deciding how to invest
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Choice First Mortgages

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5%, 5½% and 6%

Sums range from $600 to $15,000

In each case the property mortgaged has been inspected by one of our salaried officers and we know the security behind each loan is worth at least twice the amount borrowed.

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A Plan to Earn 6% on Savings

You may open a savings account with us and draw 5% interest.

Our savings deposits are invested in Montana Farm Mortgages. You may at any time transfer your savings outright to one of these 6% mortgages. We will then credit you with a full 6% on your savings deposits.

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Carefully selected and conservatively made in the best agricultural sections of

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Readers of SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE may consult our Financial Department for information regarding their investments.

We do not prophesy the future of the speculative market or make decisions for our readers, but we do furnish relevant information to assist investors.

Inquiries should be addressed to the Investor's Service Bureau, SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE, 597 Fifth Avenue, New York.

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April Investment List: *S. W. Straus & Co., 150 Broadway, New York, or Straus Building, Chicago.*

Foreign Bonds: *Herrick & Bennett, 66 Broadway, New York.*

6% Real Estate Bonds Secured by Real Estate Exchange Building, Detroit: *Federal Bond & Mortgage Co., Detroit, Mich.*

INVESTMENT AND FINANCIAL SUBJECTS

A Nation at War—Its Financial Needs: *Wm. R. Compton Co., St. Louis, Mo.*

Bonds and the Investor: *Scribner's Magazine, 597 Fifth Avenue, New York.*

How to Figure Interest Returns on Securities: *Guaranty Trust Company, New York.*

How to Invest: *Scribner's Magazine, 597 Fifth Avenue, New York.*

Lacey Profit-Sharing Bond: *James D. Lacey Timber Co., 332 S. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill.*

Odd Lot Investment: *John Muir & Co., 61 Broadway, New York.*

Our Foreign Bond Holdings: *Scribner's Magazine, 597 Fifth Avenue, New York.*

Par Value of Stocks Listed on the New York Stock Exchange (when par varies from usual $100): *Lloyd & Co., 135 Broadway, New York.*

Should Business Men Buy Stocks: *Babson's Statistical Organization, Wellesley Hills, Mass.*

Street Improvement Bonds: *Oakland Street Improvement Bond Co., Oakland, Cal.*

The Management of Your Estate: *Union Trust Co., 80 Broadway, New York.*

The Safe Keeping of Securities: *Guaranty Trust Company, New York.*

United States War Financing: *National City Company, New York.*

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The Investment Position of Municipal Bonds: *Scribner's Magazine, 597 Fifth Avenue, New York.*

The South and Southern Municipal Bonds: *Stacy & Braun, Toledo, Ohio.*

PARTIAL PAYMENT PLAN

Acquiring Doherty Securities by Monthly Payments: *Henry L. Doherty & Co., 60 Wall Street, New York.*

Investing Your Monthly Savings: *Lloyd & Co., 135 Broadway, New York.*

Partial Payment Investments: *Scribner's Magazine, 597 Fifth Avenue, New York.*

Partial Payment Plan: *John Muir & Co., 61 Broadway, New York.*

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Farm Mortgages: *Fidelity Trust Co., Kansas City, Mo.*

Farm Mortgage Investments: *Wells-Dickey Company, Minneapolis, Minn.*

Farm Mortgages as Investments: *The Farm Mortgage Co., Topeka, Kansas.*

Federal Farm Loan Act: *Geo. M. Forman & Co., Chicago, Ill.*

First Mortgages on Kansas and Missouri Farms: *Farmers Loan & Trust Co., Kansas City, Mo.*

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Investments in Texas Mortgages: *Bonner Loan & Investment Co., Dallas, Texas.*

Iowa Farm Mortgages—The Gold Standard of Investment Values: *H. B. Allfree, Inc., Newton, Iowa.*

Mortgages on Money-Making Farms: *Capital Trust & Savings Bank, St. Paul, Minn.*

Our Investment Methods: *Dallas Trust & Savings Bank, Dallas, Texas.*

Safe Investments: *R. O. Culp & Co., Temple, Texas.*

Southern Farm Mortgages: *Sessions Loan & Trust Co., Marietta, Ga.*

The Farm Mortgage as an Investment: *Scribner's Magazine, 597 Fifth Avenue, New York.*

The Farmer Must Be Financed: *Scribner's Magazine, 597 Fifth Avenue, New York.*

The Great Wheat Way: *The Farm Mortgage Co., Topeka, Kans.*

The Verdict of Our Clients: *Humphrey Investment Co., Independence, Kans.*

Things You Ought to Know: *Thomas Mortgage Co., Emporia, Kans.*

"We're Right on the Ground": *E. J. Lander & Co., Grand Forks, N. D.*

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A Buyer's Guide to Good Investments: *Federal Bond & Mortgage Co., Detroit, Mich.*

6% Real Estate Mortgage Investments: *Perkins & Co., Lawrence, Kans.*

The Key to Safe Investment: *Federal Bond & Mortgage Co., Detroit, Mich.*

Thomas First Mortgages Based on Detroit Real Estate: *Thomas Mortgage Co., Detroit, Mich.*

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Doherty News: *Henry L. Doherty & Co., 60 Wall Street, New York.*

The Investment Position of Cities Service Co.: *Henry L. Doherty & Co., 60 Wall Street, New York.*

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Continued from page 66

If investors fail to renew their farm loans or to furnish the necessary funds for financing increased production, it is obvious that farm production must be curtailed, with disastrous result. The investor, therefore, when considering a renewal or a new investment in farm loans, confronts both a patriotic obligation and a business opportunity—the latter because in investing in a farm loan he invests in an absolutely essential industry, an industry essential not only to winning the war but to the reconstruction after the war. It is, moreover, an industry freer, perhaps, than most of the menace of labor disturbances, impairment of property rights, and shifting values of plant equipment and materials; freer also from the uncertainties of readjustment after the war. Taking these considerations into account, together with an interest return now averaging 6 per cent, the investor is not called upon to make any sacrifices when he is asked to finance the farmer.

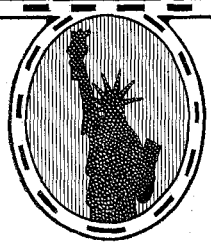
It is hardly strange, in view of this situation, that one of the great insurance companies recently announced that, until further notice, it would invest only in Liberty Bonds and farm loans.

The value to the country of stimulating farm production is, of course, self-evident. It is, of course, equally evident that this increased production is dependent on the use of increased capital—increased capital for the purchase of farm machinery, now doubly important because of the labor shortage; for the purchase of breeding-stock, to increase the supply of beef, pork, mutton, and wool; for improvements necessary to increased production and the manifold other capital requirements of the modern business of scientific farming.

Farm-mortgage banking principles as practised by the better class of agencies furnishing capital to the farmer scrutinize the uses to which the borrowed money is to be put as closely as they do the security, and it is safe to say that the great bulk of money loaned on farm-mortgage security goes directly to increase or maintain production and in that way fulfils the great economic necessity of our time—the lessening of the deficiency between goods produced and goods consumed. Two illustrations of the operation of this principle may be quoted. The first is a particular instance in the writer's observation of the productive value of a farm loan. Sixty-five thousand dollars was loaned to two practical farmers to complete payment for and to put in cultivation a tract of 5,000 acres of idle land. Sixteen hundred acres were broken and seeded within a month of the granting of the loan, and at the end of the season a crop valued at $92,000 gross was harvested, leaving a net income over and above expenses approximately as great as the entire loan. The farmers will go on improving the entire tract with this start, and the resulting increase in production, already as great in a single year as the entire capital investment, will be many times the investment.

The other illustration shows the great value of putting the emphasis on production. The gross value of the agricultural and live-stock production of the United States for 1917 has been estimated as $21,000,000,000. Mr. Dunn, in his article before alluded to, quotes the Department of Agriculture as stating that under the impulse to greater production in 1917, the production of wheat increased 3 per cent, of corn 24 per cent, of oats 26 per cent, of barley 12 per cent, of rye 18 per cent, buckwheat 51 per cent, of white potatoes 58 per cent, of sweet potatoes 23 per cent. If the total agricultural production of the country could be increased an average of even 20 per cent of last year's production, the increase would, on the basis of 1917 values, pay nearly one-half of the estimated cost of the war for 1918, on the basis of Mr. Dunn's figures.

No citizen has a more essential share in attaining this exceedingly important objective than the investor in the farm mortgage purchased through a farm-mortgage banking-house that sees to it that every loan they make is for a productive purpose.



6% Investments Based on Indestructible Security

A farm mortgage, conservatively negotiated, is one of the safest of investments. The chief elements contributing to a conservatively negotiated loan are these:

1. **Condition and location of the farm;**
2. **Margin of security;**
3. **Character of the borrower and the purpose of the loan.**

Every loan we negotiate is secured by a productive, well-located farm; each loan is preceded by a thorough examination of the property and the borrower; the conditions and terms on which we make loans conform to the most conservative practice; *Title Guarantee Policies* furnished with all loans.

Write for our booklet and list of our 5½% and 6% offerings.

LIBERTY TRUST COMPANY

FORREST C. COCHRAN — Pres.
CAPITAL $250,000
KANSAS CITY, MISSOURI

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"Started in 1842"

© S. F. W. & Son

The favorite sampler

Men who like their candy gifts to create more than the usual pleasure, with something of "surprise" added, are very apt to send the Sampler. Certainly few women can resist the quaint charm of its appeal, or the daintiness and originality of its sweets.

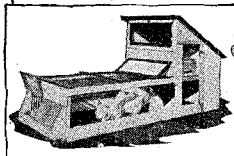
The Sampler typifies Whitman's—famous since 1842. Each dainty chocolate and confection in this unique assortment is a delightful "sample" of the quality which has won for Whitman's a national reputation and a national vogue.

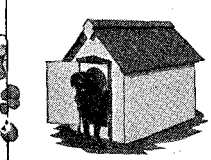
The Sampler is sold by the leading drug stores (nearly everywhere) which are Whitman agents. One dollar the pound, or we will mail a Sampler to you postpaid on receipt of your order, if no agent is near you.

Stephen F. Whitman & Son, Inc.,
Philadelphia, U. S. A.
Makers of Whitman's Instantaneous Chocolate, Cocoa and Marshmallow Whip

HODGSON *Portable* HOUSES

Play House


Poultry House


Dog Kennel

WHEN you decide to *build* a small house of any kind you invite trouble, dirt and expense to your door. It starts with the deciphering of numerous, complicated blue-prints. Then follows dust, dirt, racket and extra expenses. And when the building is finished a ruined lawn and maybe disappointment stare you in the face.

Side-step all this trouble. Buy a Hodgson Portable House. Select your bungalow, cottage, garage, playhouse, or any other kind of house from actual photographs shown in the Hodgson catalog.

Then your house will be shipped to you in neatly finished, fitted, painted sections. Unskilled workmen can erect it in a day and you have the exact house you selected and at the very same price.

Send for a catalog today.

E. F. HODGSON CO.
Room 244, 116 Washington St., Boston, Mass.
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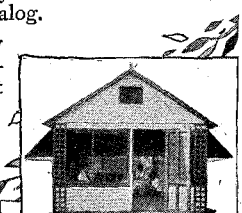
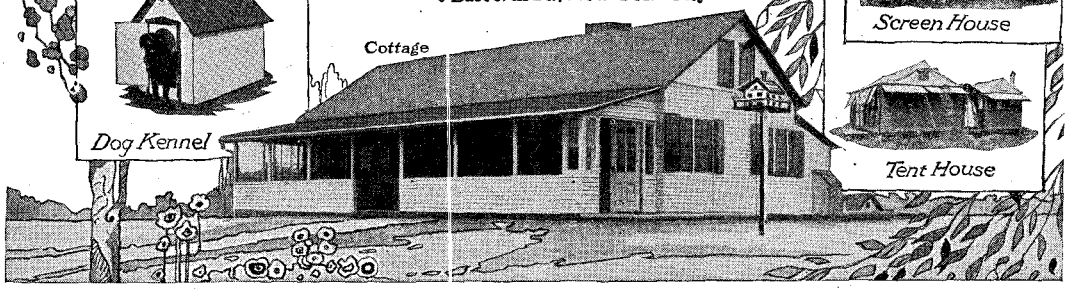

Screen House

Tent House


Cottage

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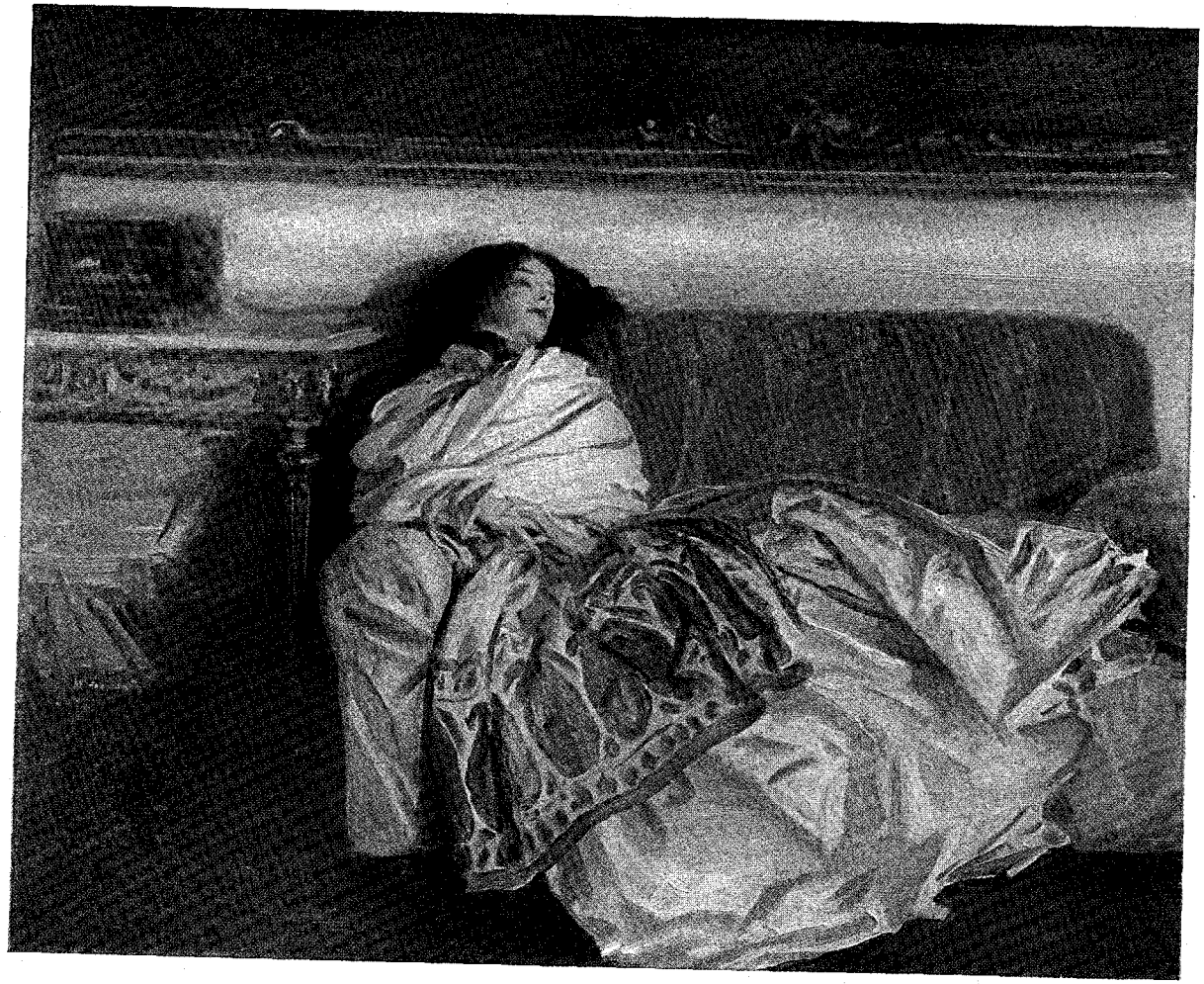

NONCHALOIR. BY JOHN S. SARGENT.

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